Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN •

MAY
1939

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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You'll Like my Brand and I "*dude*" mean You!

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Steer on that
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Betty Petty
Is toting.
It's reserved
Exclusively for
Thorobred
Double-Mellow
Old Gold . . .
The cigarette that
Wins its spurs
With finer, smoother
Tobaccos
Aged extra long
For added flavor.
And O. Gs are
Doubly protected
From hot weather
Dryness and
Wet weather
Dampness . . .
Double wrapped to
Keep extra fresh
Their extra goodness.
So if you want
To corral
The extra delights
Of a truly
Fresh cigarette
Say "O.G." . . .
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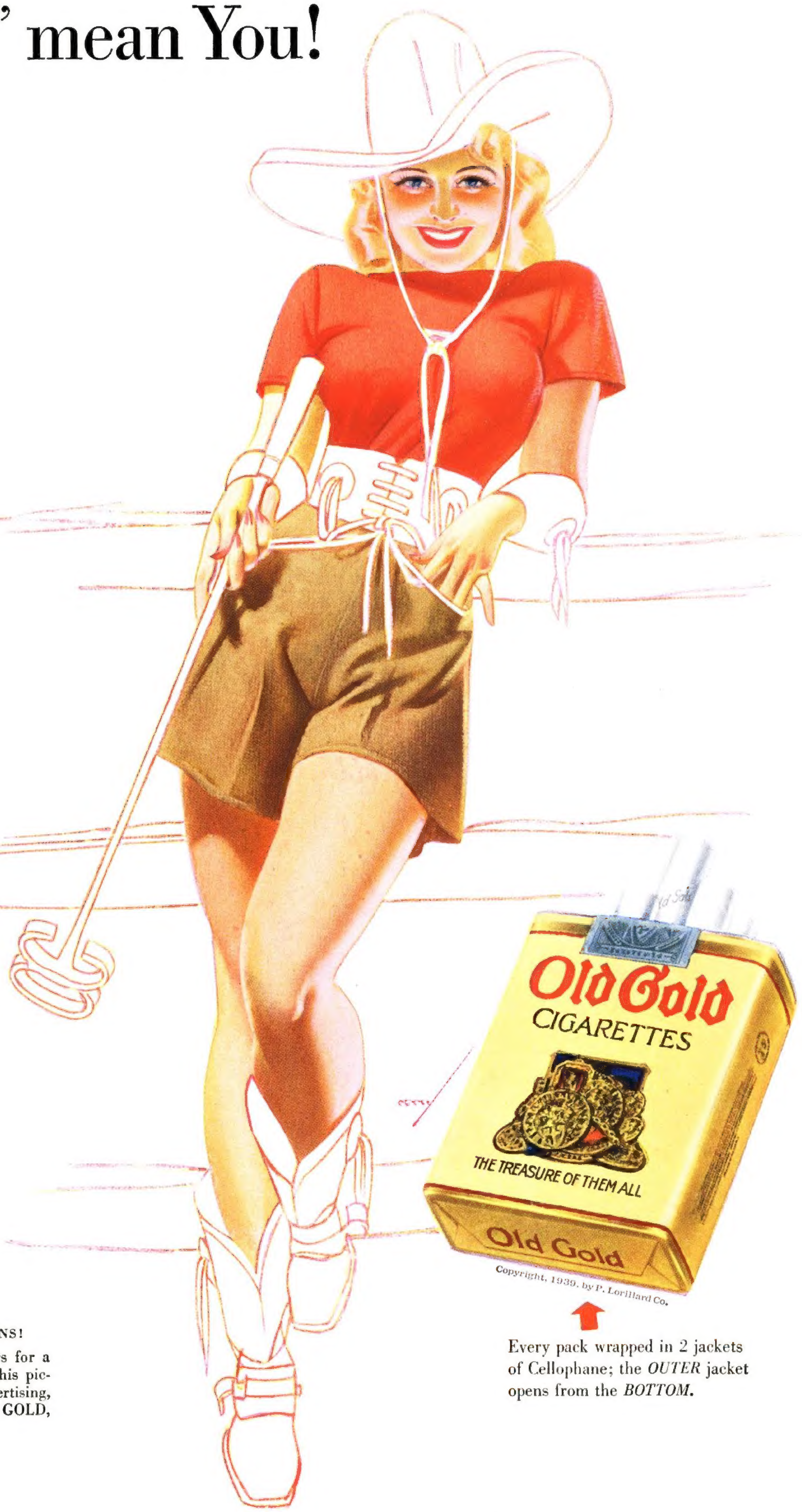
Holds its friends
For life!



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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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★ UNITED AIR LINES
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We might add the selection of Sunbeam Shavemaster by these three leading air lines was made solely as a result of their own tests. You, too, will confirm the judgment of these great air lines when you try Shavemaster. It's the one that gets down to business and does a job—*right now!* Your favorite dealer has a convenient demonstration unit and will gladly let you try it for yourself.

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★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head shaped to comfortably fit every contour of the face, and also screened to pick up the beard the way it grows.

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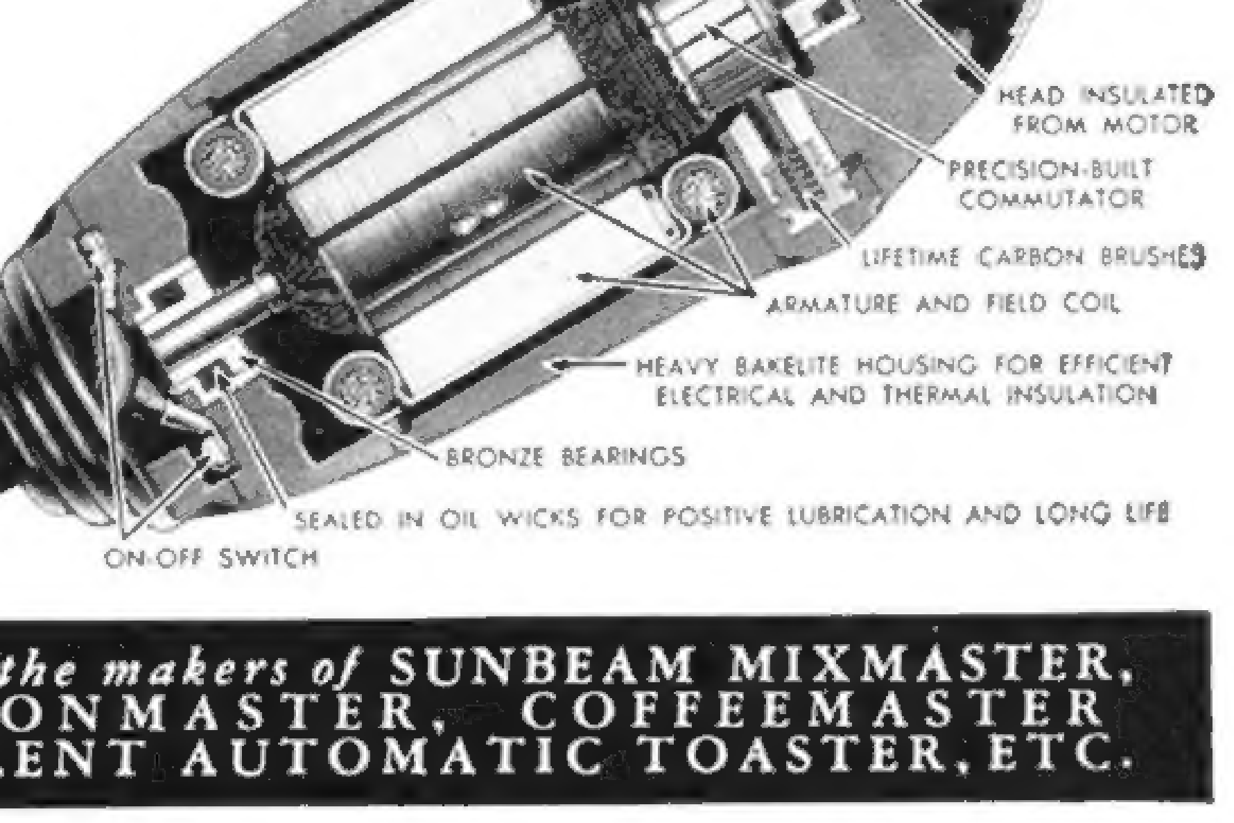
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By the makers of SUNBEAM MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER, ETC.

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches........
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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly

Home-prescription for an All-American Wanderjahr

This seems to be the year for the revival of that old slogan "See America First." With a ninety dollar rate on the railroads, from Fair to Fair and back again, mass movement from coast to coast is at last a realizable possibility. So maybe Winchell won't be the only one to discover America this year.

As you whisk across America, crossing state lines without a pause, the engineer really ought to be obliged to annoy you with thirty or forty sharp toots of the whistle every time you pass over another one of those many boundaries between states, just to remind you to be thankful that this is America and not Europe that you are traversing. For in Europe, every one of those times, you would have to stop and show your passport and let somebody rummage through your luggage, and submit to a more or less detailed questioning and inspection. Here you can go three thousand miles without being spoken to by a single policeman, soldier or customs inspector.

With Europe doing its best to reduce its range of tourist attractions as rapidly as possible, America would be enhanced as the object of your wanderlust this year even without its two World's Fairs. And when you figure them in, then it's almost wrong-headed to resist this year's supercharged travel-tug of your own your native land. In fact, the two Expositions make it mandatory to revise, rather than merely revive, the old "See America First" slogan. This year it ought to read "Cross America and See the World." To the San Francisco Fair and to New York's World of Tomorrow are being transported the best features of life in Europe today, leaving behind that worst feature of all, the fear of what tomorrow may bring.

New York, they say, is not America. (That's why it needs a guidebook, the newest and brightest one being *Esquire's New York*. Advt.). San Francisco is also a city with more-than-American character. New York and San Francisco are usually cited, along with New Orleans, as the outstanding cultural centers that are in, but not typical of, America. So if you want to do it up brown this year maybe you'd better touch all three bases before you start for home.

Gemütlichkeit in the New York manner

Some of us who have been enamored of Europe in the past, and prone to fall into that old error of feeling that the Continentals had a near-monopoly of the amenities and a corner on charm, are beginning to wake up to the realization that New York need yield nothing to the Old World cities even in these respects. The hinterlander who writes this, for instance, has just had the pleasure of receiving an unexpected package, addressed to him by a New York hotel. It carried twenty-eight cents postage, and had a heavy outside wrapper, calculated to protect the most precious of contents against all the exigencies of round-the-world shipment. Beneath this was a sort of petticoat of that fine white paper which the most expensive shops use when "wrapping as a gift" is indicated. About four cents worth of it, one would venture, to say nothing of the time-cost of the artistry with which it was so intricately folded as a wrapper for the evidently valuable object inside. This, when uncovered, was revealed to be an impressive package comprised of two heavy hinges of corrugated board, one astride the other at a right angle, the two tied together into virtual air-tightness by many strands of handsome cord. By this time the puzzled recipient was convinced that the object within must be something fragile as well as precious. It turned out to be a ten-cent pant-hanger that he had left behind in the clothes-closet of one of that hotel's many rooms, in the course of hurriedly packing up at the end of a two-day stay!

Let nobody try to tell us, ever again, that the famous efficiency of New York hotels is a soulless thing. Nor will we ever listen again to the shameless canard, too long given parrot-like repetition, that New Yorkers are thoughtless and rude, that New York is too big and too busy to be able to take time out for politeness. The hotel that sent back our pant-hanger happened to be the Plaza. But the incident is typical of any first class New York hotel. And the hotels, as the city's professional hosts, are in turn only typical of New York as a whole, in its present role of host to the hordes of pleasure-seekers from everywhere.

As a large share of the content of this issue tries to reflect, in New York right now, as in love and war, to coin a phrase, All's Fair.

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NEW YORK EDITION

Vol. XI, No. 5
Whole No. 66
T. M.
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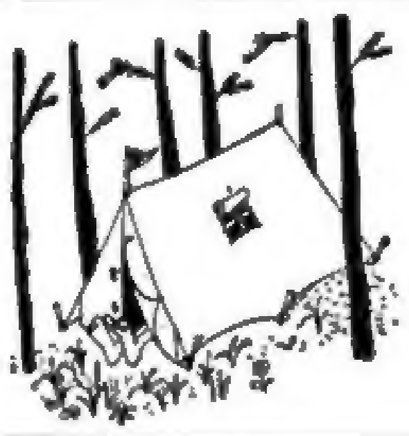

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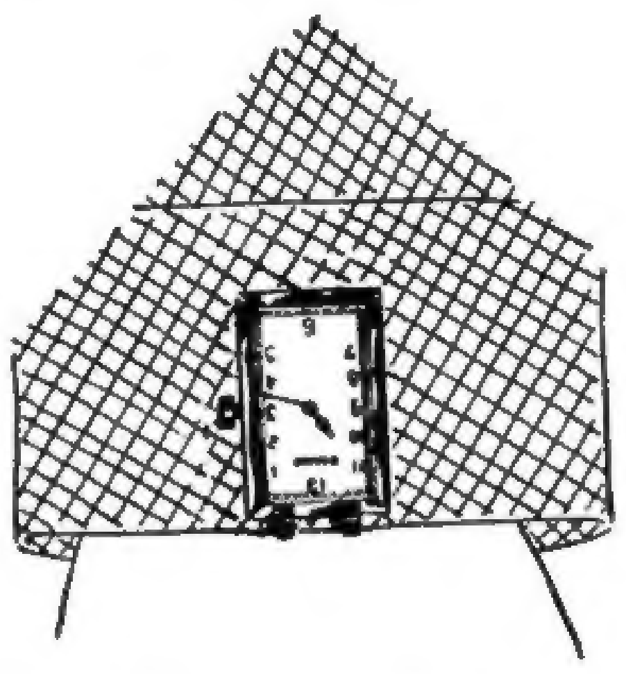
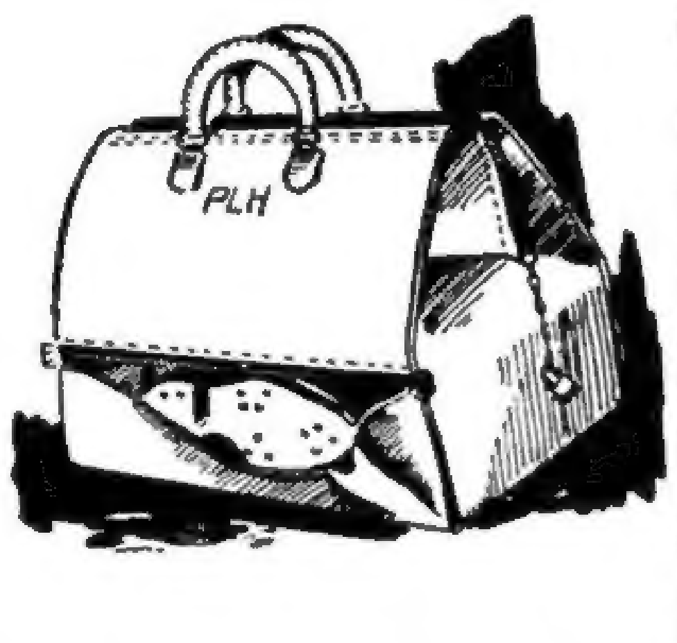
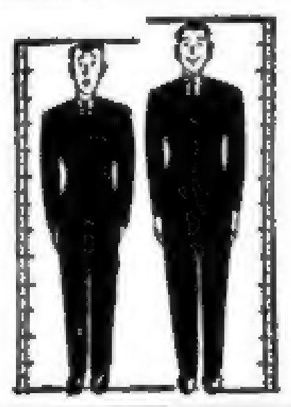


SPORTSMAN'S MEMENTOES FROM MANHATTAN. In addition to all the trinkets you'll be buying other people, you'll want to buy something unusual for yourself. How about another watch? The watch designers have figured out a number of novel ways of disposing of time, as it were. Handy on the links is the *buckle watch* . . . a regulation belt of pigskin or black calf with a good looking gold or silver buckle which conceals a watch on the inside. When you want to see if it's time for lunch the watch snaps out face up so it can be read at a glance provided your equatorial regions are concave rather than convex. Then there's the *cuff clip* for those gentlemen who don't like to have their wrists girded. A neat rectangular gold watch clips onto your cuff where it grips with bulldog tenacity. You can also clip it on your lapel, your vest pocket . . . or even on your hatband . . . what do we care? For guys who go about clocking events (or for anti-nudists who don't even like to undress in the shower) there's a new *water-proof* watch afloat which, the makers claim, is the first stop watch ever successfully waterproofed. It is sturdy, non-magnetic, provided with a precision movement and has two knobs which permit interruption of an observation without setting the chronograph hand back to zero. Then there's the reversible sports watch whereby a flip of the finger turns the face about so that it fits into a protective case, or those streamlined jobs with the curved-to-fit-the-wrist cases.



CARRY IT BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY . . . or points West . . . viz. the bunker bag . . . the answer to the golfer's problem of what to do with muddy shoes. The bag has a water-proofed, slide fastened compartment in the bottom into which go shoes, soiled clothes, toiletries, wet things (bottles or bathing suits). When you are not using the shoe section, the side wall collapses flush with the edge leaving you a nice roomy interior. *Flyweight bag with heavyweight endurance.* You're bound to pick up a lot of knickknacks during your stay at the Fair, so here's a water-proof canvas bag with no built-in frame, which obligingly spreads out to accommodate bulky objects. The bags come in 20 to 30-inch lengths, large enough to hold even a tennis racket and equipped with 4 big pockets for balls, etc. Slide fastener goes full across the top and extends down the sides, locking in the center so that you need only open part of the bag at a time.



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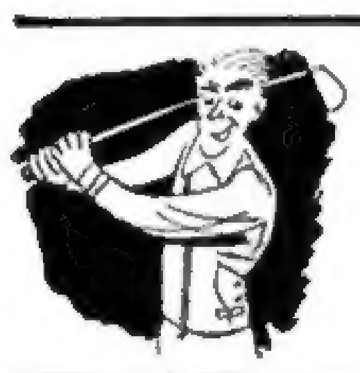

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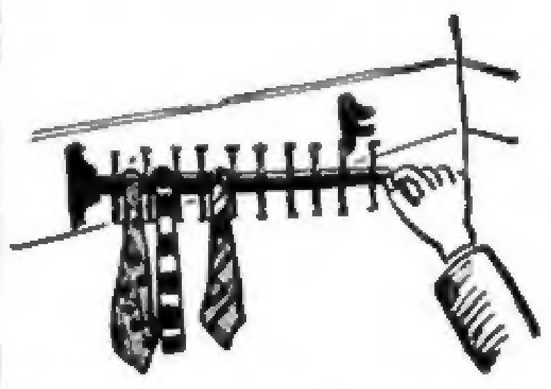

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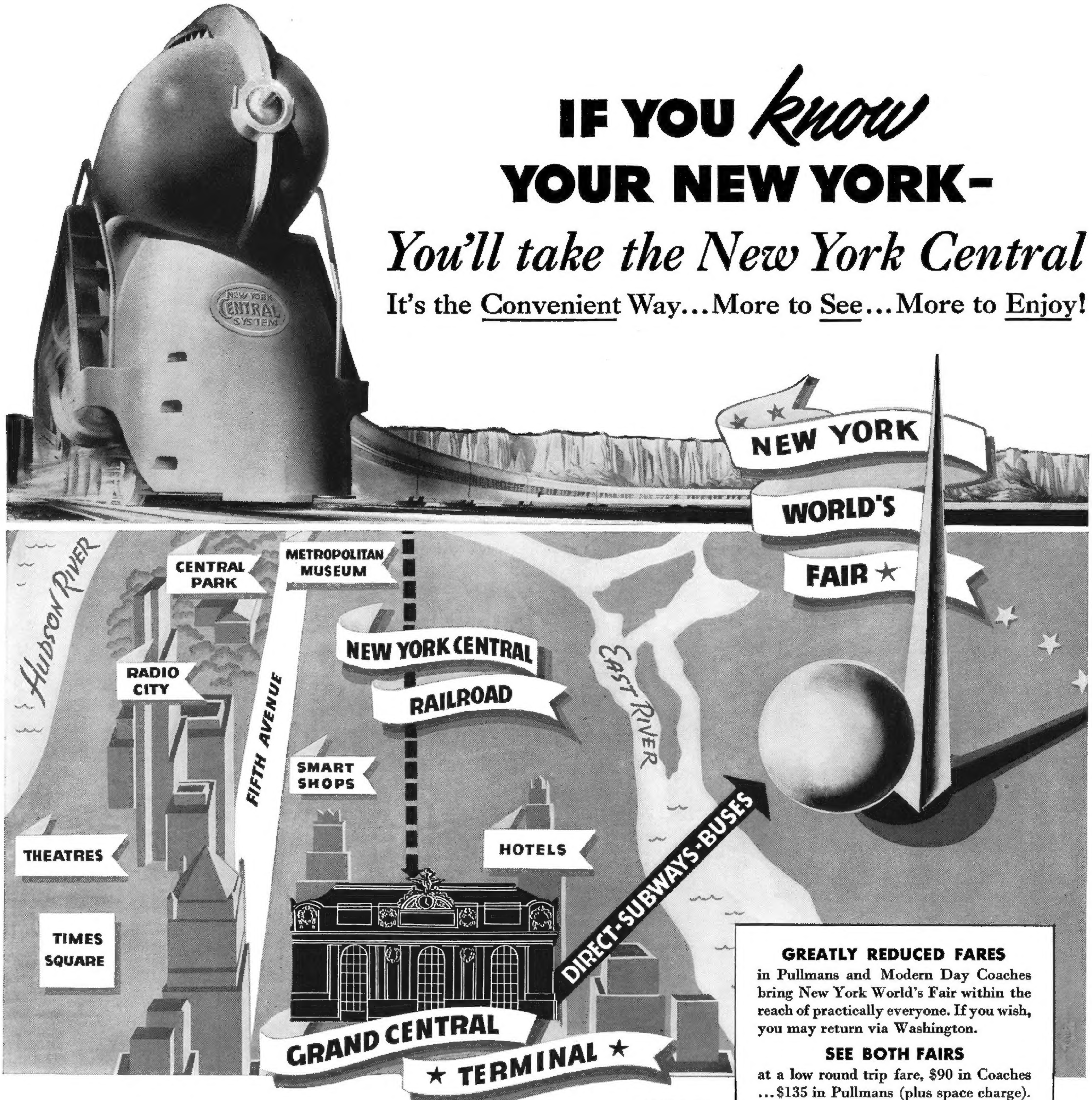

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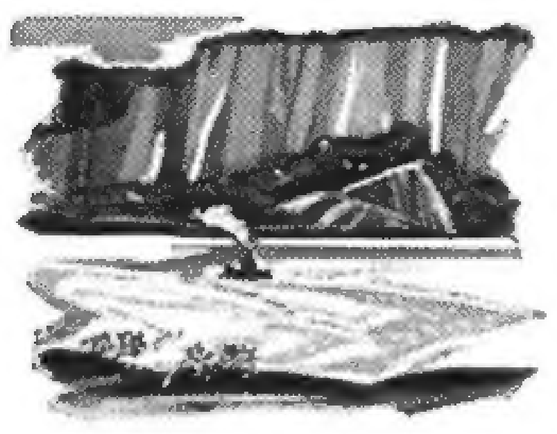

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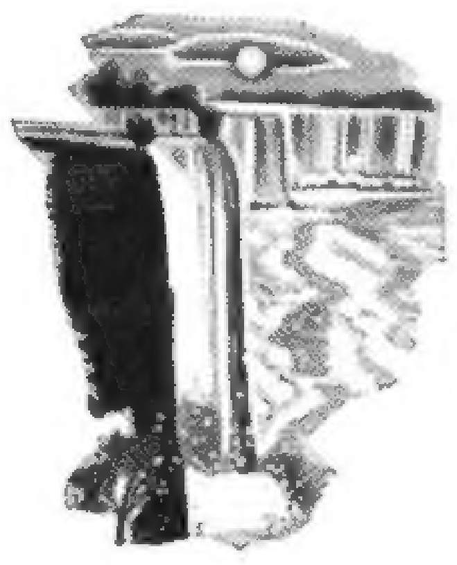

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Print Clearly
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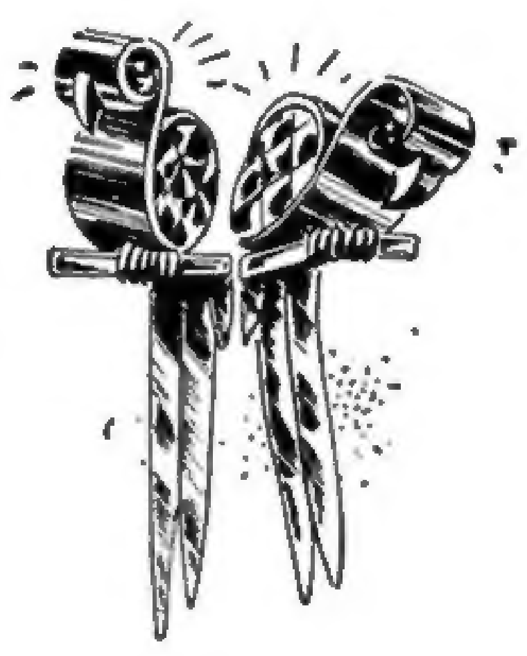
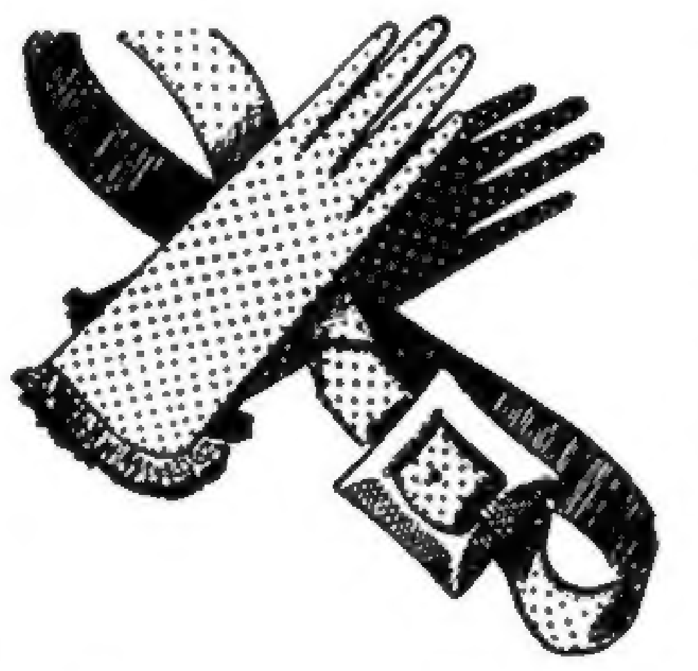
CITY..........................STATE..............
Please write your dealer's name and address on margin of page E.C.

LADY LURE. If perchance you should happen to come to the Fair by yourself, every female you know will expect you to bring her something from the Big City. Here are a few ideas that she'll proudly parade.

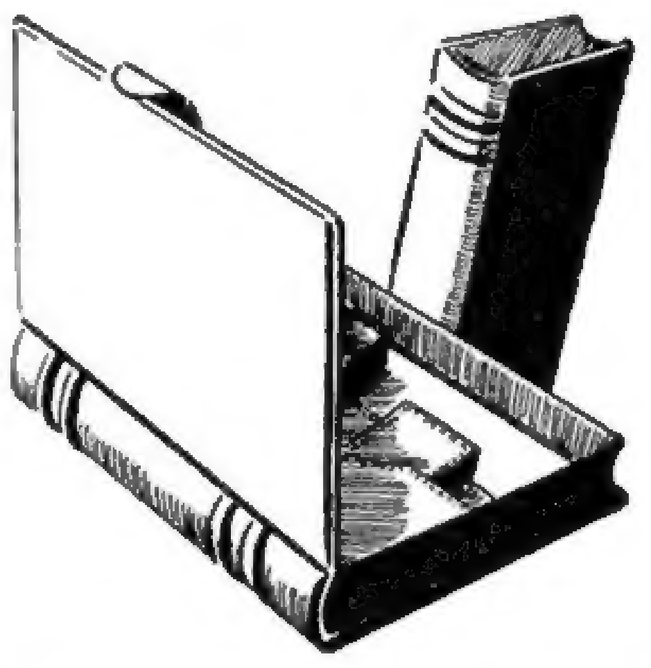
PRECIOUS JEWELS . . . a fine piece of jewelry, one of the best feminine appeasers we know. Particularly if it's a unique jeweled clip in the form of a pair of parrots a-blaze with real sapphire and ruby wings, diamond beaks, ruby eyes, white gold claws. If you are of a sentimental turn of mind you can get a brace of jeweled love birds. You can put your own connotation on clips jeweled with a span of squirrels or a brace of owls. Worth investigating.



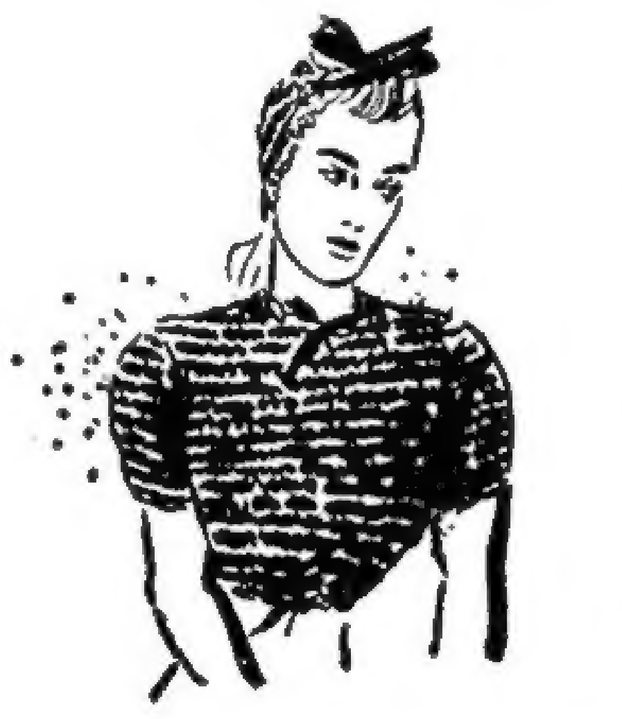
AIR CONDITIONED GLOVES. With summer coming on, buy her a perforated present. Gloves in sky blue, pink or some bolder shade, in perforated suede with jaunty capeskin ruffle. And with them, a perforated suede belt to match. Further news from the air cooled dept. are gloves of doeskin which allow breezes to waft through her fingers via strips of net between each digit. White, pink or blue with black net, or white with red. A fashionable gift that's sensible!



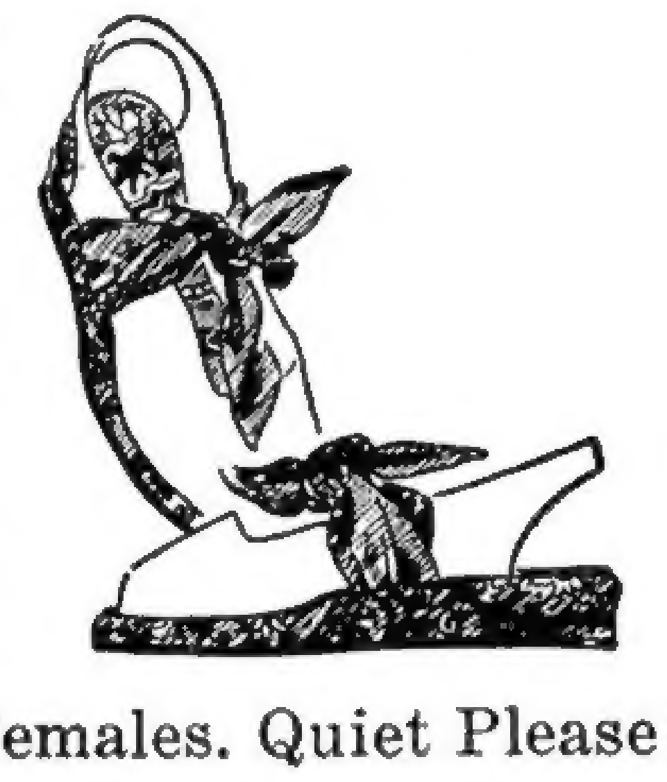
BOOK HANDBAG. Good for literati and lovelies alike, a handbag which looks like an expensively bound calfskin book. The leather-lined interior reveals a series of flat, efficient pockets, a large mirror, leather compact and leather covered lipstick to match the exterior of the bag. To further the book illusion, the "pages" are simulated with bands of gold metal. You could even have her name in gold on the cover.



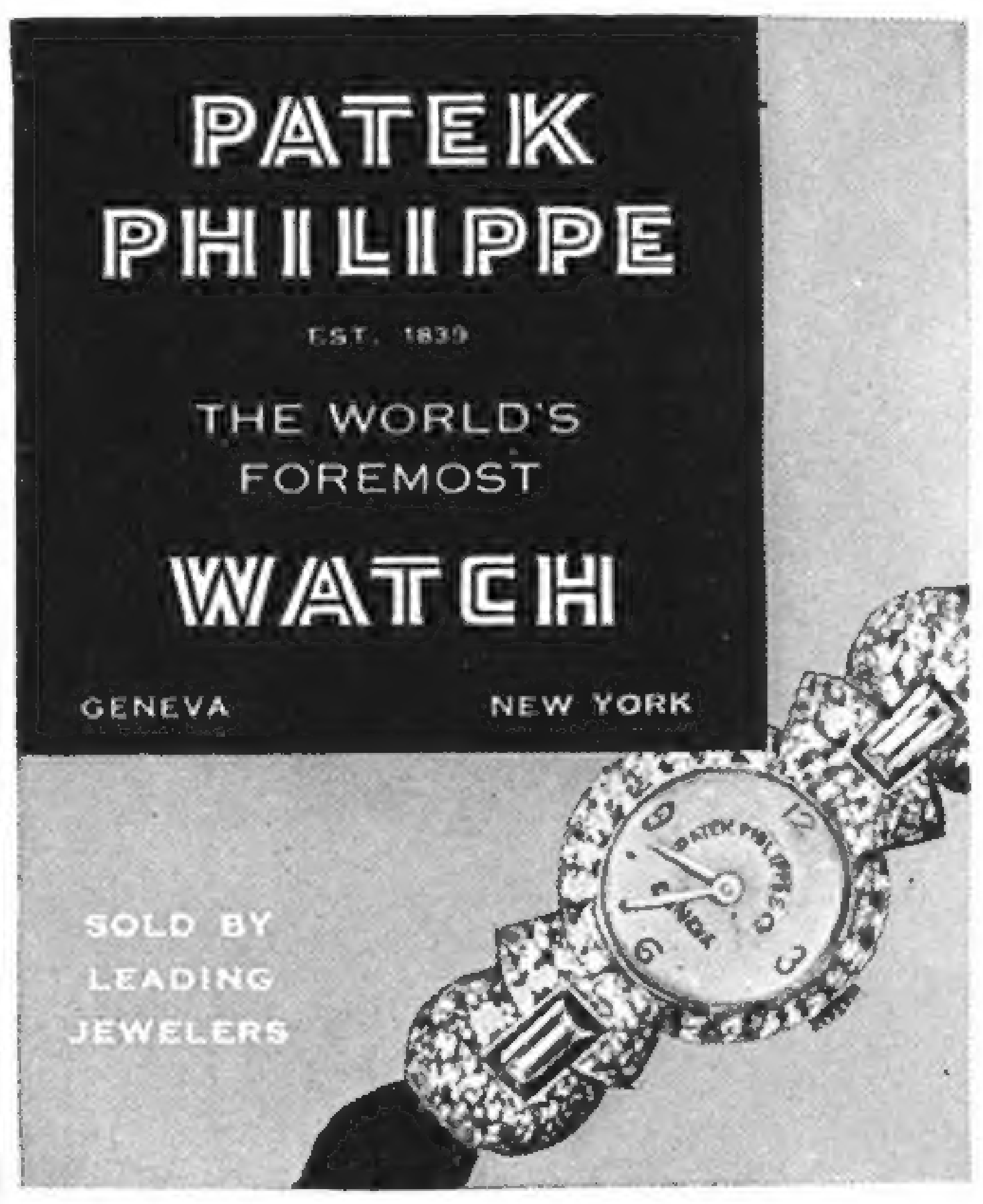
CHICKEN IN THE STRAW. Hot out of the designer's hands we give you the sweater hand-knit of synthetic straw! Made with a yarn as crisp as hay. This amazing concoction is soft, pliant, particularly hardy. The sweater, they told us, is in the "peasant" manner, drawstring top and bottom, and two-tone striped. With it goes a hand-knitted headband and a wide hand-knit peasant belt. Smart stuff, this.



LADY BEACH COMBERS will revel in the bandana coolie, a new sandal whose chunky built up platform soles are covered and tied with a cotton bandana, cowboy style. Sandal itself is in blue denim. You can buy her cotton bandana blouses to match, and even a blue denim jacket or slacks (if you are familiar with the lady's over all dimensions). Another girlish whimsy is that of wearing wooden shoes fashioned in the Dutch tradition. A household full of clattering females. Quiet Please!



STRICTLY PERSONAL. Fun for all . . . you might bring her a piece of alluring lingerie, such as "Josephine," a silken nightgown that should be an inspiration. Satin flowers, ribbon, ruffles, sash . . . this feminine pink and blue frou frou has everything. Another good bet . . . one of those ephemeral chiffon jobs . . . the gown a riot of floral prints. (We hear that these even double for evening gowns . . . but then, how could we tell?)



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FIGHTING WORDS

Were I at all gifted in word-weaving, I would hasten to utter paeans in praise of your recent article—*In Defense of the American Gigolo.* I assure you, sirs, there is more in that article and more to that situation than meets the casual eye!

Having been at various times during a checkered career (checkered in lusty shades of primrose and passionflower)—having been, as I say, bachelor, benedict, divorcé, glamor-guy and just plain gigolo, neither pure nor simple, I feel that my words should carry some weight—if only gad-fly weight.

That there is something pitifully wrong with masculine America today no one can doubt. It is not the women's fault that they control 85% of the buying power. They did not wrest that power from the men; the men gave it to them. Whether through a misguided sense of chivalry or because the average man would rather be taken for a sucker than a heel (that he is bound to be *taken* is axiomatic) does not alter the fact that men gladly wobbled up on their awkward, ridiculous knees and yielded up the lion's share of the buying power to their women.

Someone is going to say—"What does he mean, misguided chivalry? . . . Chivalry is a beautiful thing, a glorious thing!" Of course it is. It sets mankind apart from the beasts. It is that utopian reverence paid the weaker by the strong. All well and good, but in America today it is misguided because men, the weaker, are paying that special homage to women, who are the stronger.

Ah, yes, but women *are* the stronger—and the deadlier—and the dominating sex. One scarcely need point out in corroboration woman's well known ability to withstand, chest bared and nether limbs gossamer-clad, the rigors of a New York or Chicago winter, while her husband, swaddled in his coats and his vests and his mufflers and his long woolens, wages a losing battle with influenza, grippe and pneumonia.

So much for the physical aspect, let us now regard the mental: in the matter of simple logic, woman again demonstrates a virility of conception and attack that is phenomenal. Even the type of legislator noted for stretching a filibuster to its sixteenth and eighteenth hour must yield before the overpowering factual evidence presented by the little woman on the subject, say, of that blonde to whom he deliberately nodded in the elevator.

Women (we deem it wiser not to delve into the spiritual side of the matter) are stronger and smarter and subtler and more successful than men are. They *must* be; the winner of a game is generally the person with the largest stack of chips, and women today control the buying power.

There's another thing, too: every man you know is worried about that ol' demon, Security—security for himself, perhaps, but, more importantly, security for his women. And why? . . . His women are not worried. They are confident that if he stopped supporting them today, they could go out and land a job; that nice Mr. So-and-so would probably help them get one. Almost any woman who has all her faculties can go out and get herself a job today. There's always a nice Mr. So-and-so in some office somewhere just waiting to take up company time, interviewing your wife or mother or sister or daughter with the object, we'll say, of getting her employment. Of course, he may be abusing the patience of a waiting-roomful of male job-hunters, but Mr. So-and-so would rather talk to your daughter or sister or ex-wife or even mother-in-law than to you—Hell, you can't blame the guy for being normal, can you? It's human nature!—Besides, in a couple of months or a couple of years, she'll inherit some money or catch another husband or just quit the job, and Mr. So-and-so will have all the fun of interviewing someone's else wife or sister. Of course, Mr. So-and-so explains to the company that it is only good business. Your wife or daughter or sister will work cheaper than you can. It saves the company money.

It saves the company money so that the boss, who never shows that chivalrous streak around the office, can salt away a larger pile of dough which, on his death, will provide security for his women. His women have always had security and they don't give a hang for it.

What they want—and it makes no difference how old or young they are—is thrills, excitement, romance, and they use their security money to buy them. It matters not if the thrills come in a package labelled *Escort* or *Gigolo* or just plain *Chiseller*. If the package is done up nicely and gives off a pleasant odor, if it hints of better things to come, it has succeeded where the *men* of the family failed.

What is the most extraordinary new industry of our times? It is not aviation, the movies, television. It is an escort service, supplying moneyed females with handsome packages of rented courtesy, automatic attention and regulated romance. Women waste scant sympathy on the poor sucker who keeps his nose to the grindstone to provide them with their daily bread. The lad who scores with them is the one who drops by occasionally with a trayful of frosted cakes—a glamor-guy.

Lord knows they don't want a glamor-guy around the house all the time. It's too much of a strain. If they marry one by mistake, they soon take the glamor out of him by consistently treating him like a husband. There never yet has been a successful glamor-husband of a glamor-wife.

So, my masters, that is why I am playing mine straight across the boards on the American gigolo. I believe he is going places. I believe that every woman needs, over and above her current husband, a current gigolo. But you'll pardon me if I, having been a husband a couple of times, prefer to be the gigolo.

Hollywood, Calif. F. A. W. B.

YOU IMAGINE WITH EXTREME PRECISION

I read in February Esquire your satire on *Dog Owners Are Crazy.* I must say that it suits me to a T. I read that wonderful MASTER PIECE on thought expression—transfer, if you please, not once but twice. I liked it that well.

This old globe is getting smaller each year but it is still so large that we will likely never cross paths—hence the letter.

I, too, do not hate dogs but I do not like for them to make themselves at home on my lawn. They not only dirty it up but ofttimes choose a nice bed of flowers to roll and toss about on. As to the house I have made more than one friend peeved because I stopped his or her little "Mutt" at the door. That happens to be the name I use for dogs in general.

Chances are you are too busy to even read down to here but that makes no difference to me—I had to follow my urge and write it anyway.

I imagine you are in for plenty of Hell so that is why I am getting in my two-cents worth of praise right now.

Very truly,

Topeka, Kan. Roy L. Mantooth

SWEET SOUTHERN BREEZE, BLOW ON

I think a little indignation at this point is not entirely uncalled for . . . American Gigolo indeed . . . the lovely, moustached, slim-waisted padded-shouldered youth is to the hot blooded American woman nothing short of revolting. Certainly we like excitement, but we'd prefer to take it with a struggling and intelligent young fellow, perhaps not so handsome, and maybe broke, but less the gallant and more the man. True I'm speaking for my more intelligent sisters only, so I may be licked from the start . . . for surely your Anonymous in *Defense of the American Gigolo* classes all American women as a crew of undersexed morons who require flattery and attentions as a stimulant. If that were true of all of us what would become of the quality of Challenge that is so highly developed in the flirtatious female . . . bird or beast?

When a woman loves a man her instinctive reaction is to be possessed, and when it's the other way around; that she possess the man, she becomes bored and pfft!!! the fascination dissolves and she flits to greener fields . . . but a man flitting! Preposterous . . . my well-rouged (and I might add, kissable) lip curls at the thought.

What men must learn rather than the gentler art of the Blarney is the more forcible art of indifference (feigned or otherwise). I have yet to tire of a man who could overlook at least one of my charms. It might madden the hell out of me that my six-footer doesn't scamper around a car to assist me in alighting, but it certainly keeps me on tip-toe to please. On the other hand, the young man (handsome and with a glorious voice) who has admittedly adored me for years has yet to quicken the beat of my heart with his protestations of affection. Yes, women want men to find it quite possible to resist them . . . but don't take my word for it . . . Clark Gable has been tops for years because he treats 'em rough, and they love it. The lovely complexions of American women turned green with envy when Myrna Loy had her jaw socked by the Thin Man.

Even an assured young woman such as I, wants, in her more intimate moments, to be bossed more than pampered.

She expects to be slightly intimidated and often ignored . . . she wants to strive to please . . . and though she has a fortune and presses the less fortunate male with money, she's a little let down when the weakling accepts it. She might play with him for a while, but I doubt that she'd ever take him seriously. And if suddenly another man appeared on the scene; a man reeking of the odor of pipe tobacco rather than pomade and toilet water, I have little doubt but that she'd quickly sacrifice the gentle lips on her hand for the more honest (if bruising) grip of muscled arms. And, Mr. Anonymous dispense with the impression that because most men don't make a fetish of love that they all lack technique.

You've denied that "love is woman's whole existence" and I'm inclined to agree with you . . . but please let it remain that "man's love is from his life a thing apart" and if you insist on converting all men into love-drunk gigolos, please leave just one Average American Man for me.

Hot-and-Bothered

New Orleans, La.

FIVE WIVES WARN ESQ

I am writing in regards to an article entitled *In Defense of the American Gigolo* appearing in the January issue.

My Club which is composed of five housewives whose husbands are in the legal profession and are subscribers of the Esquire but I am afraid will not be after this month.

The reason is this article which is very damaging to all married women as a whole.

It makes a husband get the wrong impression of wives as a whole. So please give this your personal attention, and refrain from publishing any such articles in the future.

Thanking you,

We remain,

Detroit, Mich. The Smart Five

THE PETTY HOLD-OUT

Yes, I agree with L. Burton, E. E. McBrayer, et al., that Petty "is slipping." But perhaps a hint to George would make everybody happy.

Instead of the complete illustrations that he used to draw, he now attempts to satisfy us with a head propped daintily against a telephone and an arm languorously draped over a davenport.

We know he's busy and all that, but couldn't he complete the drawing, and not just in "line?" Compare the current illustrations with those of, say 1934. Let's have the girl, including her surroundings (even the furniture), *all* completed.

Cordially,

G. G. Hartman

Detroit, Mich.

CHARACTER WITNESS FOR GATTI, AT LAST

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for over a year and find the same criticism against it as I do of most of your American monthlies. First and foremost you indulge in that horrible practice of hiding the sequels of stories and articles in the dark recesses of your advertisement columns at the end of the magazine. I presume it appeals to advertising firms but irks the reader.

As for subject matter, cartoons, etc., I find it eminently stimulating, though slightly depressing at times. I like Hemingway's sentiments; he is a true democrat. Petty's article on Big Game hunting stirred a common chord. He should write more. He has gifts—he respects objective truth and has an attractive style.

By the way, with all due respects to the great Mike, I believe there are other Great White Hunters; but perhaps they have not the personal attraction of Mike.

By the way, why is friend Gatti so unpopular with some readers? Some of them really spread their distaste in *S. and F.*

For my own part I find his articles stimulating though stressing too much the sentimental. Your contributor might know high speed cars and the telegraph are used by even our pagan brethren in E. Africa; drums and fires are losing their popularity among the proletariat.

Another contributor, unfortunately or fortunately, anonymous, has an engaging style and chooses his subject with taste. The fact that he has stirred some of your feminine readers to reply is proof that there is a little horsesense somewhere.

Wishing you the best for 1939, I beg to remain,

A satisfied reader,

W. H. Taylor

Mombasa, Kenya Colony

Continued on page 12

"I'm rarin' to go to the Kentucky Derby...in 1942!"

MAYBE it sounds pretty cheeky of him—a mere 4-months-old youngster—to be talking about running in the Derby three years from now...

But if you only knew what famous thoroughbreds his ancestors were—how many champions have combined and passed on to him *all* the qualities that go to make a Derby winner—well, we think you'd admit he *will* be there at the starting post in 1942!

And just as you look for *a combination of virtues* in a Derby winner, so you find that it takes a *combination of virtues* to make a champion *whiskey* like Four Roses...

Four Roses, you see, is more than a *single* straight whiskey—it's a superb combination of *several* selected whiskies. *Even the youngest of these whiskies is 4 years old!* All of them are old enough to be bottled in bond, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But instead, we prefer to bring these distinguished whiskies together—to unite *all* their virtues in one whiskey that is finer still. Four Roses is ALL whiskey—purposely reduced to 90 proof to make it *lighter* and *milder.*

If you and Four Roses are not already old friends, we can't think of any better time to get acquainted with this matchless whiskey than on Derby afternoon . . . at the track, at your favorite bar, or home beside your radio. And while some thoroughbred is proving *its* supremacy, we think Four Roses will be proving to you that it's America's Finest Whiskey! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LOGIC, PURE IF NOT SIMPLE

In the February issue of Esquire one Ernst T. Theimer of East Orange, New Jersey, propounded a puzzler for the poor undeveloped mentality of Esky's many admirers. He said anyone solving it could lay claim to an extraordinary capacity for working problems. Being an inveterate optimist and having an incorrigible propensity for taking a challenge, I have proceeded to put my dull wits to work. After four or five minutes of the most strenuous mental labor I have done in years, I arrived at what I hope is the solution. The puzzle reads as follows:

"Twentieth Century Mathematics.

"John said to his older sister, Mary, on her eighth birthday: 'Ten times the present number of my summers is equal to what my age in months was, as many years ago as my age in months was, when my age in days exceeded my age in months by an even number.'

"If John was born on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, on what day of the week was Mary born?"

The solution is extraordinarily simple when brought down to simple logic. The only possible time, taking into consideration the fact that Mary is the older of the two and she is only eight, that John's age in days could have exceeded his age in months by an even number, was when he was 31 days old or one month old. Thus we have the solution to one part, that is, "as many years ago as my age in months was," to-wit, one year ago. Thus ten times his present number of summers is equal to what his age in months was one year ago. The only possible number of summers which can fit the solution now is 6; thus 10 times 6 equals 60, his age in months one year ago. Dividing 60 by the number of months in a year we find that one year ago John was exactly 5 years old. Following logically down the syllogism, we arrive at the inevitable conclusion that John must be talking to his sister Mary on his own birthday, if exactly one year ago he was five years old. Thus Mary being 8 years old that day, must have been born on the same day that John was. But there is yet something more. John was born on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, 1932. 1932, however, was a leap year so the date falls back two days in 1931 to a Friday and one more day in 1930 to a Thursday. To elucidate this we take the current calendar, take the Sunday before Thanksgiving in the leap year 1940 as the date of John's birthday. The Sunday before Thanksgiving will be the 24th of November. In 1939 the 24th of November will fall on a Friday, dropping back two days because of a leap year. In 1938 the Sunday before Thanksgiving, or rather the 24th, fell on a Thursday. So my dear Mr. Theimer, little Mary was born on the same date as John. They have identical birthdays but she was born exactly one week before Thanksgiving because she is two years older than John and one of the intermediate yeors was a leap year. Mary was born on a Thursday.

I have sounded off, let Mr. Theimer take care of the *Fury*.

Deductively yours,

Edward Yockey, Jr.

Milwaukee, Wis.

AT LEAST YOU *DO* HAVE ORCHIDS THERE

In this far-away land I read every issue of Esquire and Coronet. There are few times that I can rightfully criticize any facts or contents in your splendid publications.

In the article of your February issue of Esquire, *Last of the Orchid Hunters*, I can quote from Walter Winchell, "an orchid to you." The leopard-infested plains of Boyaca sound swell, but the only ferocious animals in Boyaca are the mosquitoes and fleas. Also, life would not be so bad if I could get two or more Colombian Pesos for only ten or fifteen U. S. cents. The exchange has always been about two for one; today the dollar is worth 1.75 pesos. As far as Colombian Indians being honest, alert, and intelligent, I won't comment much on the statement, only, I can't keep a radiator cap or hub cap on my car.

At any rate, the article was good reading, for the orchids of Colombia are beautiful and plentiful. I send orchids to the states by airmail and they are a rare gift.

G. F. Hinkeldey

Facatativá, Cundinamarca,
Colombia, S. A.

LOST: BRODY TO THE BRITISH BY A BANG

Your most excellent paper Esquire is becoming increasingly popular in this country, and I am certain that the number of its subscribers is rapidly growing.

For that reason, and so as to assist you in preventing such a gross misstatement of facts to recur, I feel that I must criticize an article in your January issue called *America: Happy Hunting Ground*, by a certain Iles Brody.

Mr. Brody asks why it is that American lovers of riding, who have pocket books below par, should be unable to afford hunting. He goes on to say that in England *everyone* hunts.

He illustrates this rather wild statement by giving as examples of the members of the hunting fraternity, bank clerks, professional dancers, mechanics, and truck drivers. A further astonishing example is that of the village barber, who hangs a "Not at Home; Out Hunting" sign on his front door, pushes off after "Charlie" (as the British call the fox!), and apparently does not return until the village is tucked-up in bed.

In view of these hitherto unrevealed facts, it gives one the very, very strong suspicion that Mr. Brody had not taken the trouble to ascertain any facts about hunting in Great Britain before embarking on his article.

I assure you, Sir, that Mr. Brody is entirely mistaken. Hunting here is indeed a rich man's pleasure, and to illustrate this may I give you a few facts and figures?

Hunting three days a week with a good English pack costs the subscriber £120 a year. A hunter may cost anything up to £500, but an excellent horse may be bought for upwards of £100; two or three hunters, at least, are necessary, and their upkeep is no small item.

A crack pack costs between £6,000 and £8,000 a year to run, a goodly slice of which must come out of the Master's pocket. Hunting in England, as an all-around industry, brings nearly £10,000,000 a year to the countryside, so that besides bringing pleasure to thousands, it greatly benefits the community.

In view of these figures, may I suggest that Mr. Brody review and correct *all* his facts before submitting them for print?

Very best wishes to Esquire. May it have a long and prosperous life.

Yours sincerely,

John Robertson

Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, Eng.

THE ANSWER

Here is the solution to my problem, *Twentieth Century Mathematics* published in February.

Let $x =$ the present number of John's summers. Let $y =$ John's age in months when his age in days exceeded his age in months by an even number.

Then $10x = 12\ (x-y)$ or $x = 6y$.

John was born sometime in November. He will be 30 days, or one month old, on the corresponding day in December, since November has 30 days. Also, he will be 61 days, or 2 months old, on the corresponding day in January.

Continuing in this way we find that the first time his age in days exceeds his age in months by an even number is on the corresponding day in March, when his age is 120 days or 4 months. This will only be true, however, if the February following his birth date has 28 days. In this case, $y = 4$, and $x = 24$. John is thus 24 years old.

Since Mary on her eighth birthday is older than John, she must have been born on Feb. 29th, and was thus at least $8 \times 4 = 32$ years old. The action thus takes place on Feb. 29th, and John was 24 years old on the November preceding a leap year. Normally, therefore, he would have been born on the November preceding a leap year, and the February following his birth date would have had 29 days.

If this were true, John must have been at least 6 months old at the time when his age in months exceeded his age in days by an even number. y then becomes 6 and $x = 36$. John would thus be 36 years and 3 months old and this would make him older than Mary.

Since such a solution would be contrary to the facts, we must reach the conclusion that although John was 24 years old on the November preceding a leap year, he was born on the November preceding a normal year. The only possible solution that would throw the action into the Twentieth Century is for John to have been born in Nov. 1899, since 1900 was no leap year. He was 24 years old in Nov. 1923, and Mary's eighth birthday was Feb. 29th, 1924. At this time she was $9 \times 4 = 36$ years old. (Not 32, since she missed a birthday in 1900.) Therefore, Mary was born on Feb. 29th, 1888, which was a Wednesday.

I hope my exposition is sufficiently clear. The solution becomes rather involved when written down.

I should be very much interested to learn whether you received any correct solutions and whether the general trend was in the right direction. Also, you, who have your finger on the pulse of your readers, could render me a service by hinting whether I should send you another brain twister, or whether I should fly the country.

Or will *the Sound and the Fury* decide?

Yours sincerely,

Ernst Theo. Theimer

East Orange, N. J.

DOUS THIS END THE DOUS LIST?

Many, many months and quite a number of Esquires ago, there were two letters in your column concerning the number of words in the English language which ended in—"dous." It was conceded by your two contributors that there were at least eleven of these words.

I have seen no subsequent letters in your column or elsewhere contradicting the count or suggesting that there were any other words with this ending, therefore I shall take it for granted that there are only eleven words which end in—"dous."

Thus, I have the "honor" of writing and you have the "honor" of receiving the first and only poem in the English language that employs each and every one of the—"dous" rhymes:

I "Does" the Dous Rhyme

It's pudendous,
It's horrendous,
To think of poetry's multifidous
Forms and all the nodous
Schemes for placing pteropodous
Odes before the hazardous
Tastes of that hybridous
Creatures classified as Homo Sapiens.
  How tremendous
The rewards. How jeopardous
The path. Poetical parvenu walk with
  steps tardigradous
Or hazard the tumble tremendous.
Now ain't Stupid I quite stupendous
To end each line with end—"dous."

Stupendously yours,

James Robert Lowry

Los Angeles, Cal.

TOUCHING TRIBUTE

Without Salpeter, Esquire is a bridal suite with twin beds. Or a bride in a twin bed—whichever you prefer.

Sincerely,

Pearl River, N. Y. Jack Curran

FOR $1,400 AND HAT WE'LL RETRACT IT

Listen, mister, you've got your racket—and Esquire is a swell book. So, why pick on me?

I'm referring to that bunch of lousy statements (from the article of the same name) by Bruce Henry in your March issue. Mr. Henry says fortune tellers are the bunk.

Of course, there may be something in what he says about astrologers and numerologists. They're too general—hedge on details. But when he included *all* fortune tellers—well he can't do that to me!

For instance, Professor Edwards, a psychic with whom I was acquainted during the summer of 1933, walked into my apartment, one Sunday morning, when my head was throbbing, my stomach was all squishy, and my mind darkly contemplating the horrors of over-indulgence. There I sat, in the badly wrinkled bottom half of my pajamas, wriggling my toes to make sure I was alive, when Professor Edwards said, cheerily: "I see you sitting there in an opera cloak and a high silk hat. That's the way you're going to dress some day." The Professor, you see, gave *details*.

Still more recently—just two years ago, in fact—while a friend of mine was having the cards read, she persuaded the seeress to lay out the cards for me. I was two hundred miles away at the time, so I've got Henry there, by golly. He didn't cover predictions by proxy. But, even so, my friend said the cards fell into a design assuring me I was to get $1,400 in a lump sum. There you are, *details* again.

So, now, I'd like to put two questions to you. That's all. Two lousy little questions. Is that too much for a paid-up subscriber to ask? Well, here they are anyway:

1. Does this article mean that I'm *not* going to sit around some day in an opera cloak and a high silk hat?
2. Does it mean that I'm *not* actually sneaking up on my $1,400 in a lump sum?

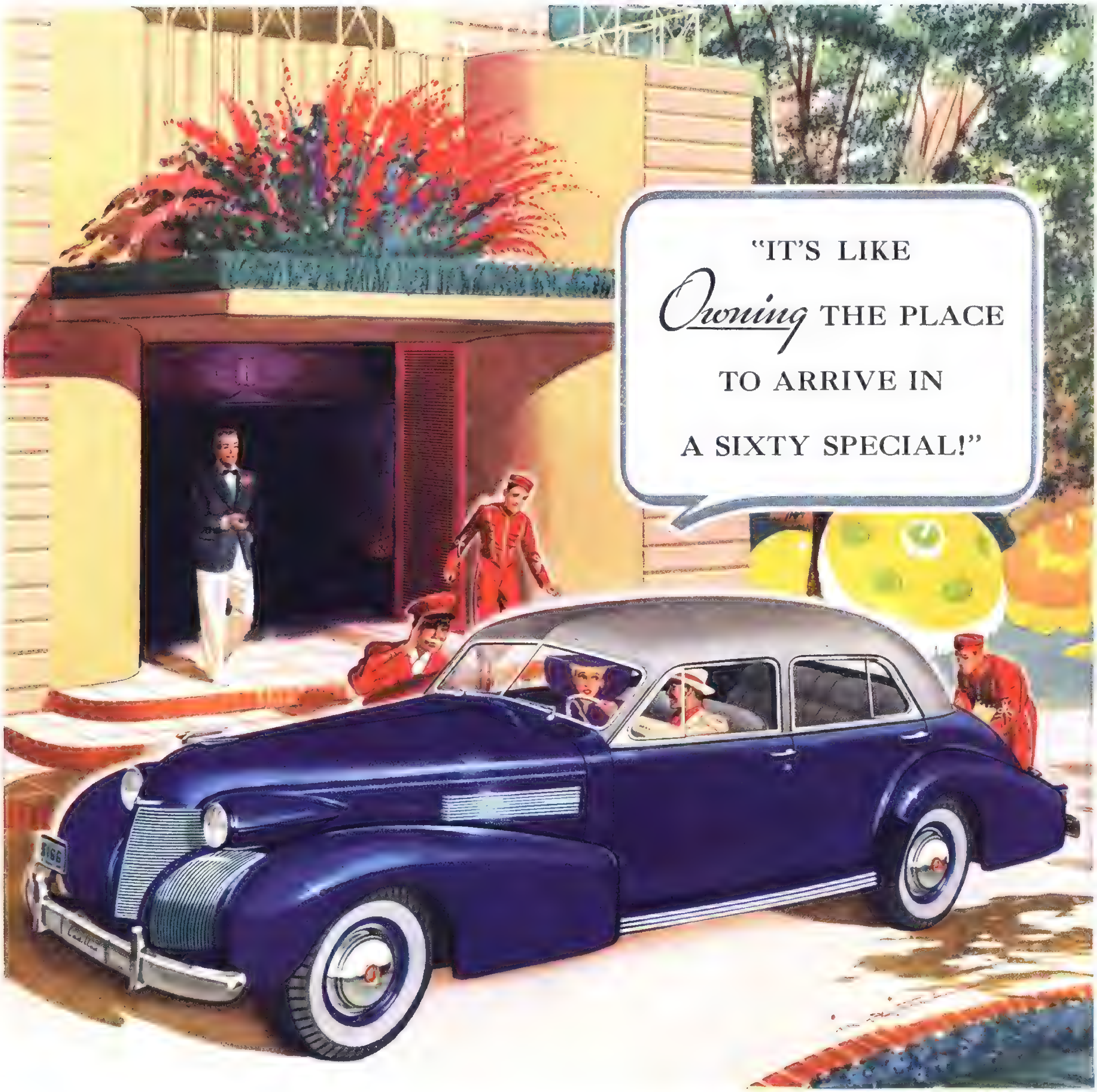
I, for one, say: "No!"

To hell with your guy.

Faithfully,

Charlie Cunneen

East Orange, N. J.


"IT'S LIKE *Owning* THE PLACE TO ARRIVE IN A SIXTY SPECIAL!"
3166

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

THERE ARE NO PROUDER MOTORISTS in America than that discriminating group who travel in Cadillac Sixty Specials.

This is true for the simple reason that no other group of motorists has so much of which to be proud!

First of all, they have the smartest and most individual car in the world—bar none. One look at a Cadillac Sixty Special—coming, going, or standing still—and you grant its right to the Number One spot in the style parade.

It's the finest-riding car in America, too—and the easiest to drive. Never before has there been such a fine balance of all the elements which make for perfect roadability.

Some owners have gone so far as to say that you don't *ride at all* in a Cadillac Sixty Special—you *float!* Certainly, to say the least, it's a type of travel you have never experienced in any other car.

Furthermore, you feel so *safe* in a Cadillac Sixty Special. The car has marvelous balance on turns and curves. It settles down securely on any and all types of roads. And it has the finest visibility ever offered in *any* closed car. You can *see* perfectly!

And, of course, wherever you go in a Cadillac Sixty Special you have the respect that is always paid to individuality and good taste. Truly, it's like "owning the place" to arrive in a Sixty Special.

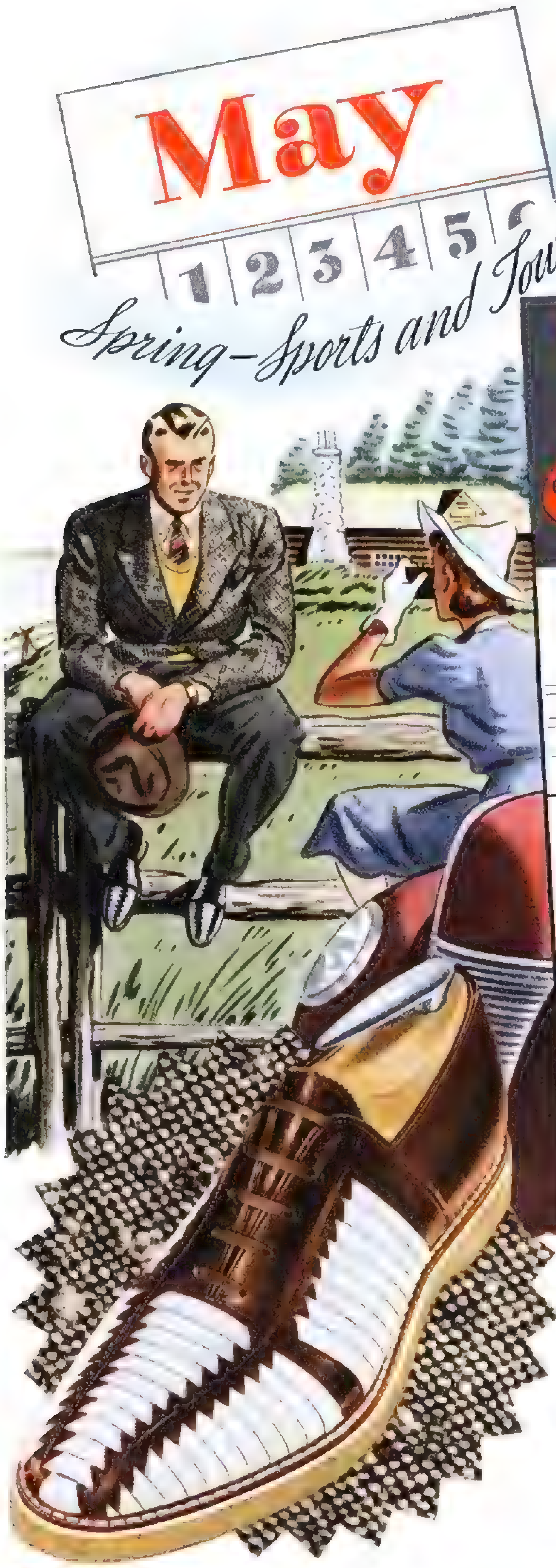
A demonstration will prove all this to your complete satisfaction. Your Cadillac dealer has the car—and wants very much to place it at your disposal. Why not see him today?

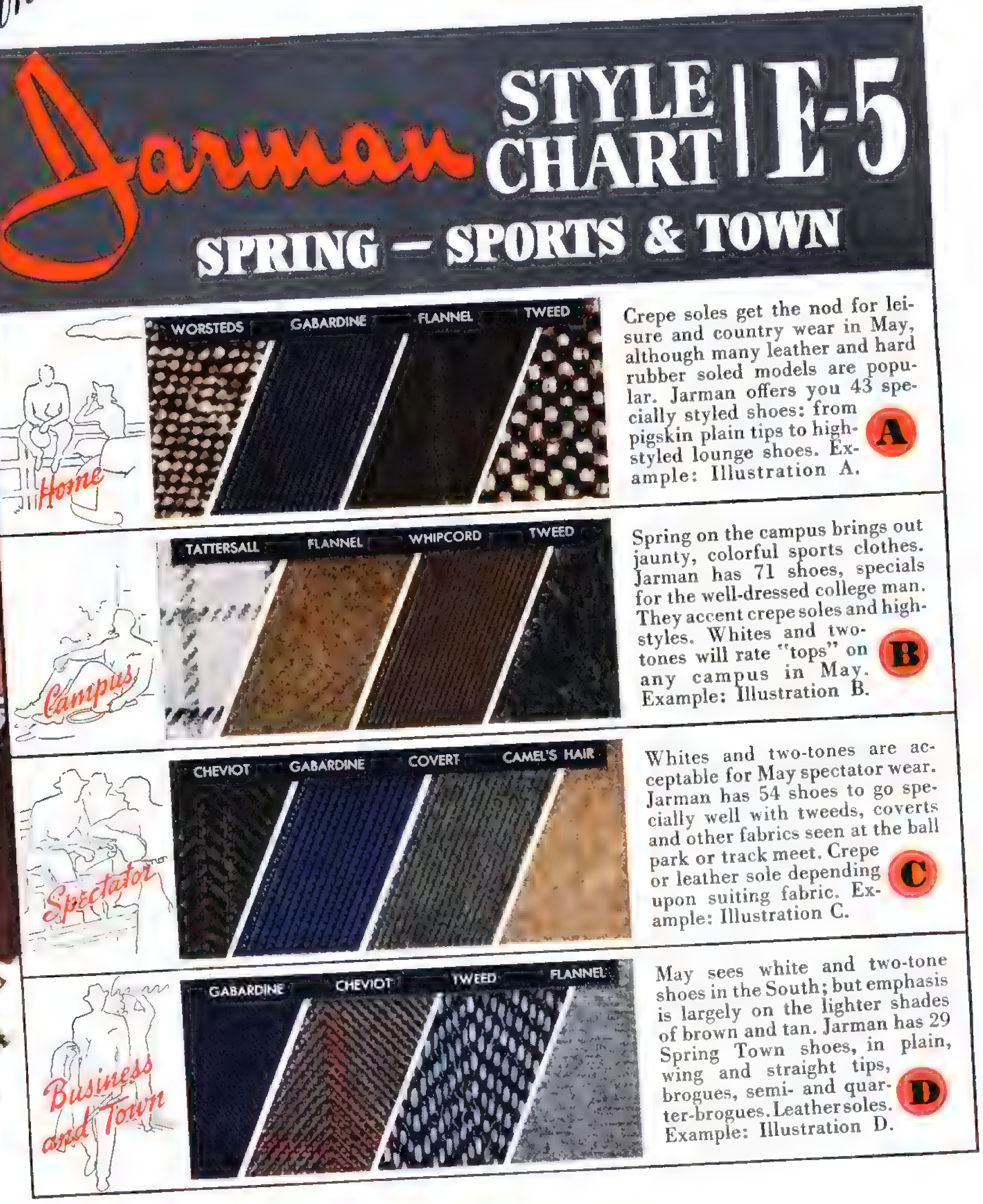
THE NEW

CADILLAC *Sixty* SPECIAL

Also, see and drive the new Cadillac Sixty-One—the lowest-priced Cadillac for 1939—available in four body types. Its remarkable performance and luxurious riding comfort make it a worthy companion car to the famous Cadillac Sixty Special.

WHICH SHOES


May
1 2 3 4 5 6
Spring—Sports and Town


Jarman
STYLE CHART E-5
SPRING — SPORTS & TOWN
Home
WORSTEDS
GABARDINE
FLANNEL
TWEED
Campus
TATTERSALL
FLANNEL
WHIPCORD
TWEED
Spectator
CHEVIOT
GABARDINE
COVERT
CAMEL'S HAIR
Business and Town
GABARDINE
CHEVIOT
TWEED
FLANNEL

Crepe soles get the nod for leisure and country wear in May, although many leather and hard rubber soled models are popular. Jarman offers you 43 specially styled shoes: from pigskin plain tips to high-styled lounge shoes. Example: Illustration A. **A**

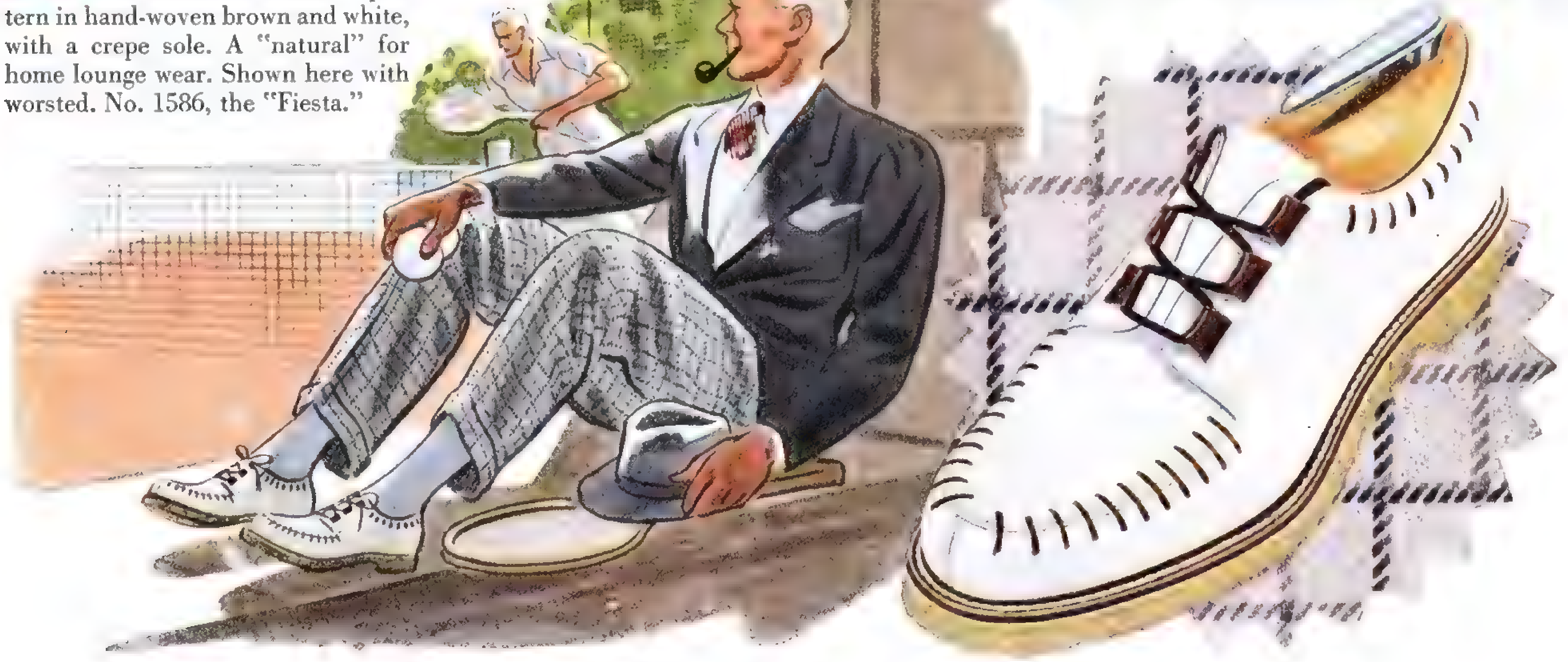
Spring on the campus brings out jaunty, colorful sports clothes. Jarman has 71 shoes, specials for the well-dressed college man. They accent crepe soles and high-styles. Whites and two-tones will rate "tops" on any campus in May. Example: Illustration B. **B**

Whites and two-tones are acceptable for May spectator wear. Jarman has 54 shoes to go specially well with tweeds, coverts and other fabrics seen at the ball park or track meet. Crepe or leather sole depending upon suiting fabric. Example: Illustration C. **C**

May sees white and two-tone shoes in the South; but emphasis is largely on the lighter shades of brown and tan. Jarman has 29 Spring Town shoes, in plain, wing and straight tips, brogues, semi- and quarter-brogues. Leather soles. Example: Illustration D. **D**

B Here's a new Jarman Norwegian pattern that's a college man's dream! It's going over big on *every* campus in the country. Notice the interesting brown calf vamp and quarter lacing, the jaunty Ghillie tie. And for *comfort* . . . just wear it! Shown here with tattersall. No. 4569, the Stroller.

A This brilliant Jarman model combines high style with cool comfort. It's the new "Fiesta" pattern in hand-woven brown and white, with a crepe sole. A "natural" for home lounge wear. Shown here with worsted. No. 1586, the "Fiesta."



TO WEAR WITH WHAT?

"Musts" for May, according to the STYLE REPORTERS—

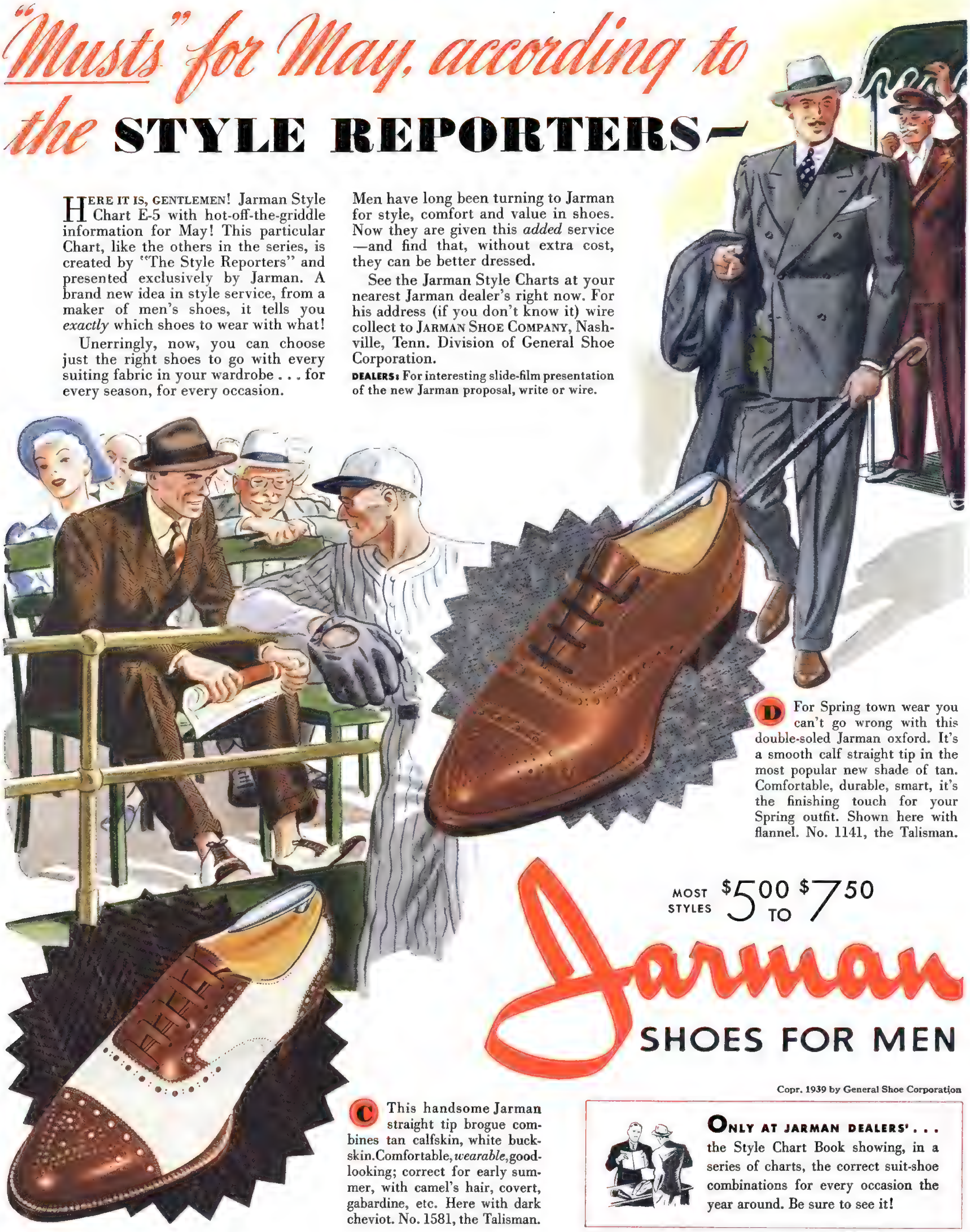
HERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN! Jarman Style Chart E-5 with hot-off-the-griddle information for May! This particular Chart, like the others in the series, is created by "The Style Reporters" and presented exclusively by Jarman. A brand new idea in style service, from a maker of men's shoes, it tells you *exactly* which shoes to wear with what!

Unerringly, now, you can choose just the right shoes to go with every suiting fabric in your wardrobe . . . for every season, for every occasion.

Men have long been turning to Jarman for style, comfort and value in shoes. Now they are given this *added* service—and find that, without extra cost, they can be better dressed.

See the Jarman Style Charts at your nearest Jarman dealer's right now. For his address (if you don't know it) wire collect to JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn. Division of General Shoe Corporation.

DEALERS: For interesting slide-film presentation of the new Jarman proposal, write or wire.



D For Spring town wear you can't go wrong with this double-soled Jarman oxford. It's a smooth calf straight tip in the most popular new shade of tan. Comfortable, durable, smart, it's the finishing touch for your Spring outfit. Shown here with flannel. No. 1141, the Talisman.

MOST STYLES $5.00 TO $7.50

Jarman

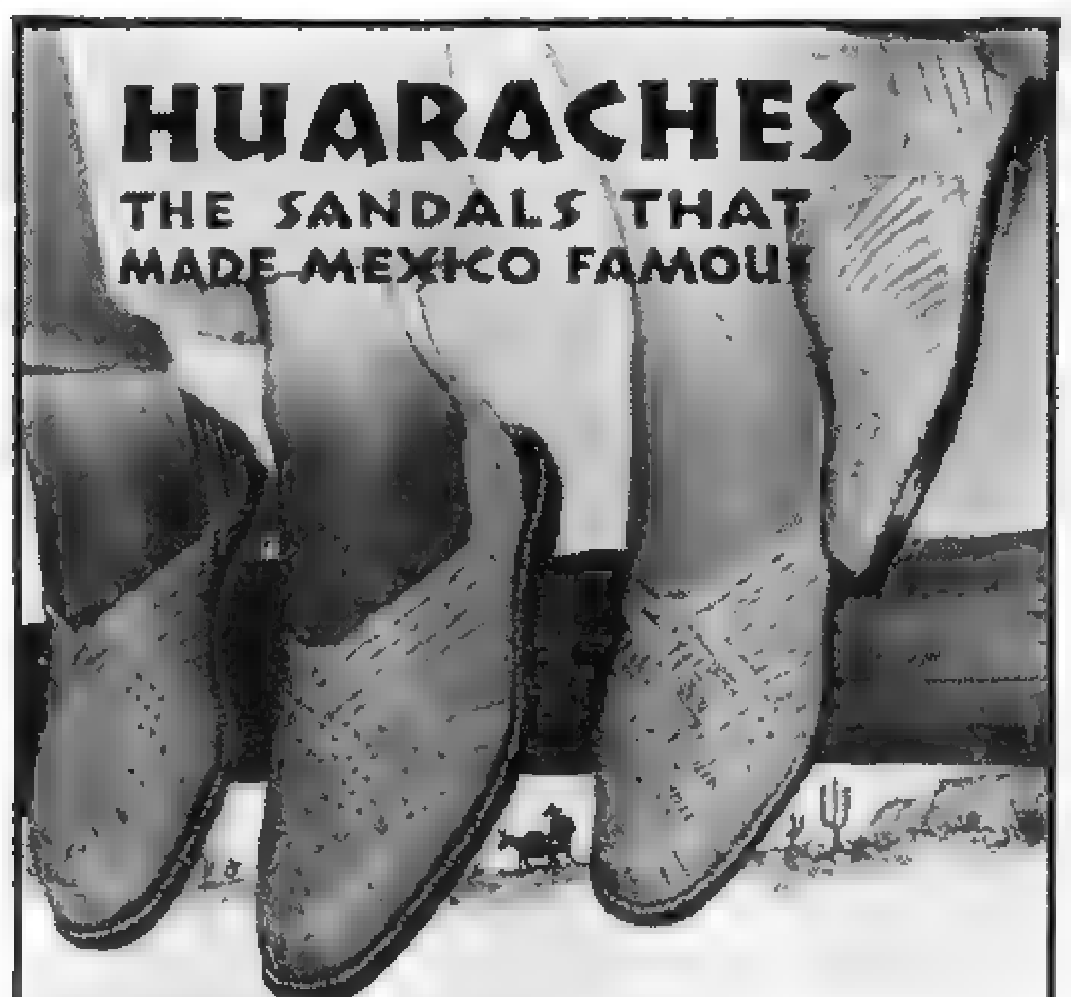
SHOES FOR MEN

C This handsome Jarman straight tip brogue combines tan calfskin, white buckskin. Comfortable, *wearable*, good-looking; correct for early summer, with camel's hair, covert, gabardine, etc. Here with dark cheviot. No. 1581, the Talisman.

Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation

ONLY AT JARMAN DEALERS' . . . the Style Chart Book showing, in a series of charts, the correct suit-shoe combinations for every occasion the year around. Be sure to see it!

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



HUARACHES
THE SANDALS THAT MADE MEXICO FAMOUS

Will Feel Famously Soft and Cool on Your Feet

Your pair will be different in weave and pattern from any other pair ever made. None but the famous STEERHIDE Huarache from Oaxaca can make this claim. Into them is woven smart style and amazing stamina. Natural beige leather for men and women.

Your size is in stock, just mention it and send outline of foot, together with $3.75

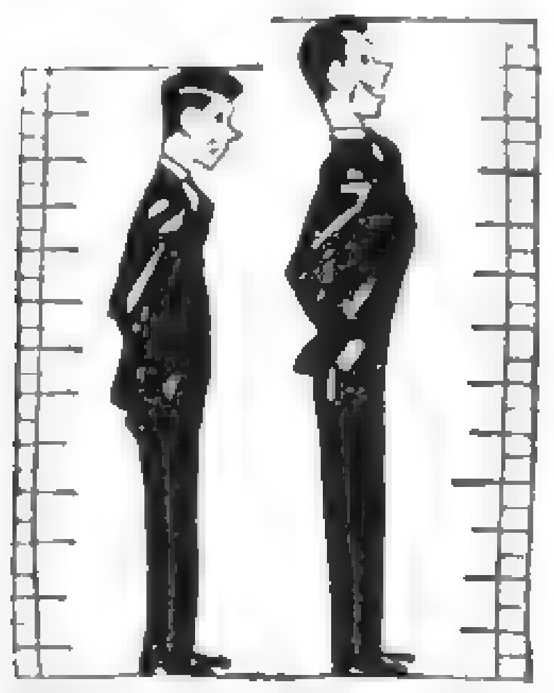
Immediate delivery

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ—NEW MEXICO

Enjoy the OPEN ROAD

Don't let confused directions spoil the pleasure of motoring. You always know the right road with the Hull Streamline Auto Compass on your windshield. Shows direction of travel at all times, avoiding lost miles, worry and delay. Only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.

Hull Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 246-G13, Warren, O.



SHORT men wear Staturaid shoes to to increase their HEIGHT.

TALL men wear Staturaids to improve their POSTURE.

Fine hand-made shoes. Even under close scrutiny their height-increasing feature cannot be detected. Wide assortment of styles: business, dress, sport, whites. Thousands now in use. Write or phone for catalog, sent in plain wrapper. Visit me when you are in New York for nearby World's Fair. *Most of our business is done by mail.*

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With Lever Hand Pump for Target—Small Game—Camping—Etc.

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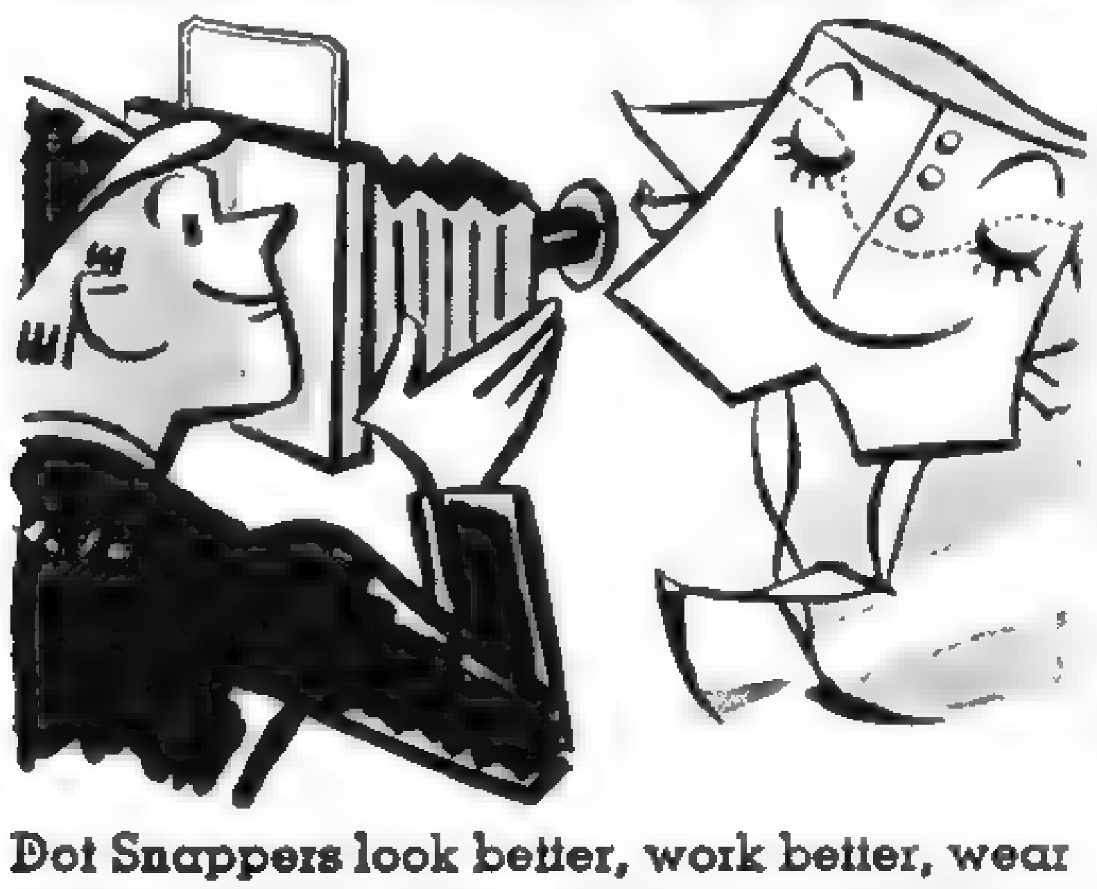
Guaranteed - Accurate - Practical - Economical - Safe - Clean - Quiet. Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity. No smoke or fumes. **Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety Lock - Hand Pump.** Single Shot BB $8.50; Single Shot cal. 177 or 22 with rifled barrel $8.50; BB 8-Shot $10.00; Holster $2.00. **Also a Complete Line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Rifles** for BB and cal. 177 or 22. No license required from dealer or factory. **Ask for complete specifications & free targets. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 898 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.**

"BETTER THAN BUTTONS"

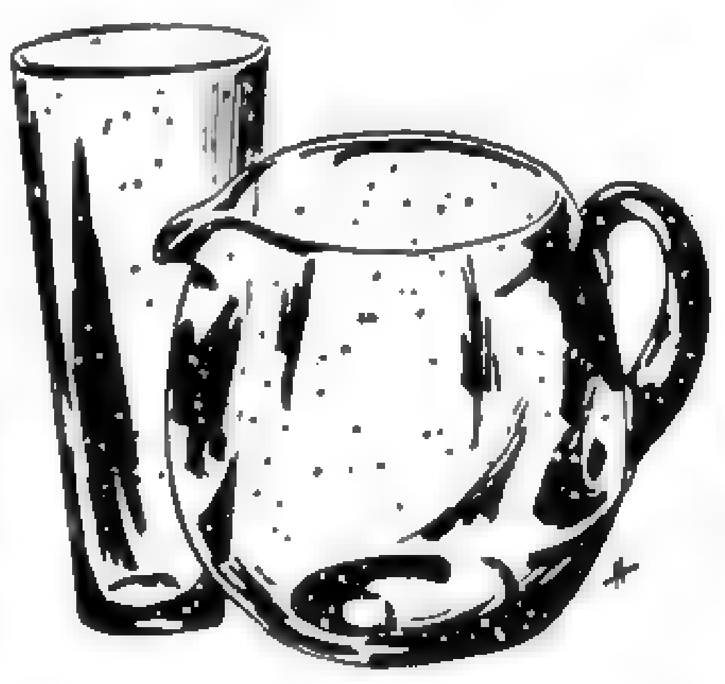


Dot Snappers look better, work better, wear better. Ask for them when you're buying shorts, pajamas, shirts, etc. They are laundry-proof for the life of the garment.
United-Carr Fastener Corp. Cambridge, Mass.

DOT REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SNAPPERS

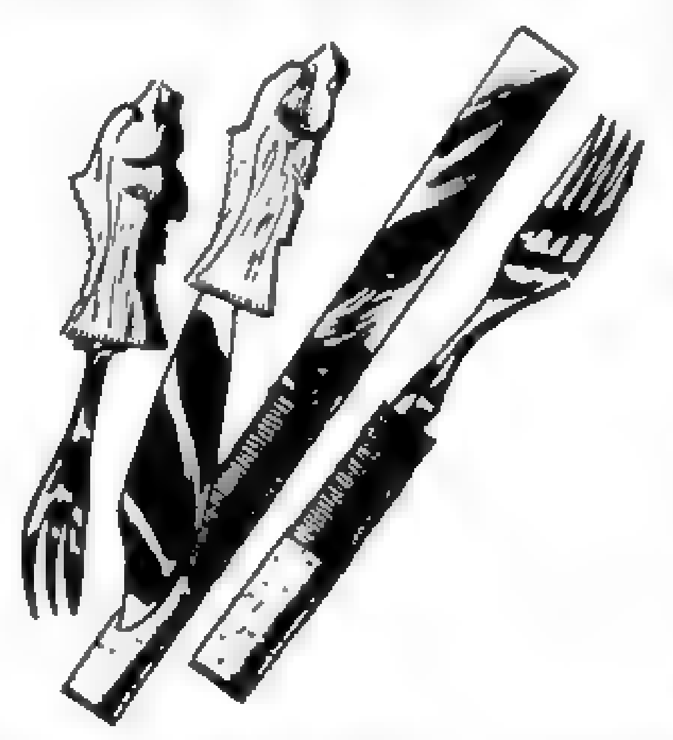
HOME SWEET HOME should come in for its share of gifts in the New York manner whether it's a piece of the new glass furniture, a smoking set of hand-wrought monogrammed silver, a bamboo lamp or a musical cake platter that plays "Happy Birthday to You"!

THE 24 OZ. TAVERN GLASS. Let your bibulous friends try bottoms up with one of these babies! The glasses, hand blown in a cool shade of early American bottle green, stand *9½ inches high!* . . . holding a pint and a half of collins, planter's or what have you. Wives will probably purloin same to use as flower vases between drinks. The squatty green glass pitcher can go with, if you desire.



SHAKE THAT THING. This shaking of cocktails business can now be done via a machine with a glass base and a mixing glass inserted into the top. Plug machine into light socket and the mechanism propels the mixing glass rapidly up and down faster than hand shaking. To start and stop machine, just give a sharp tap on the top. No switches.

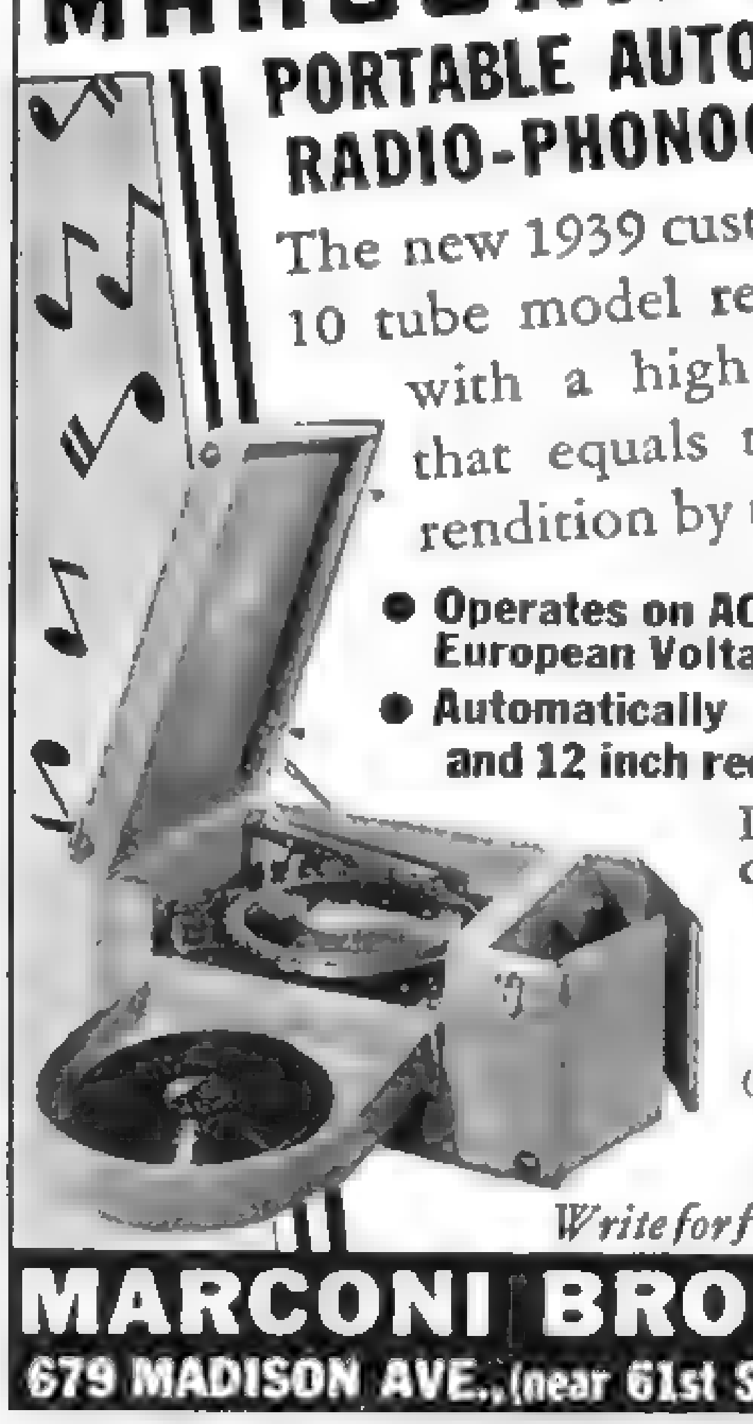
TABLE TOOLS, 1939 STYLE. For your summer place, special buffet suppers or brunches, knives and forks turn up in sportive guises. You'll be angling for a set of fish knives and forks . . . stainless steel with hand carved wooden handles depicting various rare piscatorial species. The vogue for wooden and colorful pottery dishes calls for stainless steel knives, forks, spoons with handles of cork topped in red or bright blue lacquered wire wound round and round. You can also get this cutlery with bamboo handles. Pretty special for terraces, etc.



WOODEN PLATES have quite a social ranking nowadays. Square chunky plates of polished birch, wooden soup bowls of magnolia wood that double for individual salad bowls; long 30-inch hors d'oeuvres trays of banana leaf pine . . . shaped like the banana leaf itself. *Napery that's New.* Of course with wooden stuff you don't use Bea Lillie's "dozen double damask" napkins . . . instead you go in for linen cloths and napkins of good sturdy weave done up in navy combined with white or natural with brown or red.

FRESH COUNTRY AIR OUT OF A BOX. You and the boys have been having your weekly game of poker...you can cut the smoke-laden air with knife . . . when suddenly you step to the little machine (no bigger than a table radio) snap the switch . . . and behold . . . the stagnant air is dispelled like magic . . . leaving nothing but the fresh, bracing air of the countryside in the room. This new tubeless fresh-air-maker transforms oxygen from its common form to its vastly more potent form known as ozone, a powerful germicide and oxidizing agent. By a series of electrical discharges, the machine adds an extra atom to the oxygen molecules in the air and thus creates crisp, rarefied atmosphere. They tell us that theatres use the machine to kill that well known "balcony smell". . . stores, schools and public buildings are installing them; restaurants find the machine a purifier of cooking odors which will penetrate . . . even in the best places! We also have it that the ozone-maker renders carbon monoxide relatively harmless so that more and more garages, battery charging stations and paint shops are putting it in.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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PORTABLE AUTOMATIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

The new 1939 custom built 10 tube model reproduces with a high accuracy that equals the actual rendition by the artists.

- **Operates on AC or DC and European Voltages**
- **Automatically changes 10 and 12 inch records**

In genuine cowhide or rawhide leathers *from* **$159.50** *(European Volt. $10 Extra)*

Other Models from $79.50

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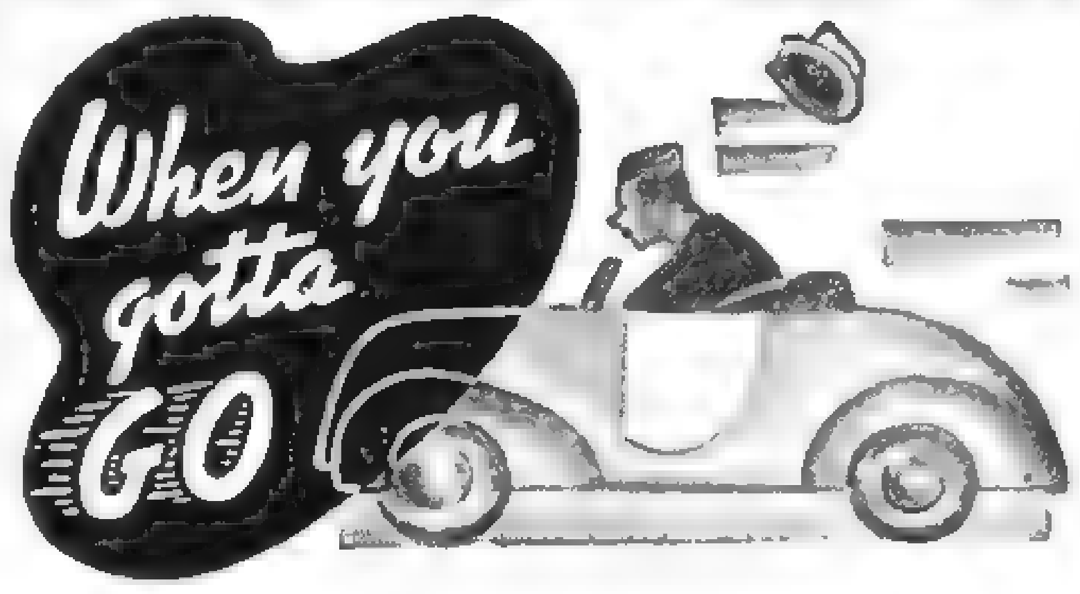
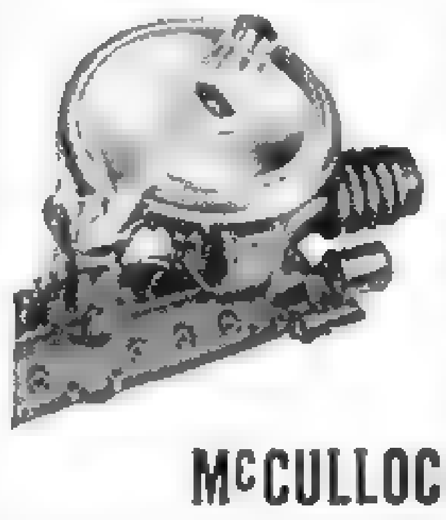


GO McCULLOCH SUPERCHARGED

FOR FORD V-8 AND MERCURY CARS & FORD TRUCKS



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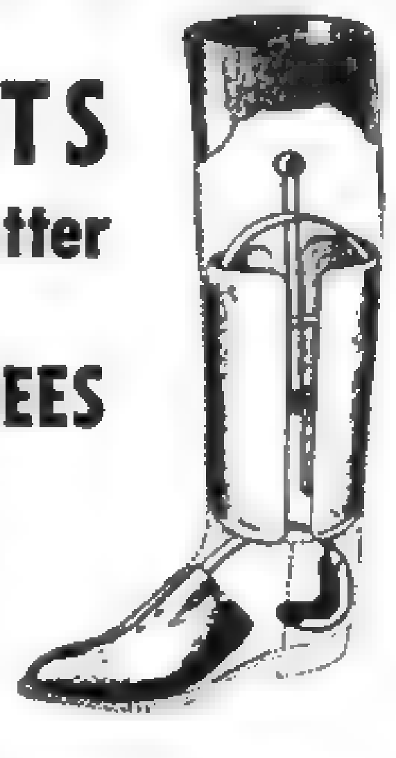


YOUR RIDING BOOTS Last Longer, Look Better when kept on new NATIONAL BOOT TREES

One well known rider writes: "I'm so pleased with your trees I want to order another pair. Check is enclosed." Another writes: "National Trees are a great improvement over others . . . light, easy to insert and remove, more convenient for travel, thoroughly effective."

Only $5 a set

Radically new in design, these inexpensive, lightweight, fibre Trees give longer life to boots, preserve their smart appearance and comfort because they allow free circulation of air inside the boots. Won't split, crack, or corrode. Men's and ladies' sizes. Only $5 a set of four pieces!

VALUABLE EQUITATION HANDBOOK—FREE of any extra cost. One copy to each purchaser of National Trees. Written by Capt. V. S. Littauer, world-famous riding instructor.

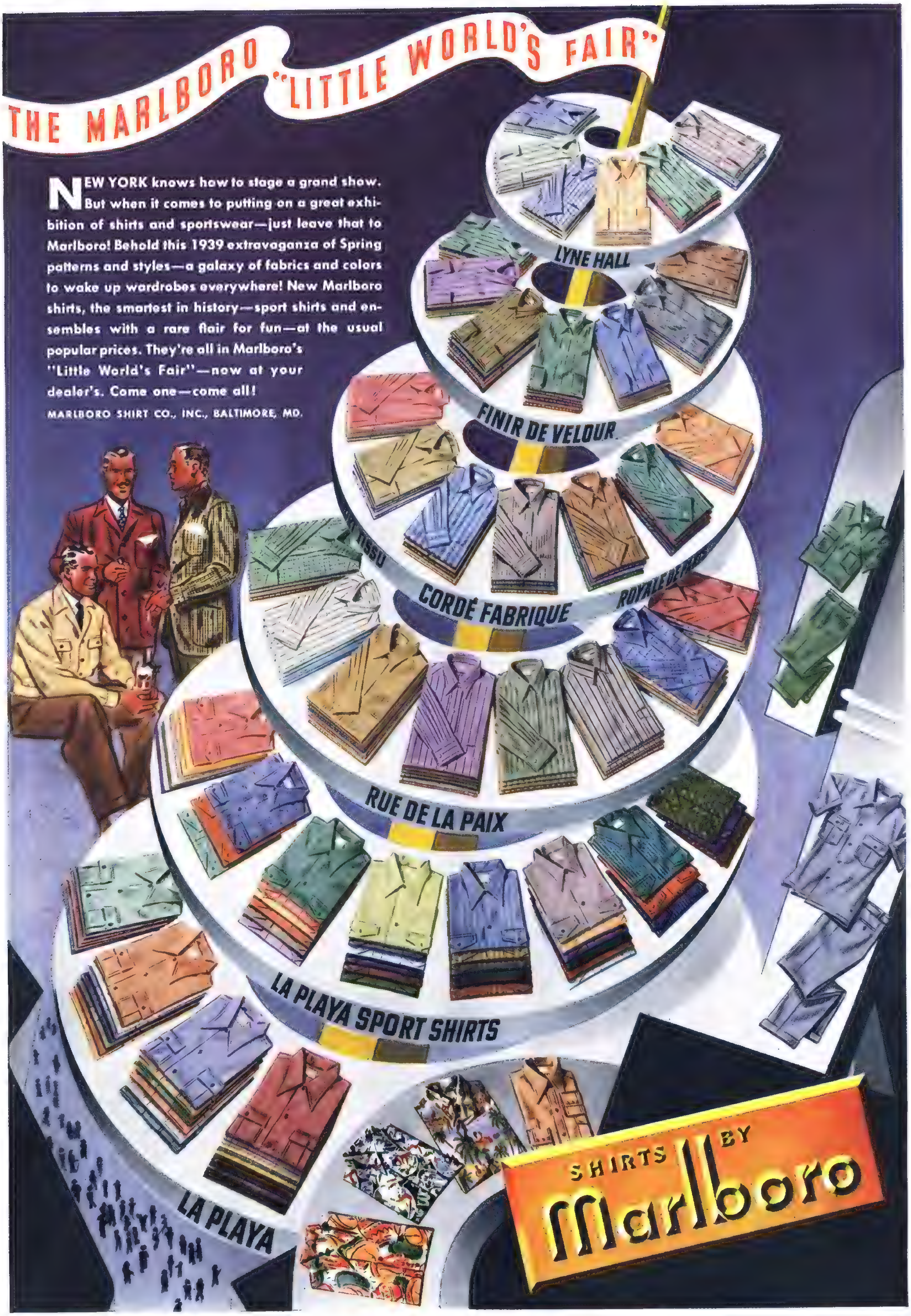
30-DAY APPROVAL OFFER—Your dealer will sell you a set of National Boot Trees on 30-day approval—or write direct to Dept. E5, National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Delaware.

— — — USE THIS COUPON TODAY. — — —

National Vulcanized Fibre Co.,
Dept. E5, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me ON APPROVAL, POSTPAID, one complete set of New, Improved National Boot Trees, and Capt. Littauer's Equitation Handbook. The enclosed $5.00 will be refunded if I return the trees within 30 days.

My boot size is..................................
Name..................................
Address..................................
Dealer's Name..................................

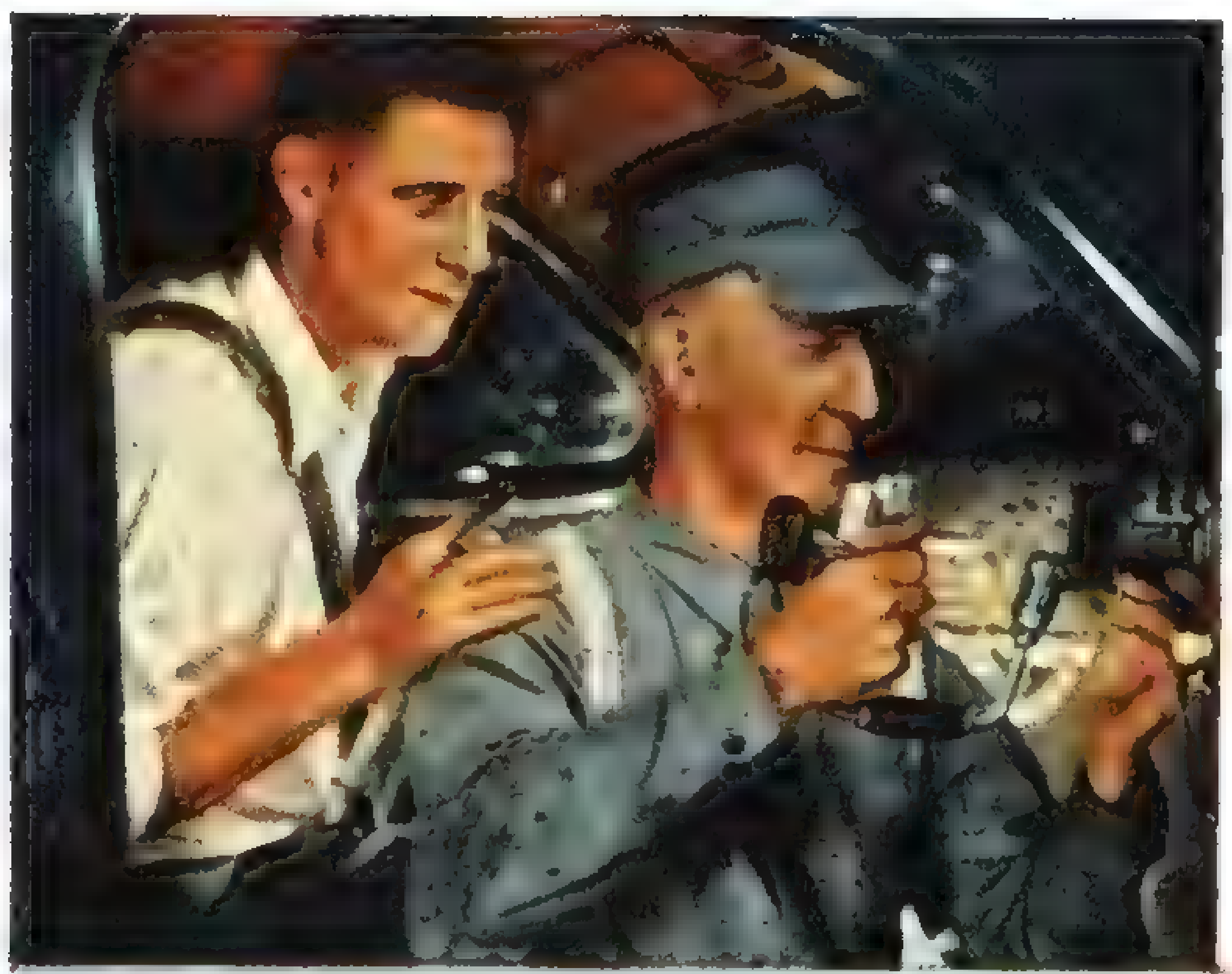

THE MARLBORO "LITTLE WORLD'S FAIR"
LYNE HALL
FINIR DE VELOUR
TISSU
CORDÉ FABRIQUE
ROYALE DE
RUE DE LA PAIX
LA PLAYA SPORT SHIRTS
LA PLAYA
SHIRTS BY Marlboro

NEW YORK knows how to stage a grand show. But when it comes to putting on a great exhibition of shirts and sportswear—just leave that to Marlboro! Behold this 1939 extravaganza of Spring patterns and styles—a galaxy of fabrics and colors to wake up wardrobes everywhere! New Marlboro shirts, the smartest in history—sport shirts and ensembles with a rare flair for fun—at the usual popular prices. They're all in Marlboro's "Little World's Fair"—now at your dealer's. Come one—come all!

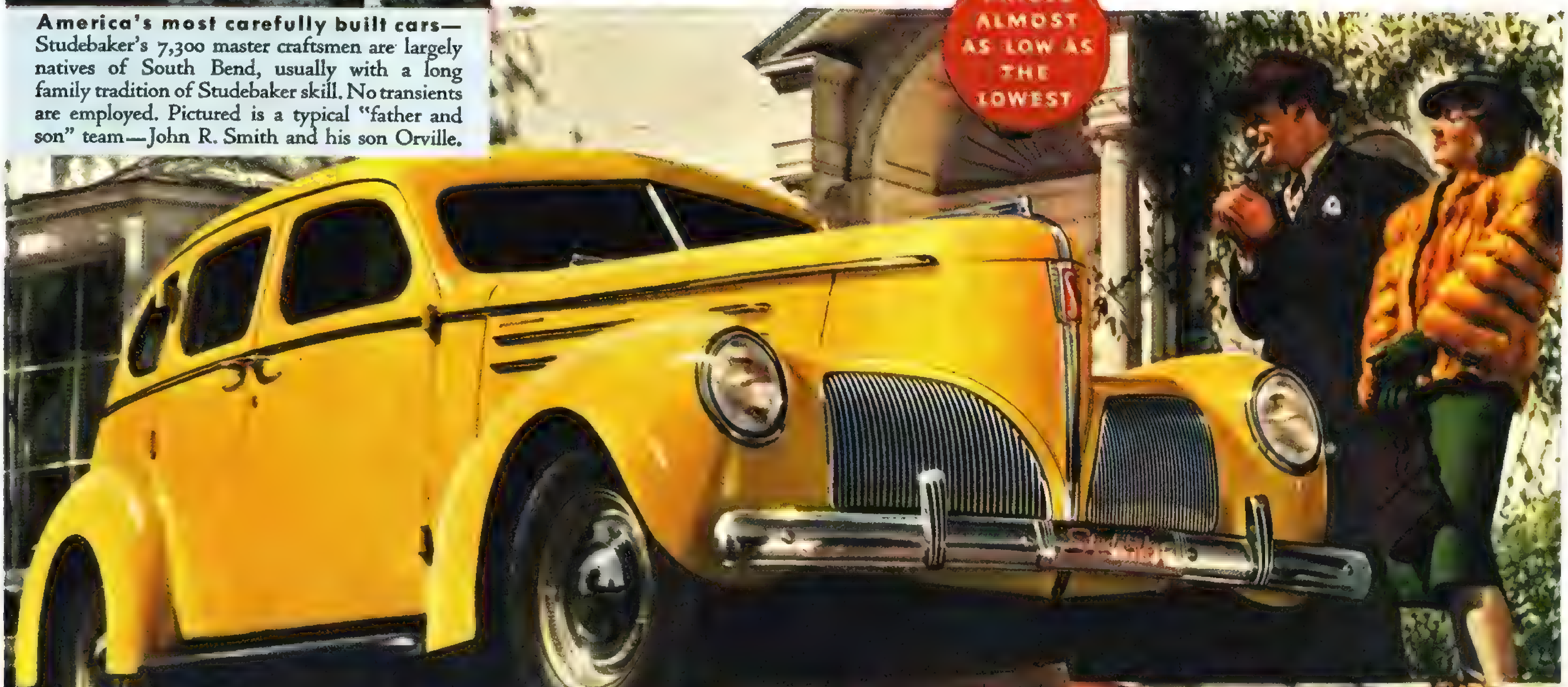
MARLBORO SHIRT CO., INC., BALTIMORE, MD.

Master craftsmen build it

...and you'll drive this smart Studebaker with pride *for years!*



America's most carefully built cars—Studebaker's 7,300 master craftsmen are largely natives of South Bend, usually with a long family tradition of Studebaker skill. No transients are employed. Pictured is a typical "father and son" team—John R. Smith and his son Orville.

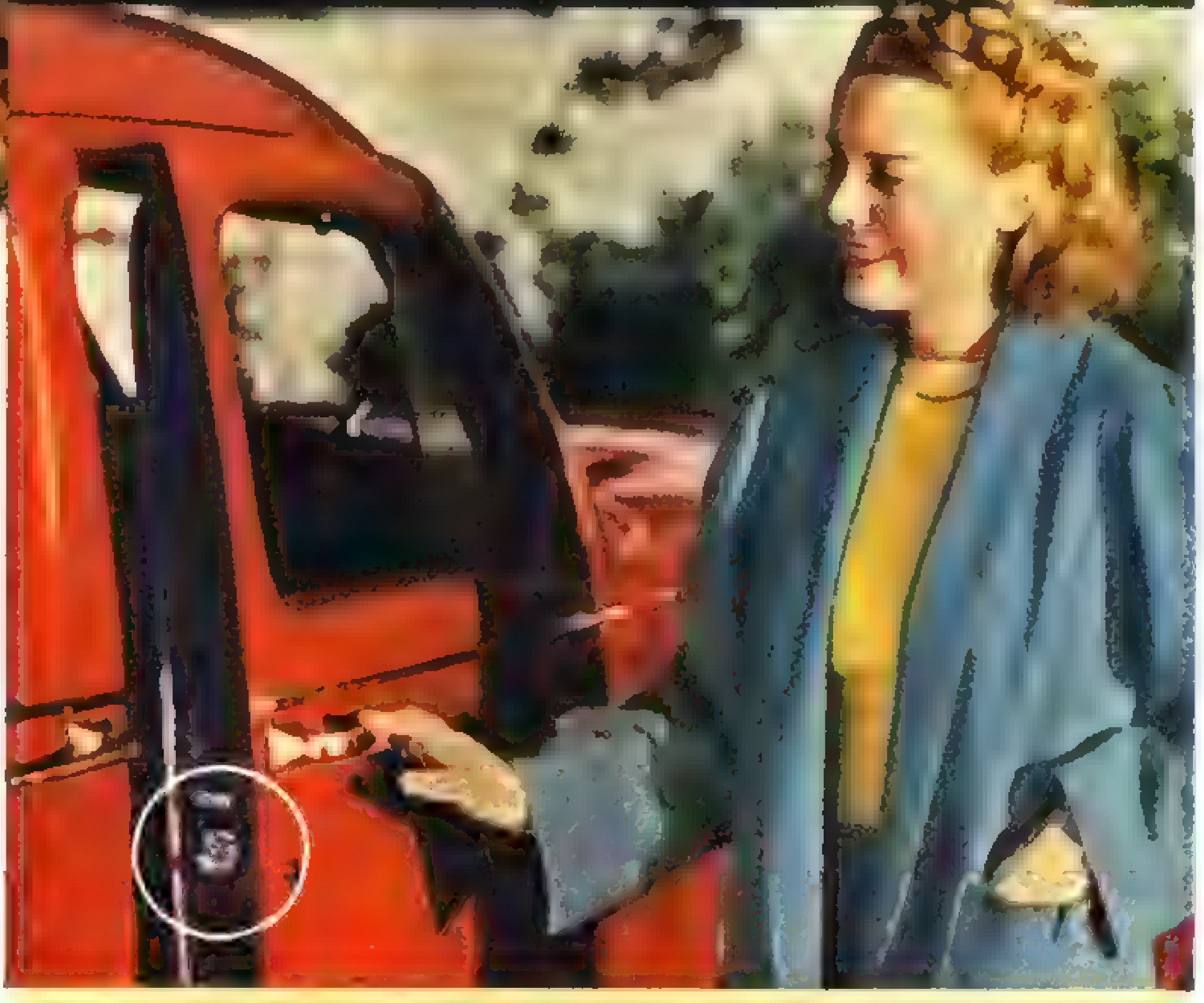

PRICED ALMOST AS LOW AS THE LOWEST

YOU'RE getting more than stunning beauty that won the acclaim of Europe's foremost stylists when you buy this superb 1939 Studebaker.

You're getting a car that's manifestly superior in performance and quality—a car that is so outstanding by every comparison, it is selling sensationally, particularly to motorists who have examined and driven the other 1939 cars.

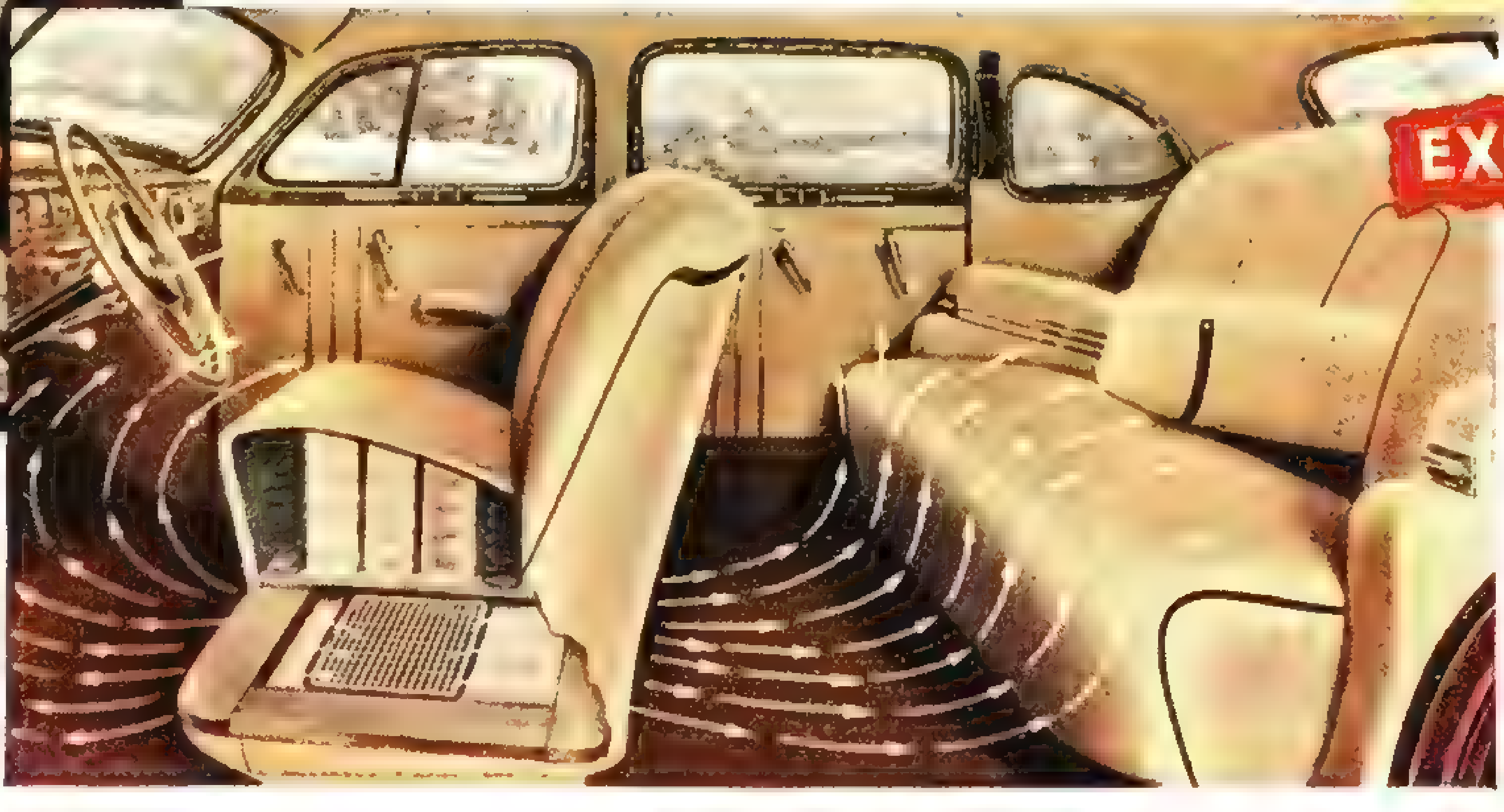
Studebaker quality and craftsmanship will keep this Studebaker running smoothly for years and for thousands of miles more than you expect. And when you buy it, you get the only 1939 car that comes completely equipped with Planar Suspension and its Miracle Ride . . . Automatic Hill Holder . . . Non-slam Rotary Door Latches . . . Oversize Trunk . . . Steering Wheel Gear Shift Lever . . . World's Strongest and Safest Steel Body.

Studebaker's unique independence makes possible the advancements this great 1939 Studebaker offers . . . and if you're a straight-thinking independent yourself, one drive will sell it to you. See your local Studebaker dealer. Use your present car as part down payment, on C.I.T. terms. Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.



No need to slam Studebaker doors—They close lightly, tightly and silently on Hancock rotary door latches which were pioneered by Studebaker and are standard on all 1939 Studebaker models at no extra charge. A welcome safety provision particularly when small children are passengers.

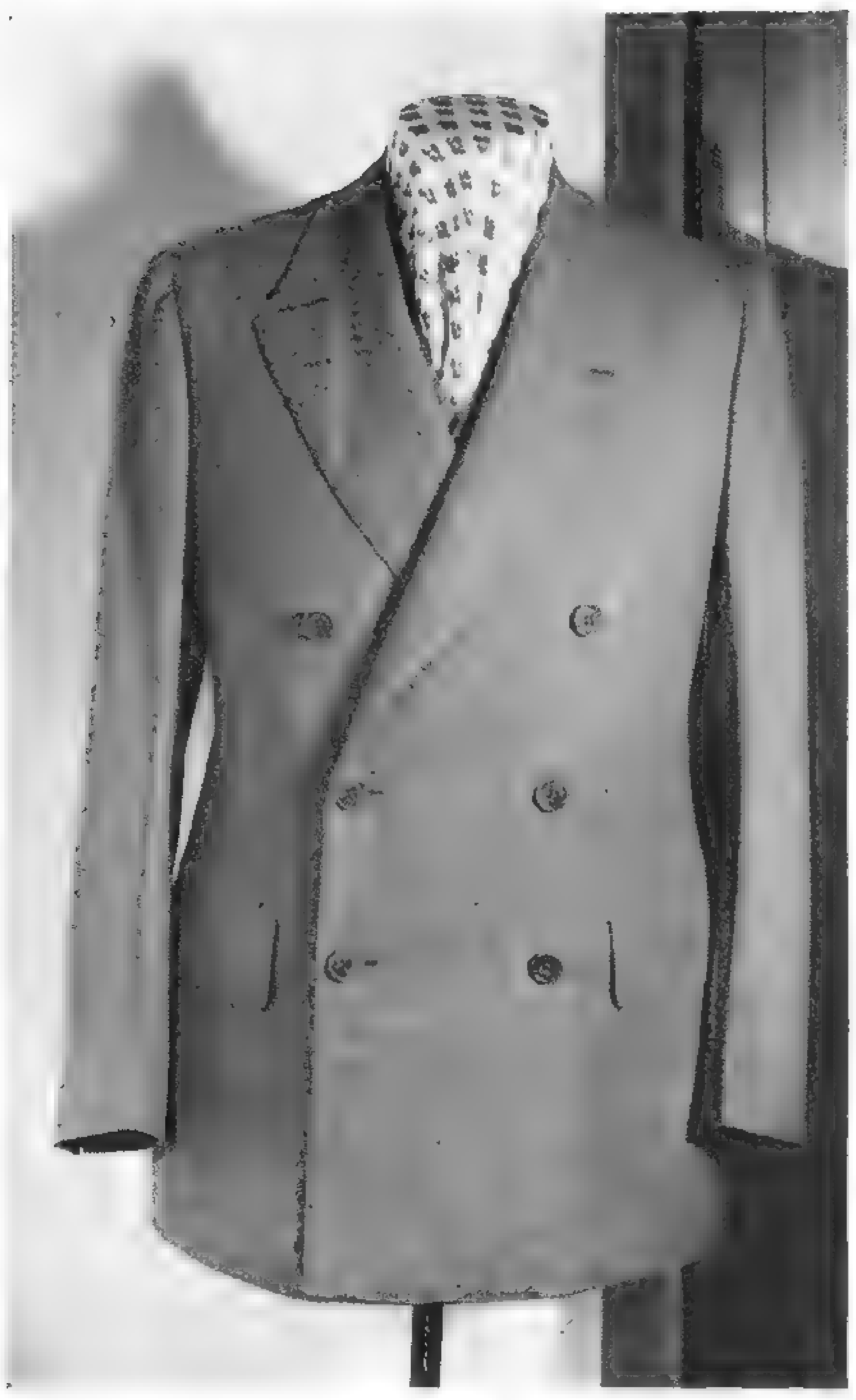
A ride that's a miracle of comfort—You can read, you can relax, you can travel hundreds of miles in a 1939 Studebaker without a trace of weariness. Studebaker's exclusive Independent Planar Wheel Suspension combines with the world's finest hydraulic shock absorbers to provide unequalled comfort.



EXCLUSIVE! REVOLUTIONARY!

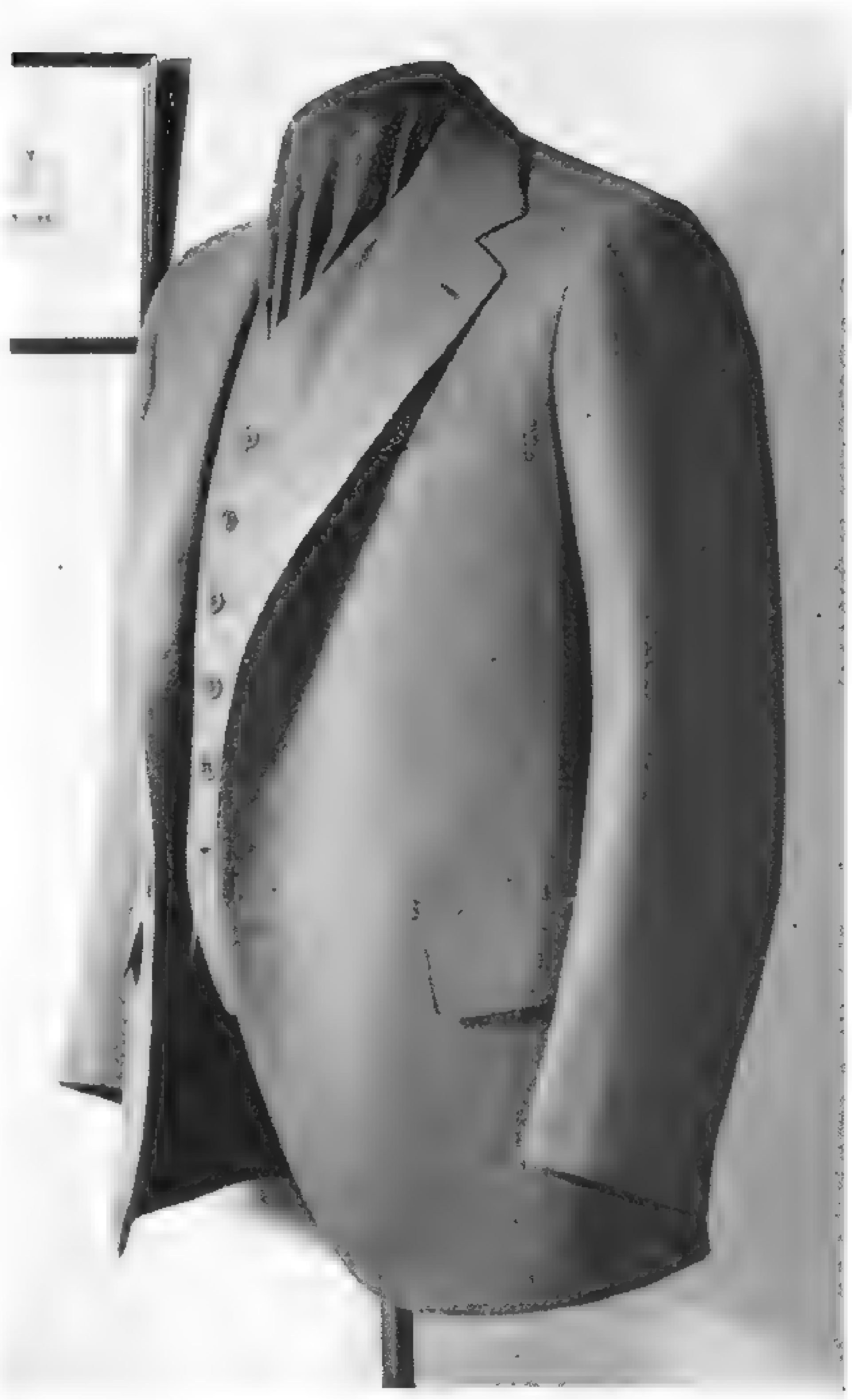
Studebaker's new Central CLIMATIZER

The new Climatizer—a central fresh air ventilating and heating system under the front seat and out of the way—takes in fresh air—filters it, heats it and distributes it evenly to front and rear seats. No cold floors—no drafts—no dust—no rain or snow! Available at small added cost.



Imported Cheviots, Flannels, Worsteds and other specially selected materials are all available in Brooks Brothers' double breasted suits for Spring as illustrated (with either square or natural shoulders), $60 to $82.

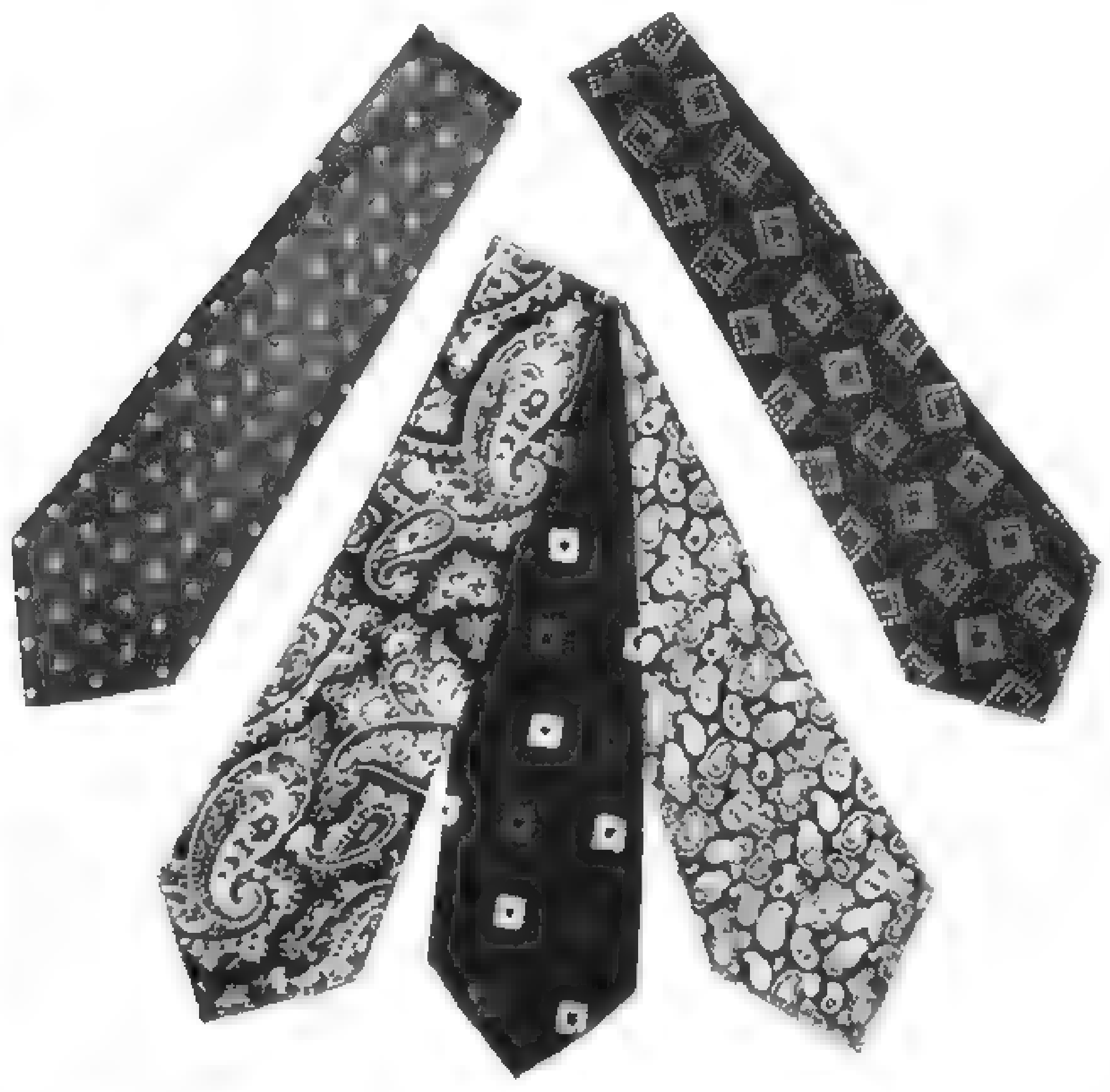
Brooks Shetlands, Brooks Flannels, Brooks Foulards, Brooks reverse-calf "Buckskins," are materials that have established standards of quality recognized all over the world. More than that, they are materials so distinct in color, pattern and texture, that the mention of their names puts a picture into the mind. This Spring new importations from England and Scotland are again continuing many of the old favorites, again introducing whole new groups of innovations.



The Soft Tailored Construction which is characteristic of all Brooks Brothers' Suits is particularly noticeable in single breasted suits, such as the one illustrated. Made with either square or natural shoulders—and with many different variations in style they are $60 to $82.

English Straw Hats from Lock & Co. of St. James's Street, $6—from Herbert Johnson of New Bond Street, $5 and $5.25. Brooks English Straw Hats made on our own blocks and to our own specifications, $4 and $4.50.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

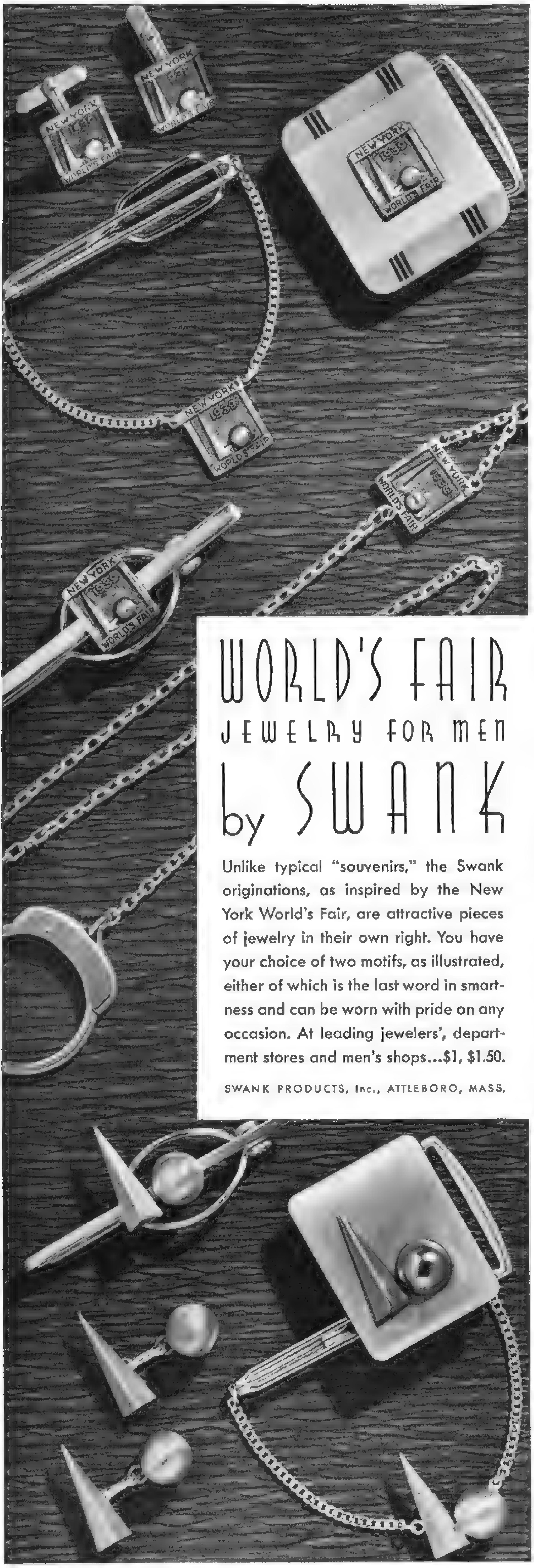


Brooks Foulards are now ready for Spring and Summer in a great range of patterns, including polka dots, tied-and-dyed diamonds, small designs and hand-blocked Paisleys. Depending upon size, and kind of silk, they are $2.25 to $3.50. India Prints in Cotton Madras, $1.50.

Brooks Buckskin Shoes from England are $12 to $15. Illustrated: White buckskin with red rubber sole, $12.

Hand-Spun and Hand-Woven Shetland Homespuns imported from the Shetland Isles are again available at Brooks Brothers this Spring in a wide choice of patterns. Each weave or color combination is limited in quantity, $58.

Brooks Blucher Style Oxford in brown reverse calf, with crêpe rubber sole tipped at the toe with leather, $15.

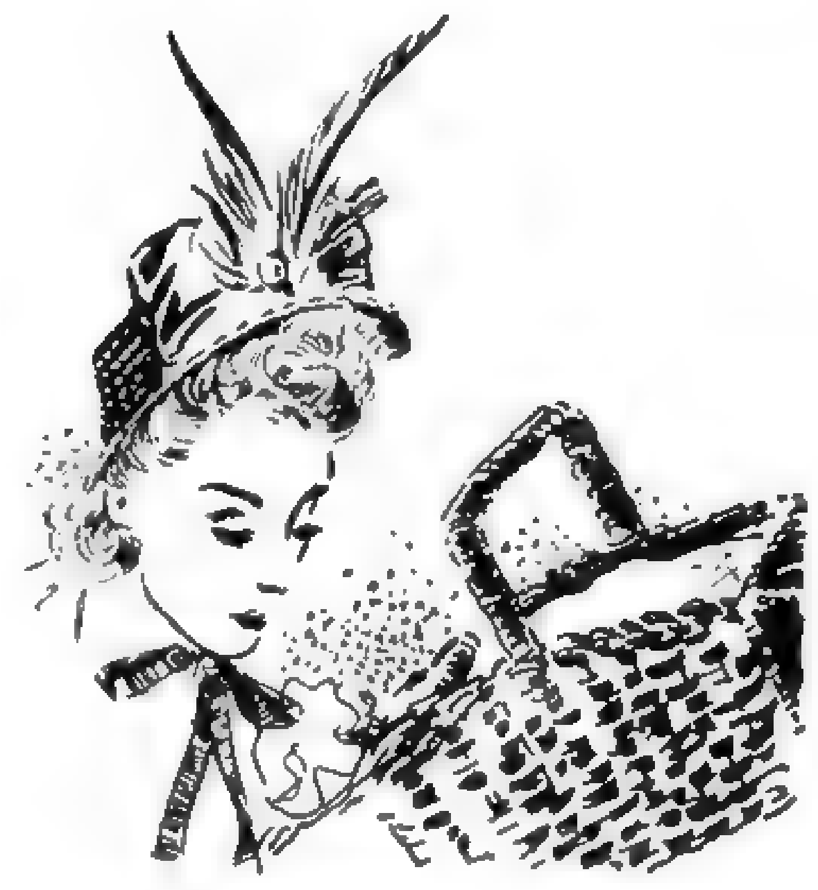


WORLD'S FAIR
JEWELRY FOR MEN
by SWANK

Unlike typical "souvenirs," the Swank originations, as inspired by the New York World's Fair, are attractive pieces of jewelry in their own right. You have your choice of two motifs, as illustrated, either of which is the last word in smartness and can be worn with pride on any occasion. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops...$1, $1.50.

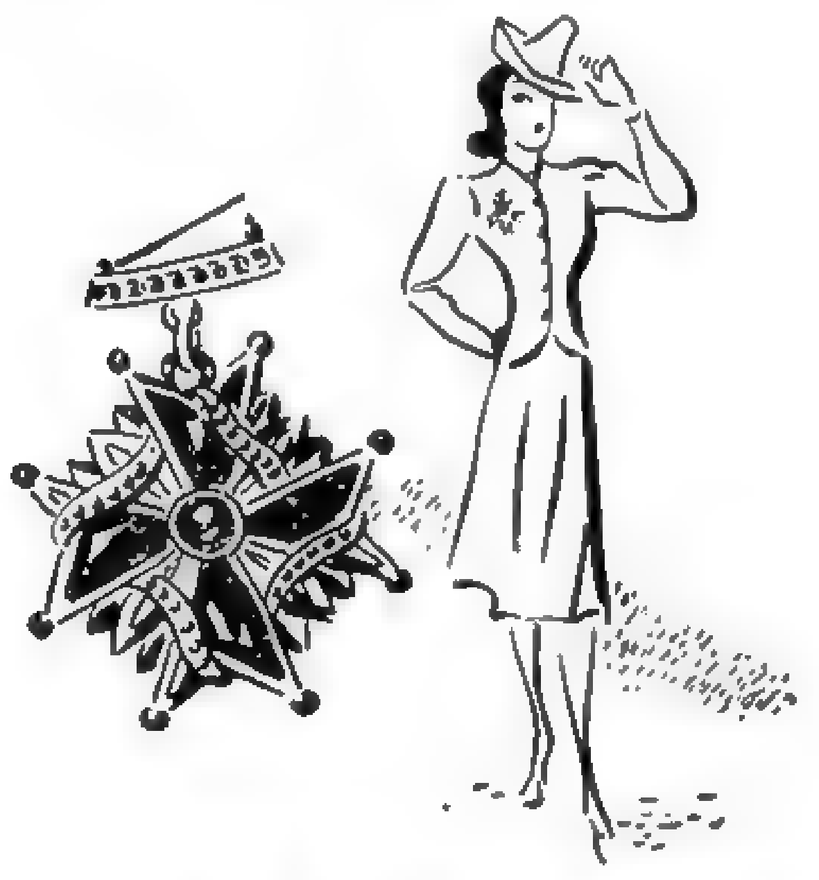
SWANK PRODUCTS, Inc., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



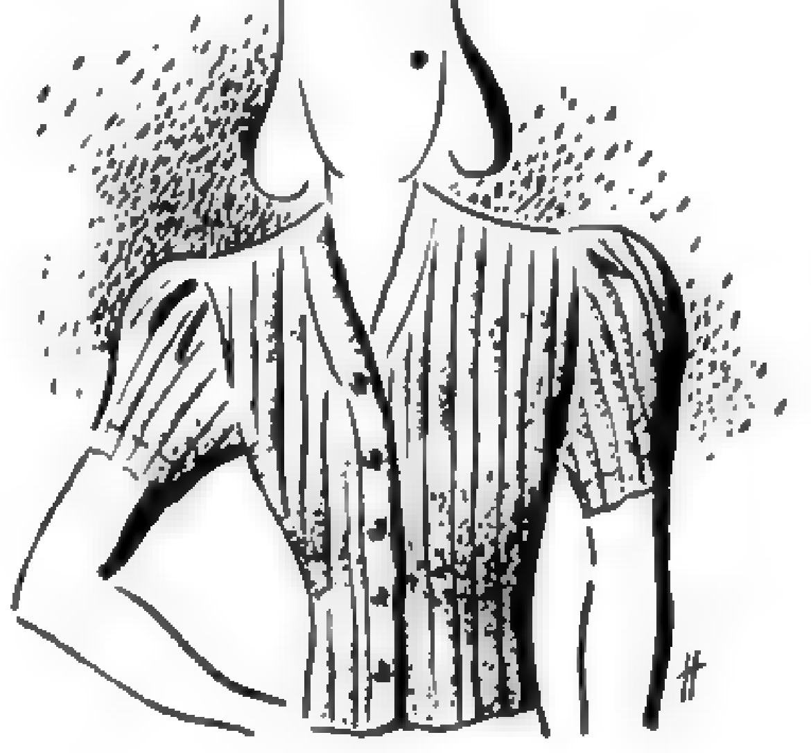
A TISKET A TASKET...
A BONNET AND A BASKET

If you are seeking something unusual to give "a certain party" ... give a look on this combination of hat and bag which harkens back to the civil war days when babes wore bonnets and carried little wicker picnic baskets shopping. An American hat designer, noted for her flair for the unusual, has turned out the 1939 version of this charming early American style... proving that a bird on the bonnet is worth two in the bush, especially when it tops off a pretty face. The "little yellow basket" (really green in this case to match the hat) is trimmed with two large red poppies which loom up unexpectedly when she flips it open to extract her lipstick or compact. An intriguing little duo, this.



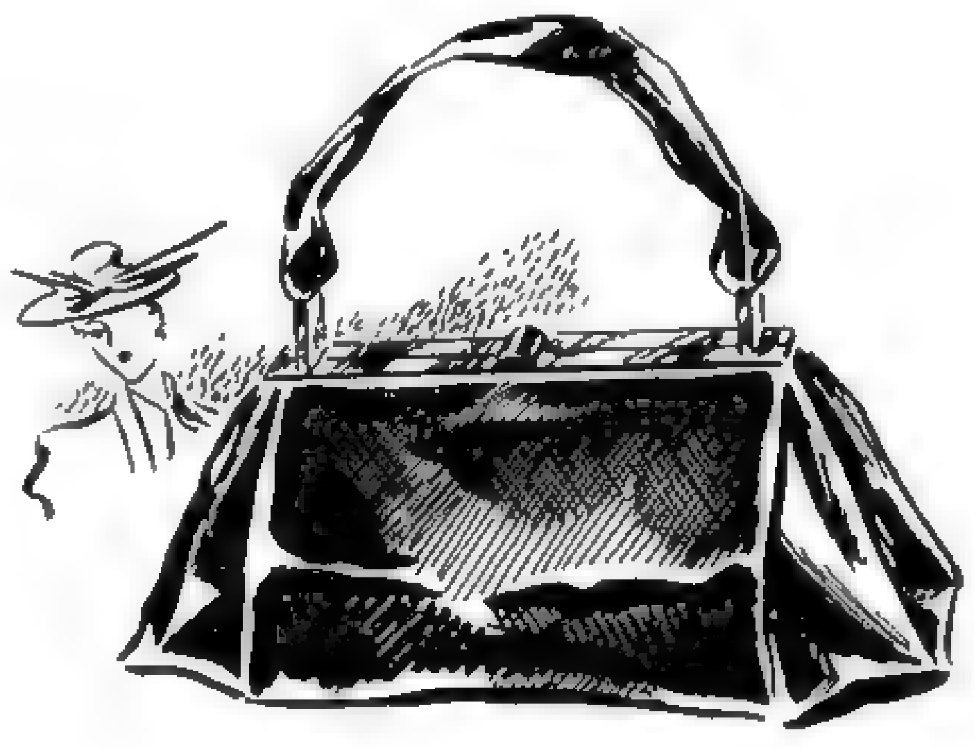
TAKEN FROM THE MEN

The gals are great ones for appropriating masculine adornments. Latest feminine fashion is to wear copies of distinguished service orders (the decorations awarded commissioned officers) on their coat lapels. You'll see the order of Malta in colored enamel with simulated ruby stones, copied, we're told, from the authentic collection of beautiful Empress Carlotta of Mexico; or the order of San Carlos, copy of the award of honor introduced by Maximilian and Carlotta to reward their Mexican subjects.



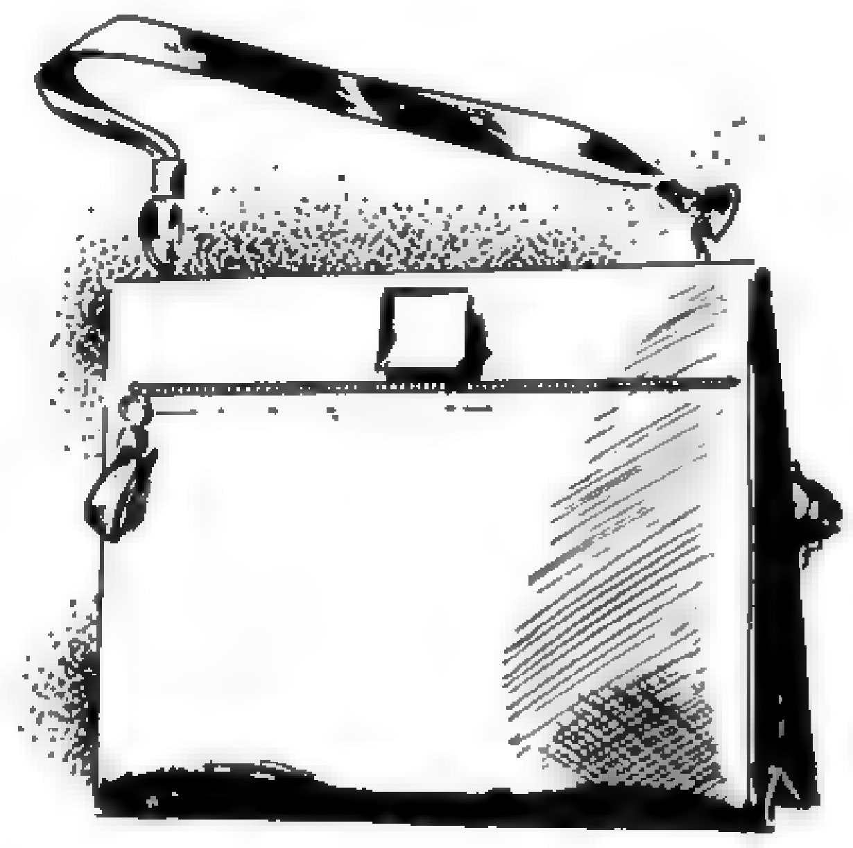
SWEETER IN A SWEATER

A sweater on a gal has its good points, we always say. Newest type, they tell us, is a cardigan (of course men have been wearing them for years, but this is different). These are long on style and short on length. Little puffed sleeves, and such man-killing colors as sky blue, pink or wisteria. When you step up to that counter to buy one for her, ask for boucle (pronounced bouclay). This purchase will only hit your exchequer with a light tap.



CARRYALLS FOR FAIR-GOING LADY FAIRS

You couldn't buy her a more useful gift than a handbag of super size. You know how women are... turn them loose at a Fair and they wander from exhibit to exhibit making a collection of all the printed matter they can lay hands on. Such stuffing is a severe tax on any ordinary reticule, but with one of the new whopper bags it's a cinch. Take the patent leather job above ... nearly 14 inches long, with a commodious inside lined with black and white check. And the other one in fine calf, 10 inches in depth, complete with exterior zipper pocket and a roomy interior equipped with a trick facile closure composed of two blades of Swedish steel hinged at both ends, an arrangement which insures a quick, sure opening and a decisive closing.



They have the same "stay wide open" fastening on tobacco pouches, a fine air tight idea, they say. N. B. If you want to give your handbag gift that added plus... have her monogram put on. We have it that it's smart to choose letters of three different kinds of metal all on the same bag . . . gold, silver and a copper color.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

YE OLDE TIME PANTS

GOOD-BYE to the embarrassment caused by fastenings that frequently come open by accident—and, worse still, that often break off your trousers completely.

PANTS OF 1939

HELLO to the TALON fastener. You never have to "check up" to be sure your trousers are properly closed ...or worry about damage from cleaning and pressing.

YESTERDAY you had your hands full with five fastenings on your pants. Annoying. But what could you do?

THIS SEASON you have trousers with the modern TALON fastener. Quick. Easy. Makes better sense in every way.

ANTIQUATED...the gaps and bulges that often resulted from old-fashioned fastenings.

MODERN...the TALON slide fastener. Gives you a neat, inconspicuous trouser closing.

CHEERS! This spring you get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made suits!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WHY DO YOU now find the Talon trouser fastener in newly made suits in every price range?

Is it because men prefer the ease, security, durability of the Talon fastener? Yes!

But there's another reason—especially important to you. It's because the Talon slide fastener for trousers always works perfectly!

Naturally, when a feature becomes as popular as the Talon fastener, unreliable imitations appear. Protect yourself against these. Always "take a second look" for the name "TALON."

For the name "TALON" is your assurance of a slide fastener specially made for the article you are buying—whether it's trousers or anything else.

Be sure the name "TALON" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. is on the slide fastener

TALON TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

HUNT CLUB

Toilet Requisites for MEN

HUNT CLUB LE BARON BALTIQUE

Hunt Club was created for the man who would be different in the suave, sophisticated clubman manner. The royal blue and gold packages are a perfect symbol of his taste—the kingly quality of the products on a par with Bond Street tailoring.

As masculine as men's sports, Hunt Club Toilet Requisites with their clean woodsy odeur are essentials to good grooming.

SHAVING BOWL . . . *For luxurious shaving comfort*	1.50	TOILET WATER . . . *Perfect after-shave refreshment*	2.50
ESSENCE . . . . . . *The final touch to the masculine toilet*	5.00	DEODORANT . . . . *For perfect immaculateness*	.75
SUN TAN CREAM . . . *For burnless bronzing*	.75	TALCUM . . . . . . *For manly good morning*	.75
EAU DE COLOGNE . . *A gentleman's refreshment*	2.50	TOILET SOAP (box of 3 cakes) *The just right soap for Dad, Husband and Brother*	1.50

At the Finer Shops or Sent Direct in Gift Wrapping

(Please include your personal card)

HUNT CLUB, Ltd.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send Hunt Club:

☐ Shaving Bowl ☐ Toilet Water ☐ Deodorant ☐ Sun Tan Cream
☐ Talcum ☐ Eau de Cologne ☐ Soap ☐ Essence
☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C. O. D.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

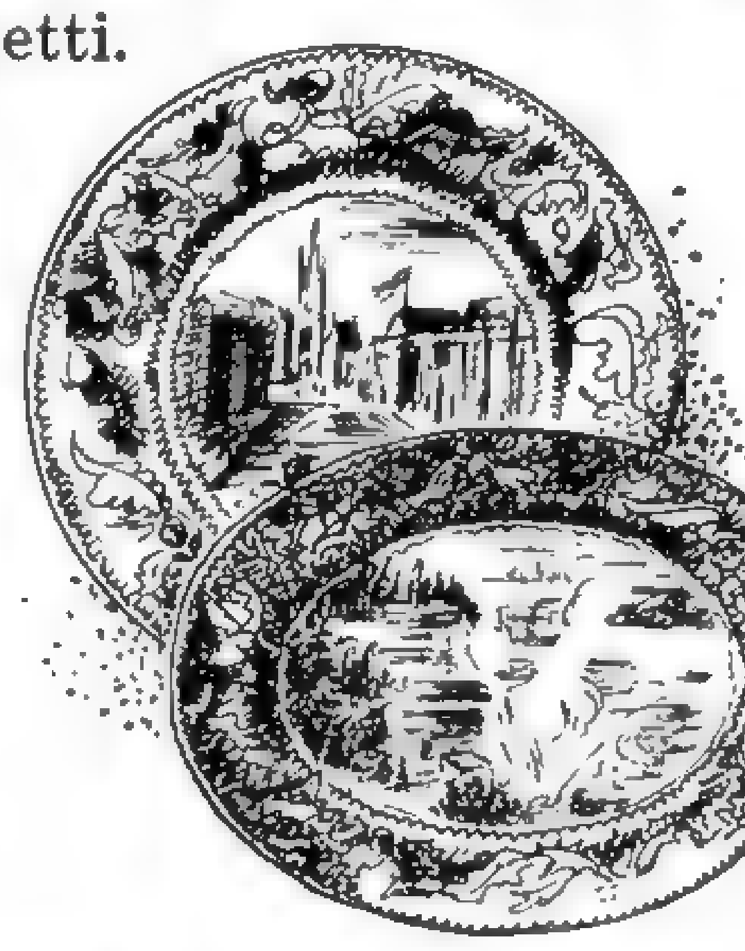
City ____________________

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

A MAN'S CHINA

If you want to be classed as a smart entertainer, better look to your china. Are you still nurturing that pink rosebud atrocity that you and your former wife started out in life with? Better give it to the janitor and go in for some of the new stuff. If you are the hay-hay type and like to go in for the simple life (you in gingham apron dishing out stew) you can buy amusing dishes with bold bucolic scenes painted thereon . . . farmer lads haying, wielding the scythe, tilling, plowing and other graphic reminders of the soil.

If you are entertaining a bunch of architects and home lovers, we direct your attention to a set of dishes called "home sweet home" with various types of period homes erected on their pottery grounds. There's the Victorian home, the Colonial mansion, the dignified Dutch, etc. This table ware is good for lively dinner party discussion. Some bird is bound to pick flaws in the architectural details of the drawings. Best way to avoid this is to keep his plate well covered with spaghetti.



NIAGARA FALLS ON A PLATTER

One of our bigger emporiums, in a patriotic mood, has brought out a set of dishes yclept "Historic America." They've taken old prints, scenes of life in the U. S. of A. around 1830 to 1860 . . . added a busy border of old Staffordshire oak and acorn pattern and turned the whole thing out for a pittance. You can be choosy about your locale, too. If Niagara Falls brings up an acute marital situation, you can go in for, say, Wall Street on a luncheon plate, a picture of a Brooklyn ferry boat on your soup bowls or the Hudson River on a soup plate. If you like things far a-field, you can get San Francisco on a set of cups and saucers, Texas on a coffee cup or the levee, New Orleans, on a pickle dish. Cherce of blue or pink underglaze prints.

TWO OF EVERYTHING, FOLKS

If your guests are animal lovers, humor them with a set of china painted up with scenes from Noah's Ark. Each plate carries a brace of donkeys, sheep.

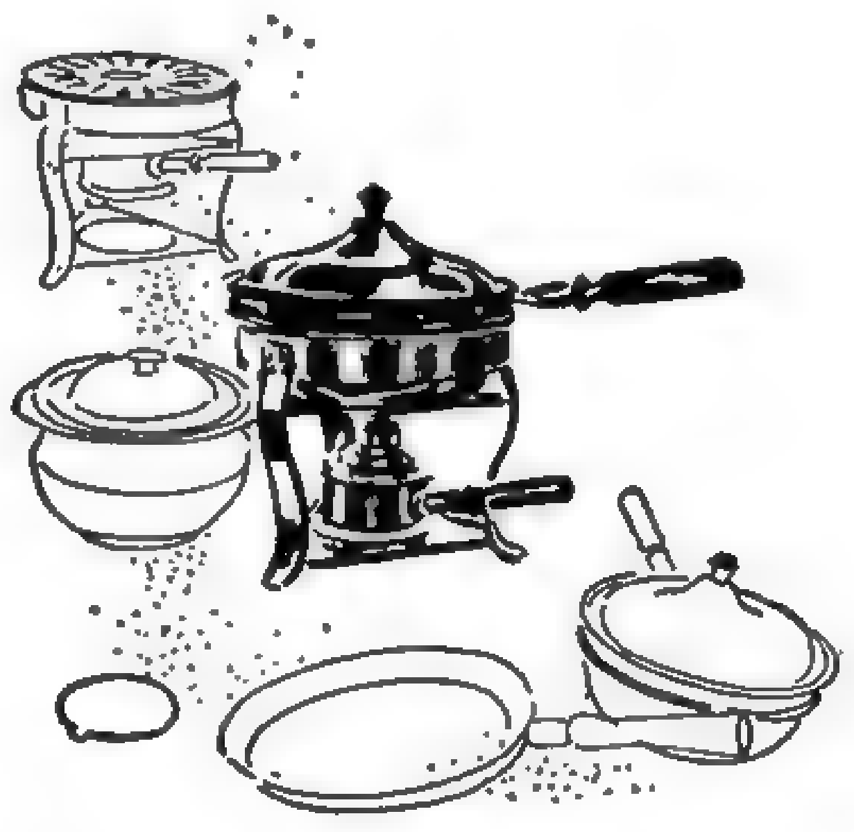
Your suburban friends will be intensely flattered by a set of map china depicting the shore lines of Long Island, Connecticut and New Jersey. After a few rounds of wine, some doll will triumphantly push the food off her plate to show you the exact geographical location of her little home. As if anybody cared except your laundress.

LINEN WITH A MASCULINE MIEN

Of course new china isn't enough. A new napery set-up helps any party. Army rooters will go for a buffet set, 8 mats, 8 napkins and a runner in cadet grey with red and white broken striped effect . . . and here's the miracle, 17 pieces for less than a fiver. Brown table cloths are also popular with entertaining gentlemen. A new set in brown is enlivened with tan and yellow plaid border.

LITTLE EGYPT

If you like table mats and runners, etc. with character, give a look at some Egyptian importations made of native river weed with colored borders. Appliqued in the corner you have the frozen mug of the famous Cleo or the Egyptian lion, couchant. Good bachelor fare are hand woven mats of the dish cloth variety . . . sans frills and practical. Cocktail napkins decorated with Peter Arno cartoons; or horoscope cocktail napkins printed with the signs of the zodiac and a few descriptive adjectives telling what it means to be a son of Taurus the Bull.



THE COPPER BUFFETEER

A lot of men still cling to the good old chafing dish complete with blue flame alcohol lamp. Shop in town specializes on such as these. They've just created a 4 in 1 buffeteer that is a combination of crepe suzette set, chafing dish set, buffet hot food server and a heater . . . all made to fit on one stand. The outside of this intriguing affair is of highly polished copper, and all the pans are lined with pure block tin. Same shop also goes in for what they call marmite cabarets, buffet soup servers, copper roll warmers. They'll give 'em to you with alcohol or electrified, if you like.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Fine Whiskies P&T *Since 1840*

We couldn't make all the fine Whiskey in America —but we believe we've made the best!

America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
92 PROOF

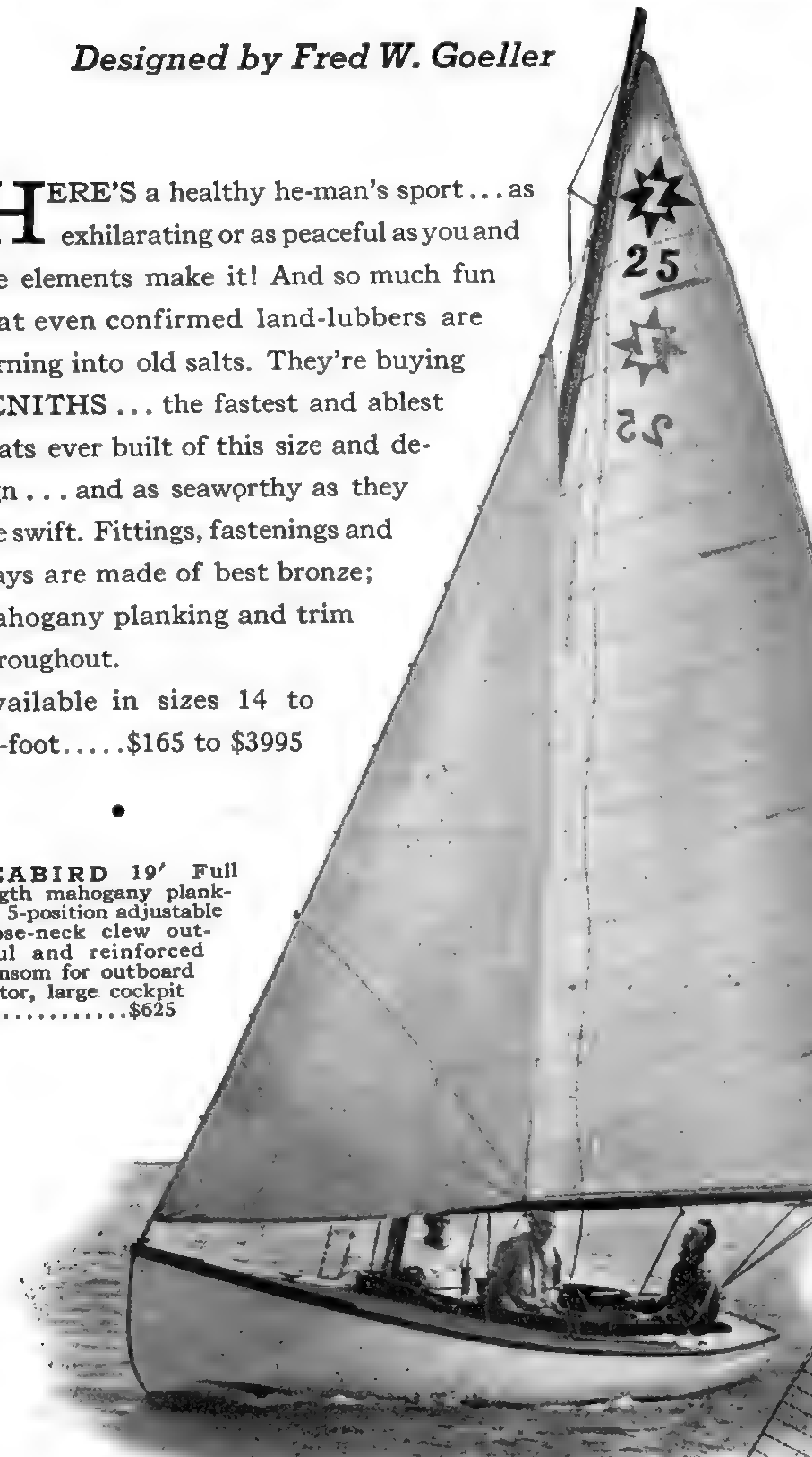
PARK & TILFORD Distillers, Incorporated, New York, N. Y.

P&T
FOUNDED
1840
ONE QUART
FOUNDED IN 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE QUART 92 PROOF
Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York

The Zenith of Speed and Safety

ZENITH CLASS BOATS

Designed by Fred W. Goeller



HERE'S a healthy he-man's sport... as exhilarating or as peaceful as you and the elements make it! And so much fun that even confirmed land-lubbers are turning into old salts. They're buying ZENITHS... the fastest and ablest boats ever built of this size and design... and as seaworthy as they are swift. Fittings, fastenings and stays are made of best bronze; mahogany planking and trim throughout.

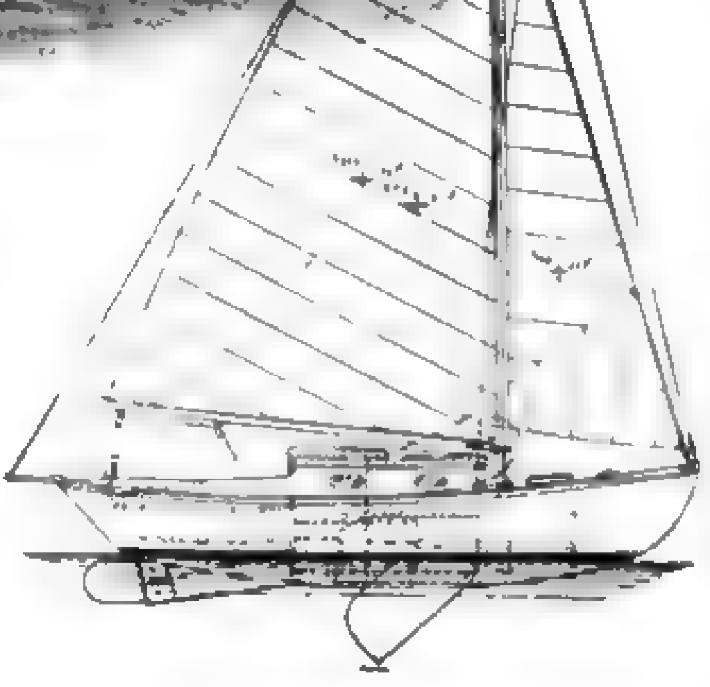
Available in sizes 14 to 32-foot.....$165 to $3995

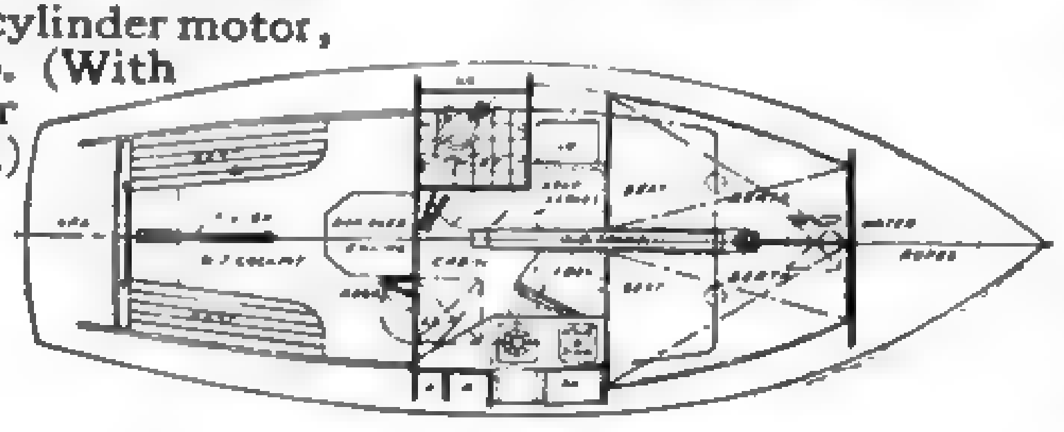
•

SEABIRD 19′ Full length mahogany planking 5-position adjustable goose-neck clew out-haul and reinforced transom for outboard motor, large cockpit $625

DOLPHIN 15′ Roomy family boat and outstanding class racer. White oak rabbeted stem and keel. Modified V bottom. Reinforced transom for outboard motor. A new type practical rig...............$365

EXPLORER 26′ Auxiliary centerboard cruiser, L.O.A. 26′; L.W.L. 19′ 10″; Beam 9′ Draft; Board up 2′ Draft; Board down 4′3″. Headroom 5′4″. Sail area 317 Sq. Ft. Engine 10 H.P. Universal Bluejacket Twin, speed 7-8 miles; optional at no extra cost with Arnolt SeaMite 20 H.P. 4-cylinder motor, $1,375. (With motor $1,795.)





And no need to mortgage the old homestead to buy a ZENITH... Inquire about our Sail as you Pay plan.

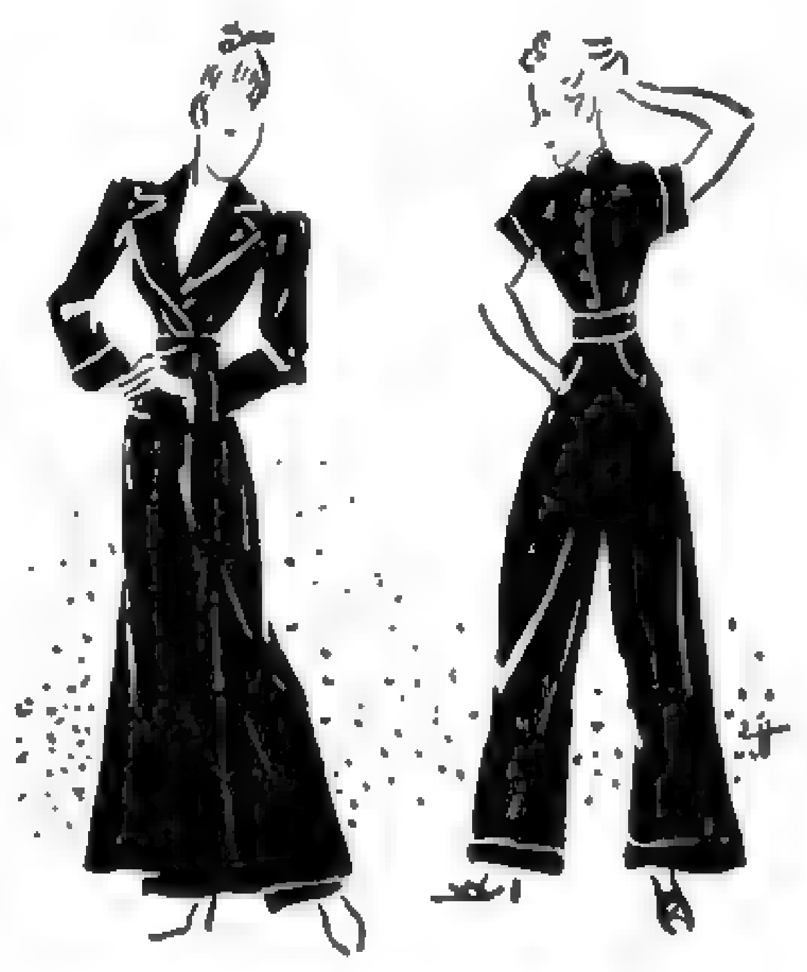
NATIONAL MARINE COMPANY, INC.

655 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. • Hancock 4047 • *Dealer franchises available*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PAJAMA ENSEMBLE... FEMALE EDITION

If you are furrowing the brow over what to bring her from the Metropolis, here's a handmade nifty in the purest of pure silk, they tell us. Three pieces . . . a top, slacks and a matching robe, tailored in the best mannish tradition. As to colors, all navy with white piping, fireman red with white etc. Sensible outfit, it strikes us, for traveling... a dash up and down the pullman aisle . . . a trip to the swimming pool on deck.



EAST INDIAN LURE

If you are looking for jewelry distinctly on the exotic side, there's a little shop in town which specializes in just such. Indian cuff bracelets from Delhi over 100 years old . . . 3 inches in width and beautifully hand wrought in silver; heavy silver "poison pendants"... the lockets that those Borgia babies used to fill with poisonous drops to bump off an unsuspecting guy. Now modern Borgias fill them with perfume . . . deadly lure in its way, too. The shop also has some Persian jewelry, bracelets, belts, brooches made of miniature plaques exquisitely hand-painted on mother of pearl or bone.

STATIONERY NEWS

If you are buying a particularly handsome box of stationery for Aunt Cora, we hear from a Park Avenue shop, that white paper is "in" again . . . embellished with silver or gold monograms and envelope linings. New size for "informals" (those are the cards that you use when you say: "delighted to have a bite with you on Thursday" etc., etc.) The new informals go into an envelope 4 x 6 . . . unfolded. Paper and envelopes on other types of social stationery are getting larger . . . envelopes 6¾ x 4¾.

There's a new bridge pencil making the rounds which has a slot in the side which reveals a bridge score. When you want to find out how much you got by setting the opponents 4 spades doubled and redoubled, vulnerable, just turn the top of the pencil until the right figures appear. Saves argument.

ICE SKATING AND SKI JUMPING AT 90 IN THE SHADE

How would you like to be comfortably ensconced on the terrace of a restaurant, tall, cool glass of beer in hand, while you watch world famous professional figure skaters and ski jumpers doing their stuff? That will be possible in "Winter Wonderland," at the World's Fair.

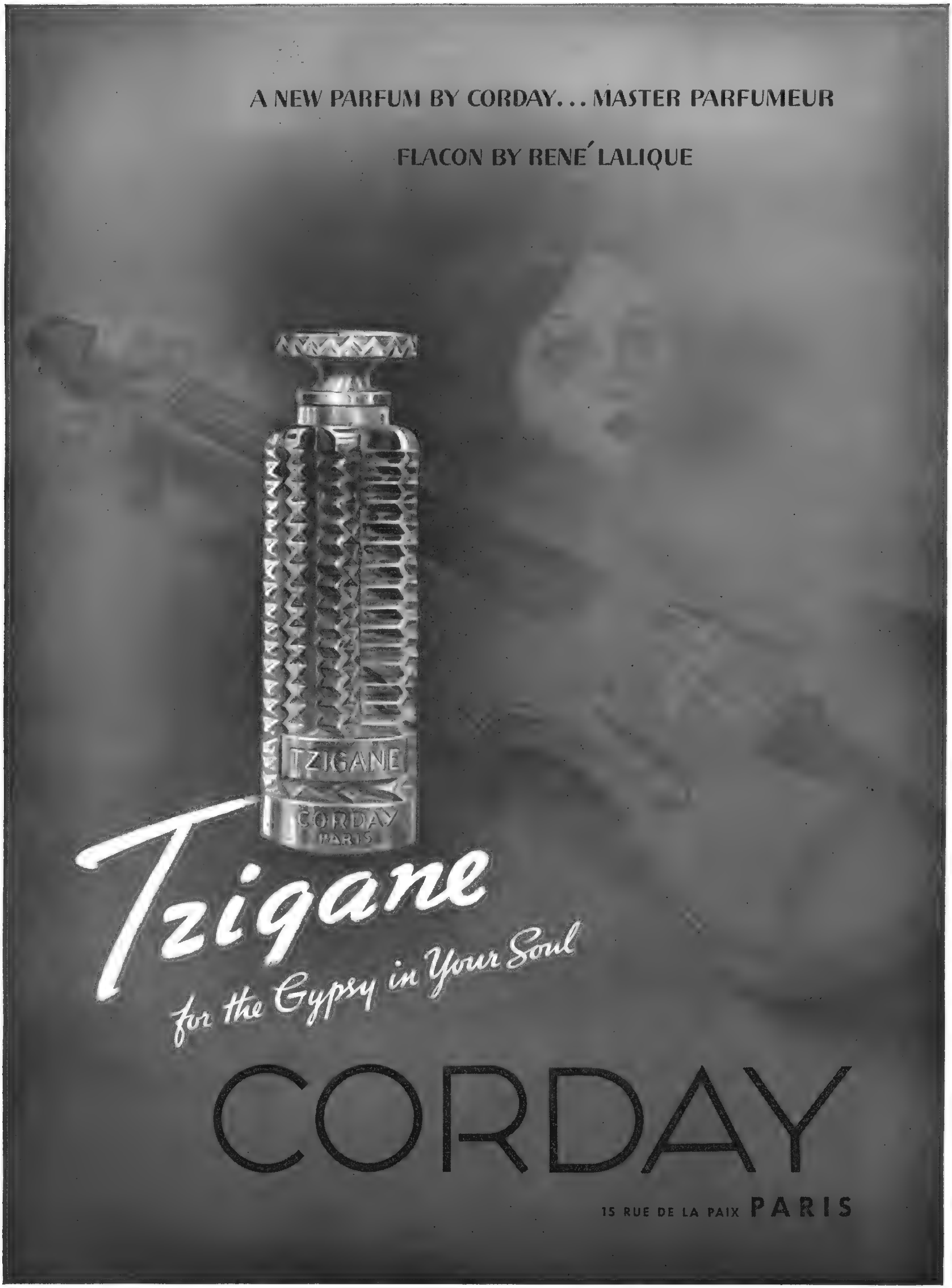
In a huge village, the Sun Valley of the East, there's a great oval ice rink built on a 100-foot diameter steel turn-table, which revolves and carries the ice surface underneath the buildings during periods between ice skating performances. In its place appears a movable dance floor for the customers. In addition to the lofty ski jump, there's a high toboggan slide in a setting of fir and pine trees and a forty foot waterfall. The slide is approximately 160 feet long and 45 feet high with several banked turns and dips. From natural rock terraces about the slide you can look down on the entire Alpine village.

GLASS CENTER

The Glass Industry exhibit at the Fair is fraught with interest. Inside a novel building constructed primarily of glass, you'll see a molten glass furnace where a crew of master blowers produce glass articles, and a fiber making machine that spins glass fabrics before your eyes. There are special types of window panes that absorb infra-red heat waves; glass doors and tables; fire screens and tinted mirrors; partitions of glass that admit diffused, glareless sunlight, a colorful panorama depicting the history of glass down through the ages. The break machine automatically takes a small piece of safety glass and places it in position in line with a small toy cannon. You press a button which fires the cannon, the bullet cracks the glass but doesn't shatter it. Then the machine automatically releases the broken piece of safety glass which drops into a receptacle while a new piece of safety glass is reset into the machine for the next demonstration.

HOW TO TELL TIME FROM THE STARS

One of the watch companies has an actual astronomical observatory which shows you how correct time is determined from the stars . . . not from the sun. On clear nights the dome of the observatory is opened, and actual star observations for time are made. You'll see two astronomical clocks which are among the most accurate in the world, plus an exhibit of various types of time pieces beginning with those used in pre-historic times, continuing down through the ages to antique and modern watches, ending with the Timepiece of Tomorrow.



A NEW PARFUM BY CORDAY... MASTER PARFUMEUR

FLACON BY RENÉ LALIQUE

TZIGANE
CORDAY
PARIS

Tzigane

for the Gypsy in Your Soul

CORDAY

15 RUE DE LA PAIX **PARIS**

COPYRIGHTED 1939, PARFUMS CORDAY INC.

MAIDEN FORM'S *"ADAGIO"
designed for "Young" Figures
Gives "PRECISION FIT," too!

The young girl who has not yet reached her full development and the woman whose bustline is still "young" find Maiden Form's "Adagio" brassiere the perfect solution of their problem. Smaller-than-average breast-sections are proportioned down to fit *their* needs—and, what's more, "Adagio's" *adjustable* back closing and *adjustable* shoulder straps give "precision fit," *without* alterations.

"Adagio" brassieres come in bandeau style or with bands of various widths for diaphragm control—$1.00 to $2.50. Also *"Once-Overs" (one-piece foundations) with "Adagio" tops—$5.00 and $7.50.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Maiden Form
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES "ONCE OVERS"
AT ALL LEADING STORES

COPYRIGHT 1939
MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO. INC.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Send for *free* Foundation Booklet E: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., N. Y.

JACQUIN'S
CORDIALS · COCKTAILS · SLOE GINS
SINCE 1884
JACQUIN'S SINCE 1884 LIQUEURS
JACQUIN'S
SLOE GIN
ALL THE SLOE BERRIES USED IN PRODUCING THIS SLOE GIN ARE IMPORTED SLOE BERRIES
4/5 QUART
70 PROOF
MADE BY
CHARLES JACQUIN ET CIE, INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ESTABLISHED 1884
70 PROOF

CHARLES JACQUIN et CIE, INC. · PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

IT'S A BIG YEAR FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

MGM recruited practically every midget in America for the Munchkinland sequences in the "Wizard of Oz." This ambitious musical technicolor spectacle represents engineering and photographic problems never before encountered. Even a series of unusual jobs . . . for example, six tall men employed on the sets were "midget lifters"... placing the tiny actors on parallels, balconies and other places which they would have had difficulty reaching by themselves because of their stature. Then there were the "monkey pilots" who piloted the flying monkeys, the "tree jitterers" who operated the forest that dances in time to the jitterbug song number. One of the oddest tasks was faced by Mr. Ceccarini, held by Einstein to be one of the great mathematicians in America, and who, armed with weather bureau data, set to calculating the noises that would be heard inside the funnel-shaped cloud of a cyclone.

Six months of preparation was expended in the make-up department. Make-ups for 200 midgets playing the gnome-like Munchkins with apple cheeks, bulbous noses and green, pink and magenta beards and wigs, were designed and built of the plastic inlays invented by Jack Dawn. Weeks of experiment went into metallizing Ebsen's face as the Tin Woodman. The feat was accomplished by waxing it and dusting it with a face powder made of finely pulverized silver which is burnished after application. Bert Lahr's make-up as the "cowardly lion" utilizes his own face with ears, mane and a lion's jowl and whiskers added. As the "Scarecrow," Ray Bolger wears a make-up that matches the texture of burlap.

RADIO LILLIPUTIAN

. . . that's Johnny the Call Boy . . . whose whole future is assured . . . for this 43 inch high, 26 year old mite has a lifetime contract on the air waves. Johnny Roventini started out in life as a page boy at the Taft Hotel and then at the New Yorker where he was "discovered" and immediately signed up for his radio show. Johnny has a fine time riding around town in his chauffeur driven, imported car. If you ask him what his hobbies are, he'll tell you baseball and hunting . . . has a very fancy, specially made double-barrelled shotgun of which he is duly proud. Primo Carnera is one of his favorite people . . . and not long ago a photographer snapped Johnny posing on the palm of the Man Mountain's hand.

Then there's little Jackie Gerlich . . . the smallest member of the cast of Universal's "East Side of Heaven". . . Bing Crosby's newest picture. Jackie stands exactly 2 feet nine inches but he's 22 years old. No question about it, it's a big year for little people!

AMONG YOUR SOUVENIRS

Its pretty difficult by this time to find anything that *isn't* made up in the shape of The Fair insignia . . . the well known Trylon and its circular companion, the Perisphere. You can get a dog bed done in wicker in the Perisphere shape.

You can buy a carton of stationery whose box top bears an air photo of our glorious city. Inside, in addition to some excellent vellum paper there are ten souvenir stamps of ten famous New York points of interest . . . engravings that rival governmental issues. A letter home for more dough to see the town may get better results when accompanied by a super-engraving.

ONE-ARMED PAPER HANGER COMES INTO HIS OWN

At the World's Fair, in one of the exhibits, the one-armed paper hanger will come into his own in the World of Tomorrow. Wallpaper coated with a new rubbery synthetic is used to cover the walls of the lounge room. The stuff can be slapped on in no more time than it takes to press it against the wall and rub it . . . no paste, no goo, no nothing. Just one arm, a couple of rubs and presto, your room is papered. And incidentally, they tell us, if your house or office is air-conditioned and it doesn't have this particular synthetic on the walls, you'll be losing two gallons of water per day right through the walls . . . according to the exhibitor, the new substance keeps all the water in, which of course, means that it helps keep you cooler.

JIMMIE LYNCH, ALWAYS ON THE SKIDS

One of the major thrills at the Fair is Jimmie Lynch, automobile daredevil and premiére skidder. Jimmie got into the skidding business when a bomb failed to hit him in France during the World War. He was a motorcycle dispatch courier then, and he made an intentional skid to get into a shell hole one night when a German plane dropped a bomb close to him. It was so easy, he says, that after the war he began charging for it and finally skidded right onto one of the most prominent spots on Flushing Meadows. You'll notice that Jimmie's little dog always accompanies him during his hair-raising performances.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Testing... Tasting.. Selecting

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SHIPS took weeks to cross the ocean back in 1877, when the House of Wile first imported fine wines and spirits. Today, fast liners race over the same route in a few days.

The House of Wile has grown and prospered through these 60 years of change. Today the third generation of connoisseurs to head the firm personally selects imports from the vineyards of the world.

Look for the Wile Seal on imported wines and spirits. It identifies a product respected both by its home country and by the world at large. You'll find its price fair, its quality excellent.

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Shipped & Bottled by WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
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LEMON HART RUM
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DRY SACK

Sherry

Dry Sack has a distinctive flavour prized by those who know fine sherry. It's a luxury, but your first sip justifies the cost. Produced in Spain by Williams & Humbert. Alcohol 20½% by volume.

LEMON HART

Jamaica Rums

Rich bouquet and delicate liqueur quality make Lemon Hart Rum first choice for smooth, delicious cocktails. For Planter's Punch, there's a special dark Lemon Hart Rum, more pungent. 90° and 97° proof.

GARNIER

Crème de Menthe

Delightful after dinner—the cool delicious flavour of real mint leaves, blended into a superlative liqueur. Also popular poured over shaved ice as a frappé. Available in both green and white. 60° proof.

ESCHENAUER

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Famous Chateau Olivier 1934! A genuine Chateau-bottled white Graves, crisp, fresh . . . and delicately dry. Look for the name Eschenauer for delightful dry Graves, delicious clarets, rich sweet Sauternes.

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A refreshant as masculine as seasoned leather...fine tobaccos ...old liqueurs...with a whiff of cedar forests. Use it when preparing for a busy day, for vigorous sports and the leisure hours that follow...stimulating after your shower.

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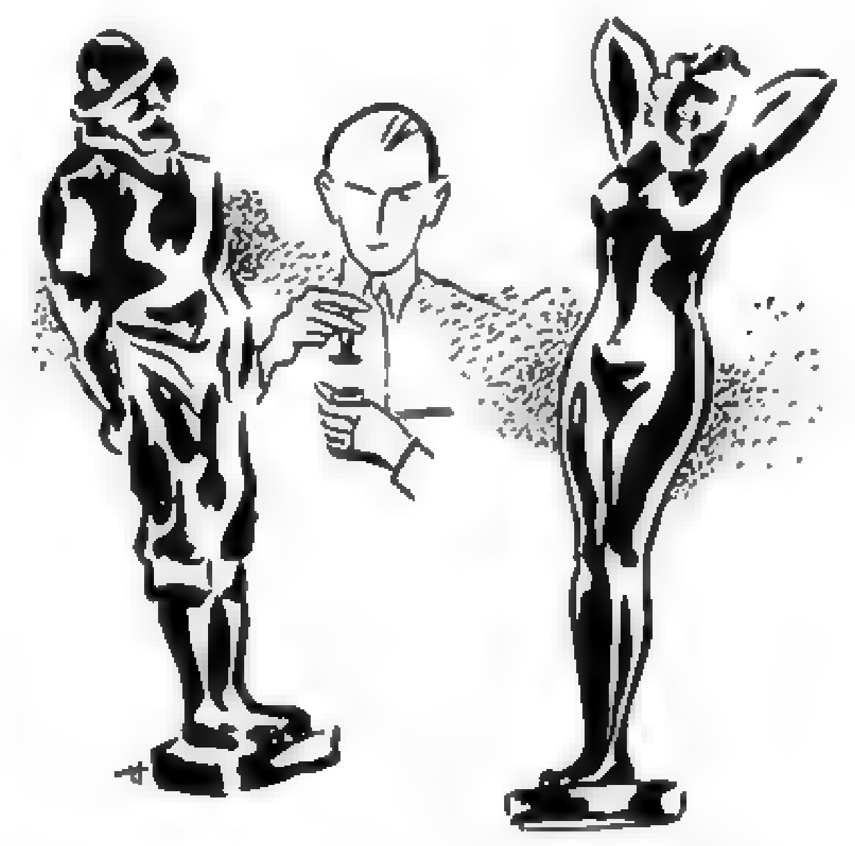
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



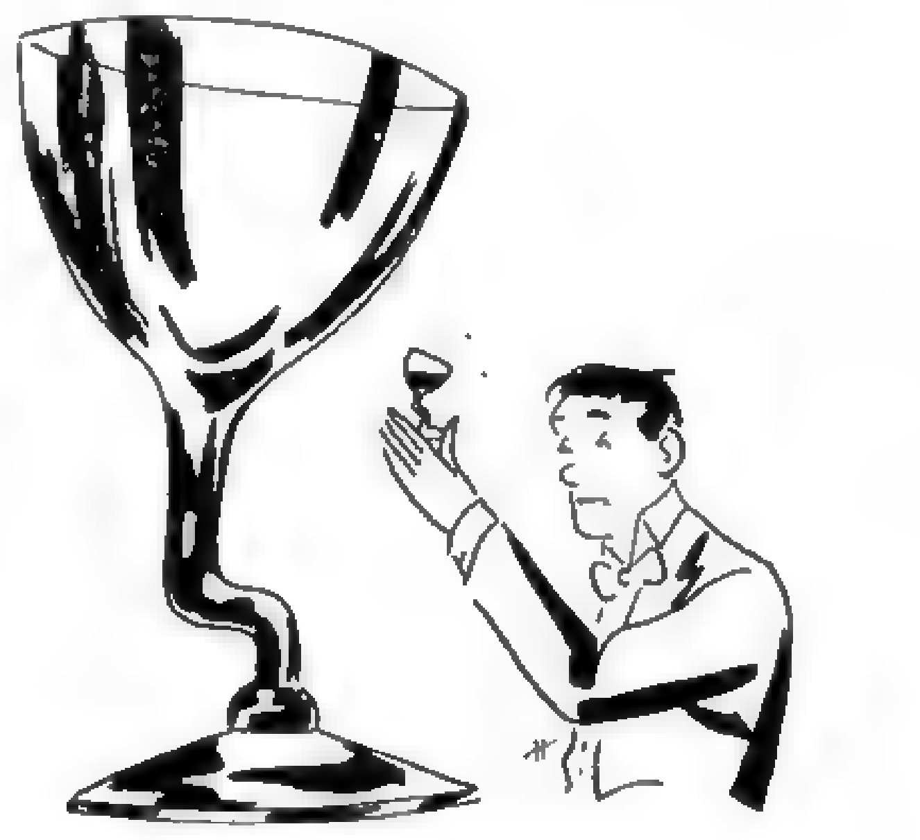
HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR A PIPE STOMPER?

The history of pipe stompers dates back to Sir Walter Raleigh's introduction of tobacco in England after his return from America. The first pipes were huge affairs and in order to tamp the tobacco down to a point where it would smoulder and not burn, it was necessary to have an iron pipe stomper of great size.

From that day to the present time, English pipe smokers have carried ornamental pipe stompers not only for practical use but as a talisman, much as many people carry a pocket coin. These particular stompers are about 2 inches high, made in solid bronze, individually cast in sand and finished by hand. Conservatives can carry such historical characters as Ben Franklin or Captain J. Smith. Radicals with a high interest in art will probably select the form divine, realistically sketched for you above.

MODERN CORN COBS

Well known corncob pipe manufacturer has put out a new model consisting of a transparent molded ruby bowl having a seasoned corncob insert.

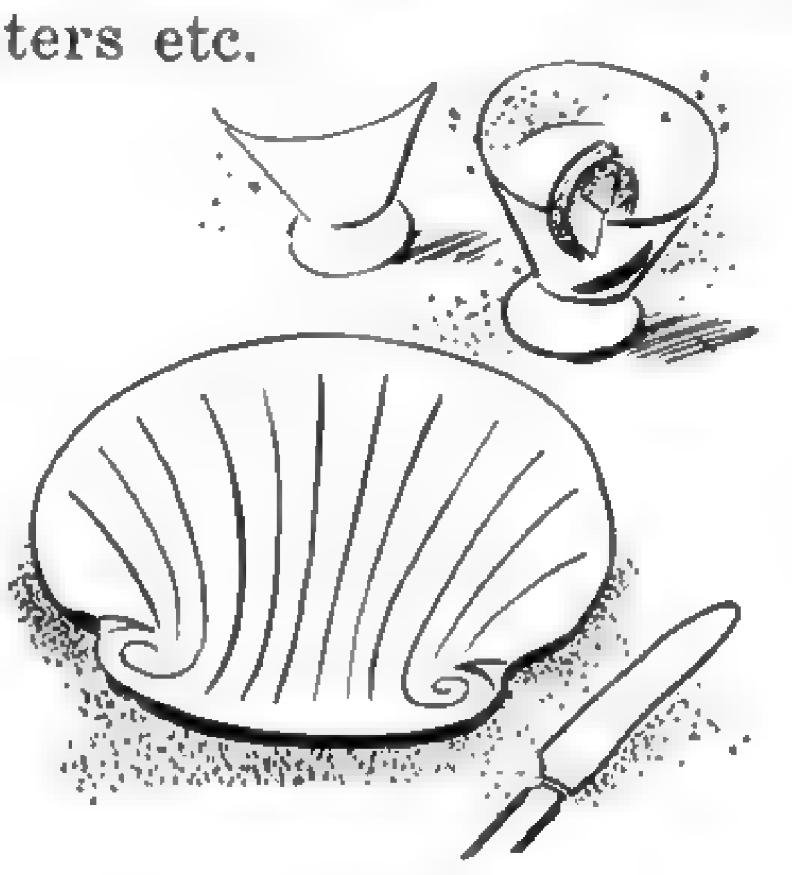


COCKEYED COCKTAILS

If you are one of those hosts who go in for gags, here's a new one. Remember the old dribble glass which wended its watery way all over your guest's best clothes? Now you come forth with the cocktail glass with the woozy stem. Idea is to serve cocktails in regular glasses for a couple of rounds...then on the 3rd round, slip a couple of the cockeyed glasses on the tray with the other glasses. The glasses are actually blown in this jagged stem manner and their tops careen dizzily. The effect on your bibulous friends is wonderful to see.

THE SHELL CANAPE PLATE

If you are one to serve hors d'oeuvres of the fish variety... its a nice touch to serve them on one of the new plates shaped like a shell. Shell...fish...get it? Anyway, the plate is really distinctive in design and is made of that metal marvelous that looks like a dull finished silver and is impervious to scratching, tarnishing, staining, finger prints etc. Keeps clean with mild bath of soap and water. You can get a whole table service of the metal, cocktail shaker, glasses, platters etc.



SPORTING PRINTS ON GLASS

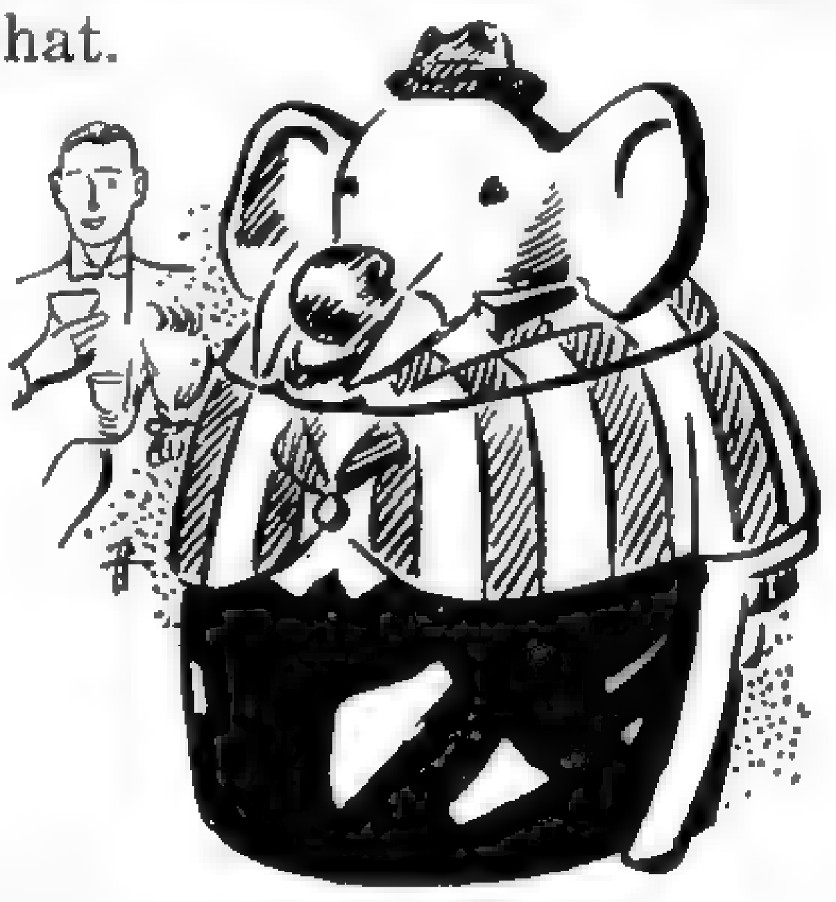
If you are what is popularly termed a sportsman, you'll want to buy yourself a set of English sporting pictures. Game shooting, the hunt and kindred subjects are colorfully painted on glass and framed in antique bird's eye maple. The pictures run about 13 x 15 or 15 x 18.

HANDSOME DISGUISE

If your wife objects to having your smoking paraphernalia exposed on her living room table, make yourself a present of what would seem to be a row of books bound in cowhide. Upon further investigation, however, the interior turns out to be a cedar-lined box containing a rack for 6 pipes and a porcelain-lined humidor which holds a pound of tobacco.

BA-BAR, THE ELEPHANT

A lot of people are elephant collectors. Processions of pachyderms parade across their mantles...bronze, glass, jade, metal. If you know any such people, or even if you don't, here's Ba-bar, a hunk of colorful pottery which will grace a table or a buffet in stately style. Inside his capacious interior you can pour about 3 quarts of cocktails, punch, lemonade or whatever. Just a whimsy, folks, but useful, at that.



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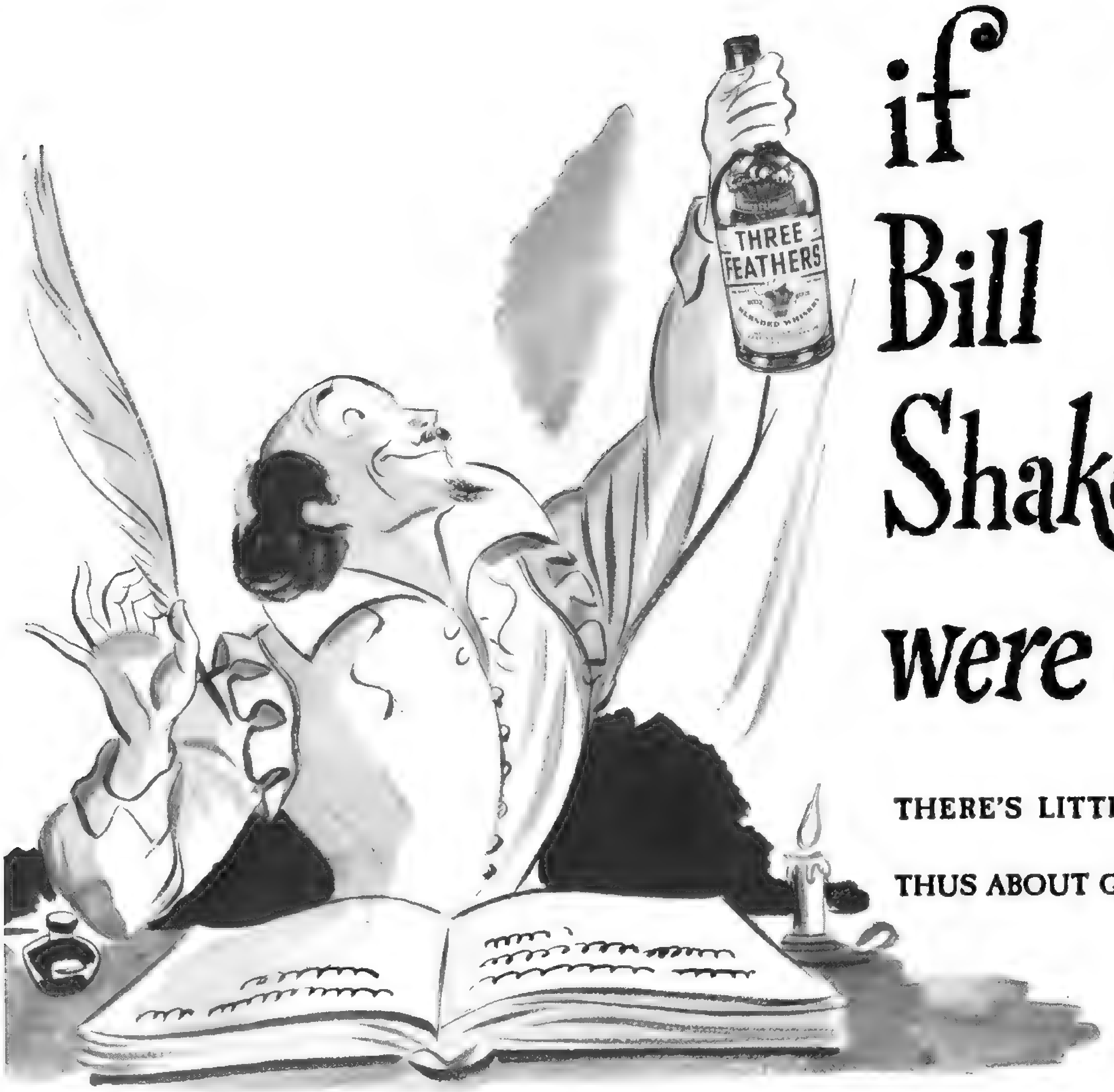

if Bill Shakespeare were alive—

THERE'S LITTLE DOUBT HE'D WRITE THUS ABOUT GRAND THREE FEATHERS

Now is the season of our great content
Made glorious Spring with this discovery:
A whiskey rich, and teeming full
Of flavor rare and golden goodness.
Let every man who would'st his lips now smack
With each long lingering sip—take heed,
And call for Feathers Three—a whiskey blend
That speaketh for itself—a drink
Of sheer delight—of silken smoothness,
Which, imbibed in temperate mood, doth lend
A palate-pleasing aftermath.

ONE SIP WILL TELL YOU!
THREE FEATHERS
BLENDED WHISKEY

THREE FEATHERS

BLENDED WHISKEY

. . . THE WHISKEY THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Frankly, no amount of words—even from the gifted pen of an immortal—can quite describe the inimitable flavor of Three Feathers Whiskey. Today, as always, the best advertisement of Three Feathers is a drink of Three Feathers itself.

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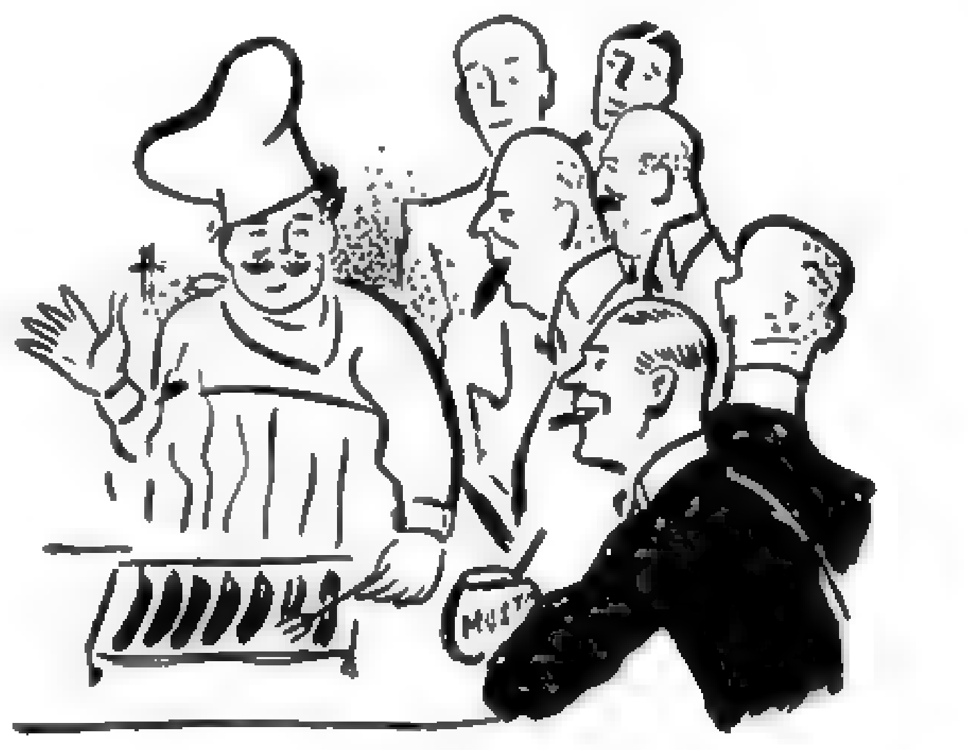
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

CANNED PARTIES

A man can only accept a certain number of invitations . . . sooner or later he has to reciprocate. If you have the time to plan and execute the whole shebang yourself, well and good. If not, you can call up an efficient bureau of party planners who will take the entire thing off your hands. They design special invitations, address them, decorate your apartment, or place your party at a hotel, plan the menu, cook and serve it. The bureau insists that their "help" be called butlers instead of waiters, the distinction being that waiters carry towels, they say.



BEEFSTEAK PARTY

One of the most popular stag parties is the beefsteak splurge. The bureau does this with checked table cloths, red bakelite plates, knives and forks. They trot in an electric grill and serve hamburgers in your living room; mixed green salad in individual wooden salad bowls, etc. Entertainment to go with this type of party is usually a colored band, nuisance waiter and a magician.

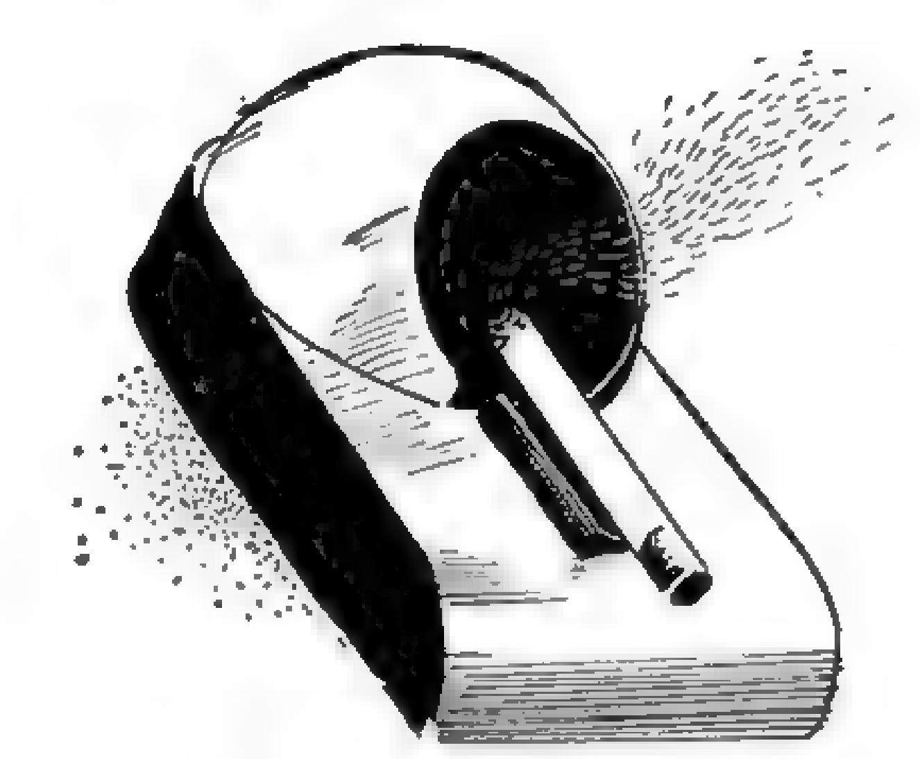
Another male party which meets with approval is the Italian dinner complete with minestrone, spaghetti, Neapolitan music, etc. There's been a trend lately toward plantation parties. Beautiful Creole gals in native costumes serve candied yams, Creole crabs or make griddle cakes on individual grills. Table cloths are luridly striped in red and yellow and there's entertainment by sepia sweeties.

BARS FOR HIRE

Shop in midtown does a land office business renting bars for private parties. You can get any type at all from the tavern type in sturdy oak to modern chrome and mirror jobs. You can go in for bizarre painted affairs or exotic little numbers made of bamboo. Back bars can also be rented to eke out appearance.

LABEL ON TABLE

If you officiate behind your own bar you might deck yourself out in a barkeep's apron in linen printed in an all over pattern of authentic labels of every important brand of liquor. Eight cocktail napkins to match.

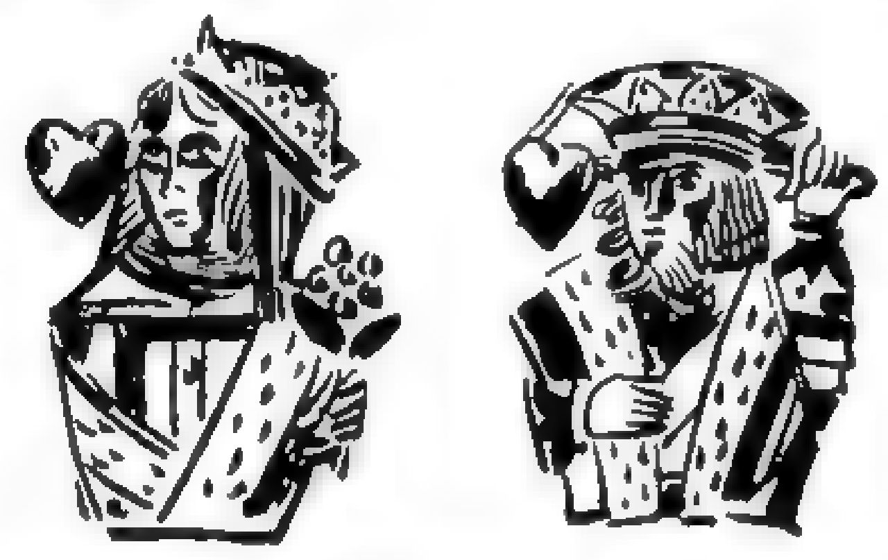


PARTY PRIZES

Here's a tray suitable as a gift for either sex. Puts an end to the wife's caustic remarks about putting ashtrays in front of the window where the draft sprinkles the ashes. The chrome tray has a protective hood which prevents such scatterings. Easily removable for emptying and cleaning. Good for terraces, gardens, etc.

CARD PARTY PRIZE

What could be more apropos than to award a lady winnah a sprightly pair of clips . . . the queen of hearts and the king tastily done in metal, red, black and white enamel. The queen's crown is perched at a decidedly disreputable angle which gives that good woman a delightfully raffish air.

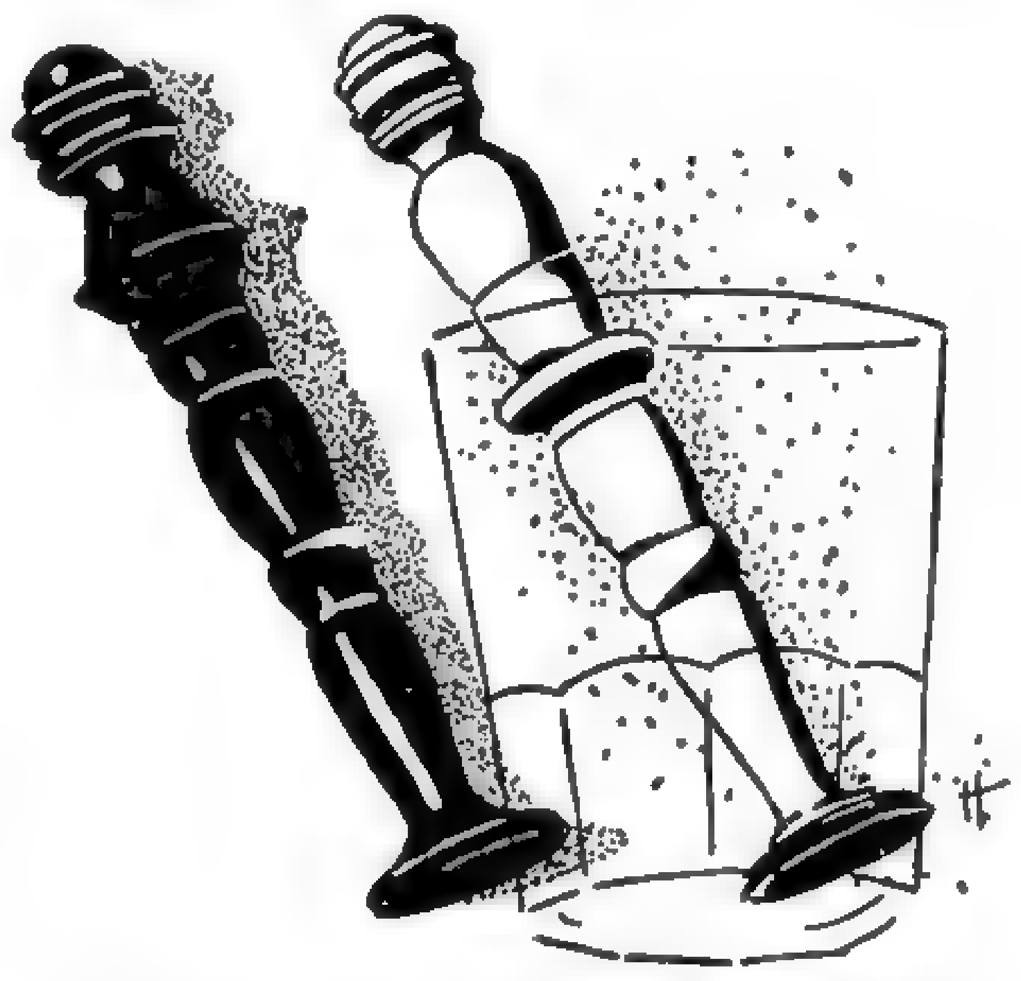


DANCING RINGS FROM DELHI

Another good ladies' prize . . . Sterling silver rings with bunches of tinkling little bells in lieu of a stone. The dancing gals in India wear same.

STAG PRIZES

Never failing hit is the pair of innocuous looking wooden muddlers, hand worked and turned in a number of volutes. Wallup comes when you lay them down so that they cast their shadows on a piece of paper. That's art.



FEMME TORSO LIME SQUEEZER

Gentlemen with an eye to fine sculpture will take artistic pleasure in a pair of hand carved feminine extremities in brunette or blonde wood. All the grace of a long limbed Petty in repose . . . when put into action, a lime or lemon squeezer *extraordinaire!*

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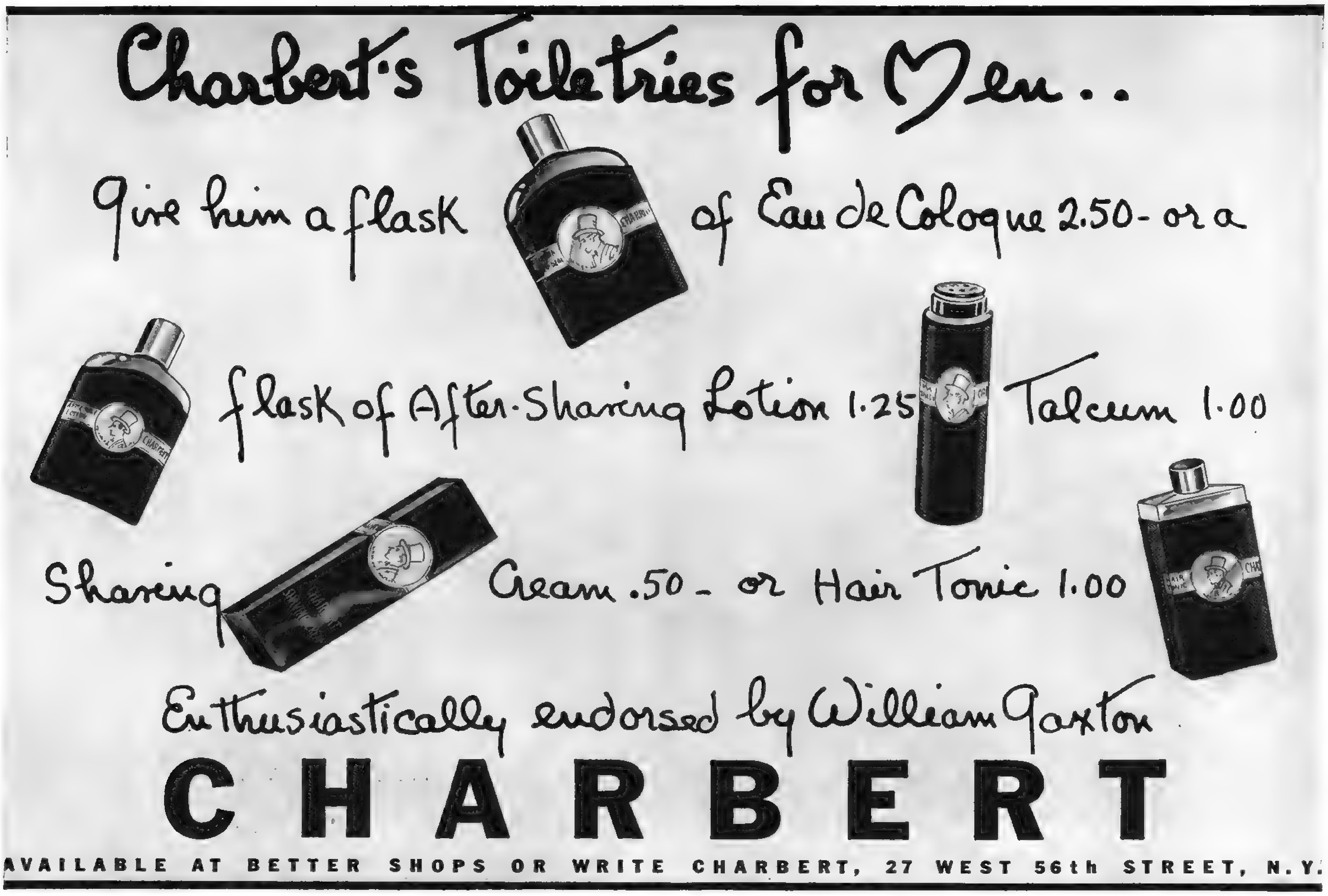
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give him a flask of Eau de Cologne 2.50- or a flask of After-Shaving Lotion 1.25 Talcum 1.00

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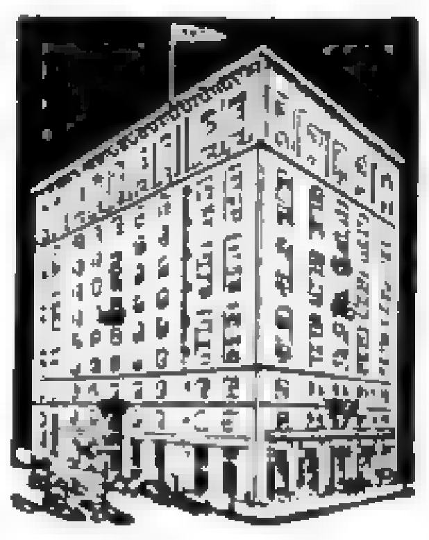
IN

BOSTON

TWO MINUTES FROM BACK BAY STATION



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*EXERCYCLE is ahead of anything I have ever used."

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Most people, as they advance in years, tend to put on weight. Many doctors have written us that EXERCYCLE is far and away the healthiest and easiest method they have found to take off this weight. One doctor himself lost 30 pounds using EXERCYCLE. This revolutionary exerciser is electrically operated. Just get on and RELAX — it does the exercising for you. Adjustable to four types—swimming, horseback riding, bicycling, rowing. 15 minutes a day is all you need — and its passive exercise is recommended even for invalids. No weakening diets, no dangerous drugs. Excellent for correcting intestinal ailments caused by sedentary work.

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A NEW TERMINAL HAIR RECONDITIONING TREATMENT

TO REVITALIZE YOUR HAIR

Terminal, with its exclusive Hair Reconditioning Treatment, can help you have healthy, attractive hair. This new Treatment is designed to revitalize your hair—to help it regain its former luster and elasticity. Indoor life in metropolitan centers is liable to make your hair dry, dull and brittle. The Terminal Hair Reconditioning Treatment contains valuable natural ingredients which are absorbed by the hair shaft, bringing gloss and vitality to hair that has been weakened and dulled. And these ingredients continue to work for weeks after the application! We'll wager that your wife (or your feminine public) will notice the difference!

If you want your hair to regain its former attractiveness—to look naturally strong and healthy—drop into a Terminal Barber Shop and try this new Treatment. It costs only $2.00. And we might add that the ladies can get this same Treatment at slightly higher cost in Terminal Beauty Shops.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

The Terminal Barber Shops firmly believe in the effectiveness of the Terminal Hair Reconditioning Treatment. If, after two weeks, you are not satisfied with the results of this Treatment, we will be glad to refund you its cost.

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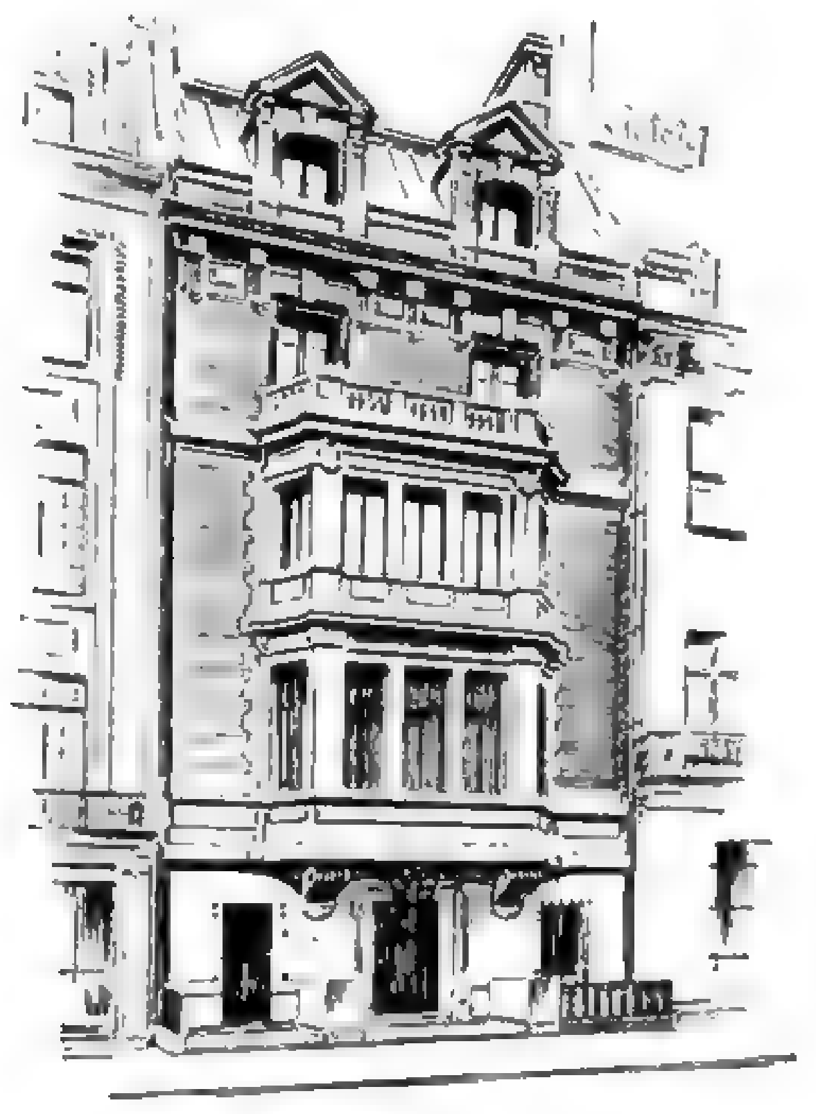
MAGNIFICENT MANHATTAN TOWN HOUSE FOR RENT FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED OR FOR SALE



THE town residence of a distinguished New Yorker, surrounded by the homes of some of New York's foremost families. On East 75th Street just off 5th Avenue and Central Park, the most socially desirable area in all New York. Ready for instant occupancy. Will rent furnished or unfurnished, or sell.

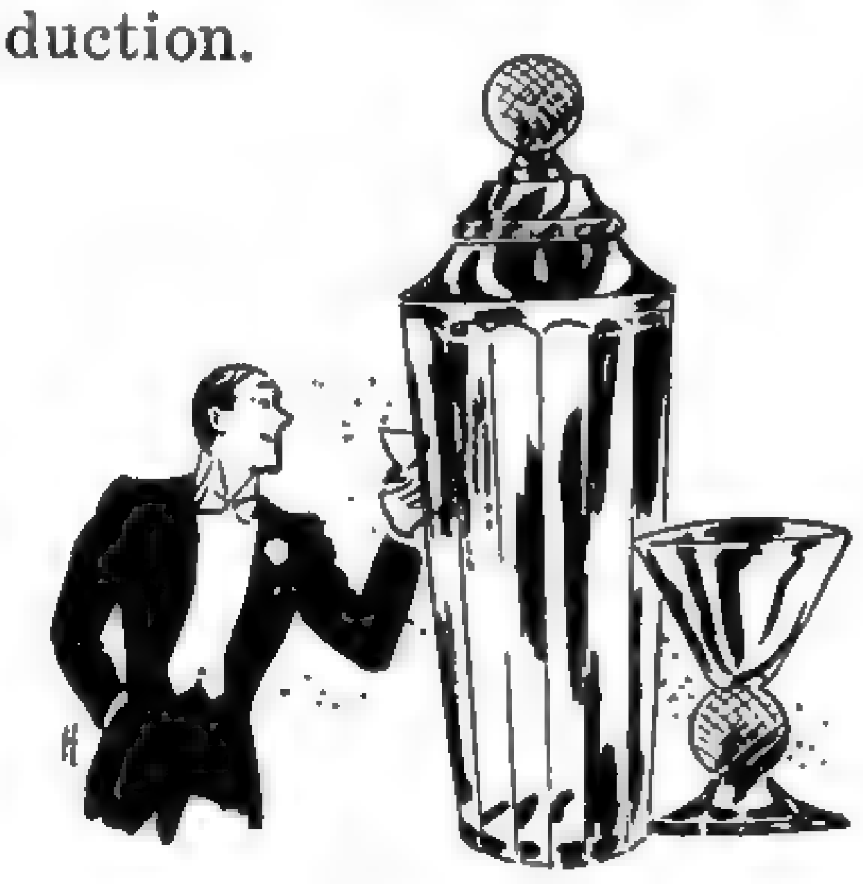
House 25'x100', 5 stories high with four master bedrooms, 4 baths, guest suite with bath, dining room, drawing room, library, living room; all large and handsomely furnished. Equipped laundry, valet room, kitchens. 7 servant rooms. Oil burner. Inter-floor telephone.

Inquire through your broker or write or telephone, James Williamson, Room 1115, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Telephone, Eldorado 5-6700.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HOW TO REDUCE YOUR GOLF SCORE IN 10 EASY READINGS

A neat little anonymous volume has made its appearance . . . a streamlined, common sense compendium done in words of one syllable and plentifully illustrated with diagrams. You have pictures of foot positions, grips, pivots, back swings, down swings, playing out of sand traps etc. One way to accomplish score reduction.



GOLFER'S GIFT

A bit on the expensive side but very handsome this crystal cocktail set from England. The shaker and glasses are decorated with golf balls that are the real McCoy. Unusual, wot?

TIME WHILER-AWAYERS

Judging from World's Fair statistics, an awful lot of people are going to spend an awful lot of time on trains, planes, boats and other conveyances. To kill time en route, the game manufacturers have put forth some new ones. The Four Aces, World Champion bridgers have evolved a new game called Kard-Jong based on the good old Chinese tile game. But it is supposedly more scientific than Mah Jong and can be played with greater speed and efficiency due to the fact that they use a deck of 144 cards instead of tiles.

If you can't scare up any companions for a game of bridge, you can buy a new magazine of the loose leaf variety which contains 20 hands of contract as actually played by the bridge champions of 1938. You can sit smugly and kibitz all the way around, for a cut-out device permits you to first play the hand yourself and then see how it was played at the matches. Magazine comes out every month with a new set of hands.

"MAN BURNED IN BED"

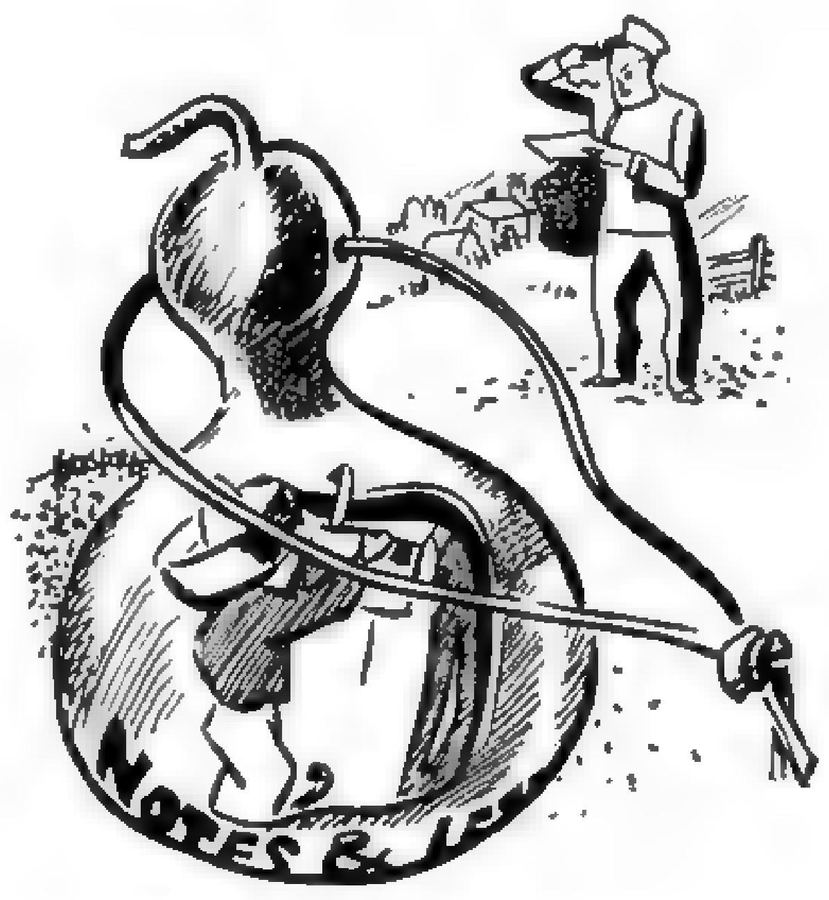
It's liable to happen to you, my friend, if you are prone to fall asleep while smoking in bed. So the gadget makers have brought forth a combination cigarette holder and ash tray that looks like an inverted, curved pitch pipe with a row of holes along the top. You stick the cig into the mouthpiece and light, then screw the holder over the whole thing. Ashes or sparks don't fly out, and you can smoke your weed from tip to tip. A fine thing for use in roadster riding, too, they tell us.

ORNITHOLOGISTS, PLEASE NOTE

If you are a lover of our fine feathered friends, take a look at a series of fine bird pictures done by Athos Menaboni, an Italian mural painter of note who has lately turned to birds. Menaboni's technique is unusual. At first glance, the paintings look like water colors, but they are actually done in a special light oil which gives them that smooth, water color look but in addition makes it possible to achieve beautiful iridescent effects on the feathers. If you've ever seen a bronzed grackle in the sun, you'll know what this technique does . . . you can almost feel the feathers. Remarkable, too, is his painting of the branches and trees on which the birds perch . . . feathery grass on which an impressive black crow sits; poke berries for the blue bird, cat tails for the red-winged blackbird. Should you find the robin and the blue bird a little too prosaic, Menaboni whips out a black-necked stilt; a towhee, a purple gallinule or that aquatic fellow, the coot.

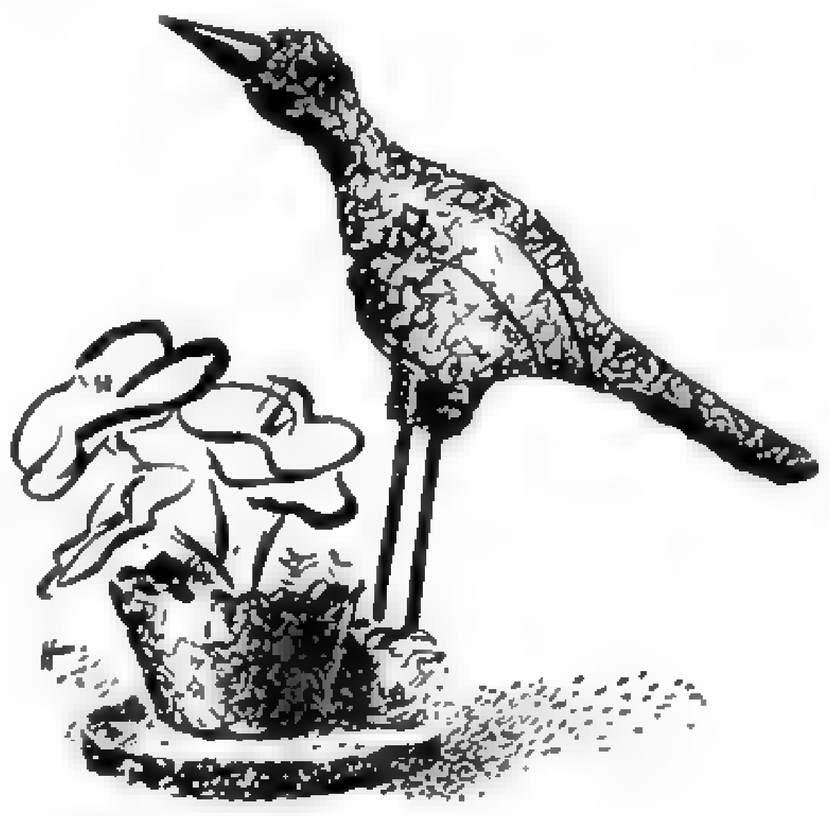
BIRD CHINA

If you feel that bird paintings in the home are not sufficient, you can stock up on a set of handsome Royal Worcester plates beautifully decorated with hand-painted birds.



MEXICO AGAIN

This rotund looking picture is a Mexican gourd . . . giant size with a hole cut in the side to turn it into a mail box for your summer home. It hangs on your porch by its rawhide cord . . . all very crude and fascinating withal. The other odd looking bird dingus is a plant stand made of crushed bird roots pressed into the shape of a bird. The nest part is used for a holder for a cactus plant.



MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE HOME OF THE SANDWICH SENSATIONAL

Reuben's, the place that turned the sandwich from a mouthful into a meal! The place is usually peppered with celebs until the wee small hours of the morning, and a talk with Arnold Reuben will give you enough gastronomic ideas to startle the folks back home for a year to come. Reuben, who knows the personal tastes of all his famous guests, will tell you that John Barrymore is particularly fond of cole-slaw which he calls "judiciously dramatized cabbage." Here's the way to make it: chop up white cabbage; soak shreds in half and half mixture of evaporated milk and vinegar; add sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Let stand as long as possible, then squeeze cabbage shreds and mix with mayonnaise.

Tyrone Power has just had a Reuben's sandwich named after him. The Power creation is a purée of chicken, ham and butter spread on toasted bread, covered with grated cheese, browned and garnished with gherkins and capers. If you want to order a favorite of Mr. Noel Coward, get a slab of Camembert served with a fresh pear. Young Fairbanks, Junior has a yen for the Reuben's Special Sandwich made of thin slabs of roast turkey, roast Virginia ham, imported Swiss cheese, cole-slaw in sour cream sauce, and Russian dressing, all on rye bread.

COOL OFF WITH KRUSHON

If you want to pick up some good Russian recipes, there's the Russian Kretchma, our fair city's oldest Russian night club. Nemiroff will tell you that the same chef, maitre d'hotel and most of the waiters have been there for 15 years, a record nowadays. Sunday night is usually the occasion for informal get-togethers . . . Jed Harris, Phil Baker and Bob Hope and other stars are apt to drop in . . . and if the spirit moves them, sometimes join the entertainment. Steady customers remember one Sunday night when Jascha Heifetz, Vladimir Horowitz and the late Chaliapin gave an impromptu recital.

Sturgeon at the Kretchma is something. They cook fresh sturgeon, cool it well, take carrots, beets, numerous species of pickles, mix with mayonnaise and put the mixture under and around the sturgeon. A jelly made from the juice of the sturgeon is placed on top and spread with mayonnaise. You'll want to try mixing Krushon, a famous Russian punch made from white wine, red wine, maraschino, cognac, rum mixed with a variety of aromatic fresh fruits.

MILI THE MAGNETIC

In a deep cushioned, intimate retreat, the Maisonette Russe at the St. Regis, titian-haired Mili Monti sings fragile little French songs, ditties in English, complete with accent and innuendo or romantic songs in her native Italian. For Mili was born in Italy, took her first job in an Italian Revue at the age of 14, and received the munificent sum of 12 liras a day. Then she starred in musical comedies and European cinema until she came to New York in 1936, where she has been ever since.

Although dubbed "international diseuse," the moniker of continental sophistication, Mili has a candidly childish charm. She is devoted to a poodle of gargantuan proportions and a Siamese cat. Sundays are Mili's heydays . . . drop in for supper and she'll produce spaghetti according to the best Italian tradition. Her Zabaione is fit for the Gods . . . and she puts her whole artistic soul into its preparation. Here it is, in the Monti manner: yolks of 3 large eggs, 3 tbsp. sugar, ½ cup either Marsala wine or Madeira. Put the yolks and sugar in a bowl and beat soundly until the mixture is almost white. Then add the wine, mixing thoroughly. Pour into saucepan on quick fire beating incessantly without allowing the mixture to boil or thicken. As soon as it begins to rise, remove from fire "but queek" says Mili, and pour into glasses.

"BLANCHE NEIGE ET LES SEPT NAINS"

. . . which you scholars who got through first year French will realize is "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" . . . now captivating the town after a sensational 31 weeks engagement in Paris.

Over a lobster at Longchamps we talked to Marcel Ventura, the man who translated, directed and cast the original English Snow White into French. Ventura is half Spanish and half French and speaks seven languages fluently. He told us it took him five months to re-do the film into French. Finding a native French woman with a voice like Snow White's was an undertaking. When at last he found the perfect one, she could talk, but couldn't sing. Again a search went on for a singing voice to match hers. At last Ventura found an American girl whom he coached until she spoke perfect French. Casting the dwarfs was fraught with difficulties, too . . . but a well nigh perfect job was finally accomplished.

Ranger

MARTINI COCKTAILS

taste better with

NOILLY PRAT

THE *Aristocrat* OF

DRY FRENCH VERMOUTHS

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Clip-a-watch on your cuff. Ideal for warm weather comfort.
Sparkling hours always around.
Professional's center-second watch.

GENIUS . . .

is expressed in the design and superlative craftsmanship embodied in each Schulz watch. Leading jewelers are now displaying an interesting selection of new and smart watch styles for both men and women. Schulz watches may be had in either gold or platinum.

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The survey of Boston Newspaper Readers conducted by the Daniel Starch Department of Research for the American Association of Advertising Agencies *was confined to Boston and its Suburban area,* yet it proved that—

In the **$5,000** to **$10,000** Family income group
The Boston Post is *first* with 34,191 families

In the **$3,000** to **$4,999** Family income group
The Boston Post is *first* with 92,923 families

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The Boston Post is *first* with 65,953 families

If the entire Boston Post readership had been included in this Survey many more thousands of families with similar buying power would be added. Unquestionably The Boston Post is the preferred newspaper of this large group of able-to-buy customers. Practically all HOME-DELIVERED.

The Boston Post

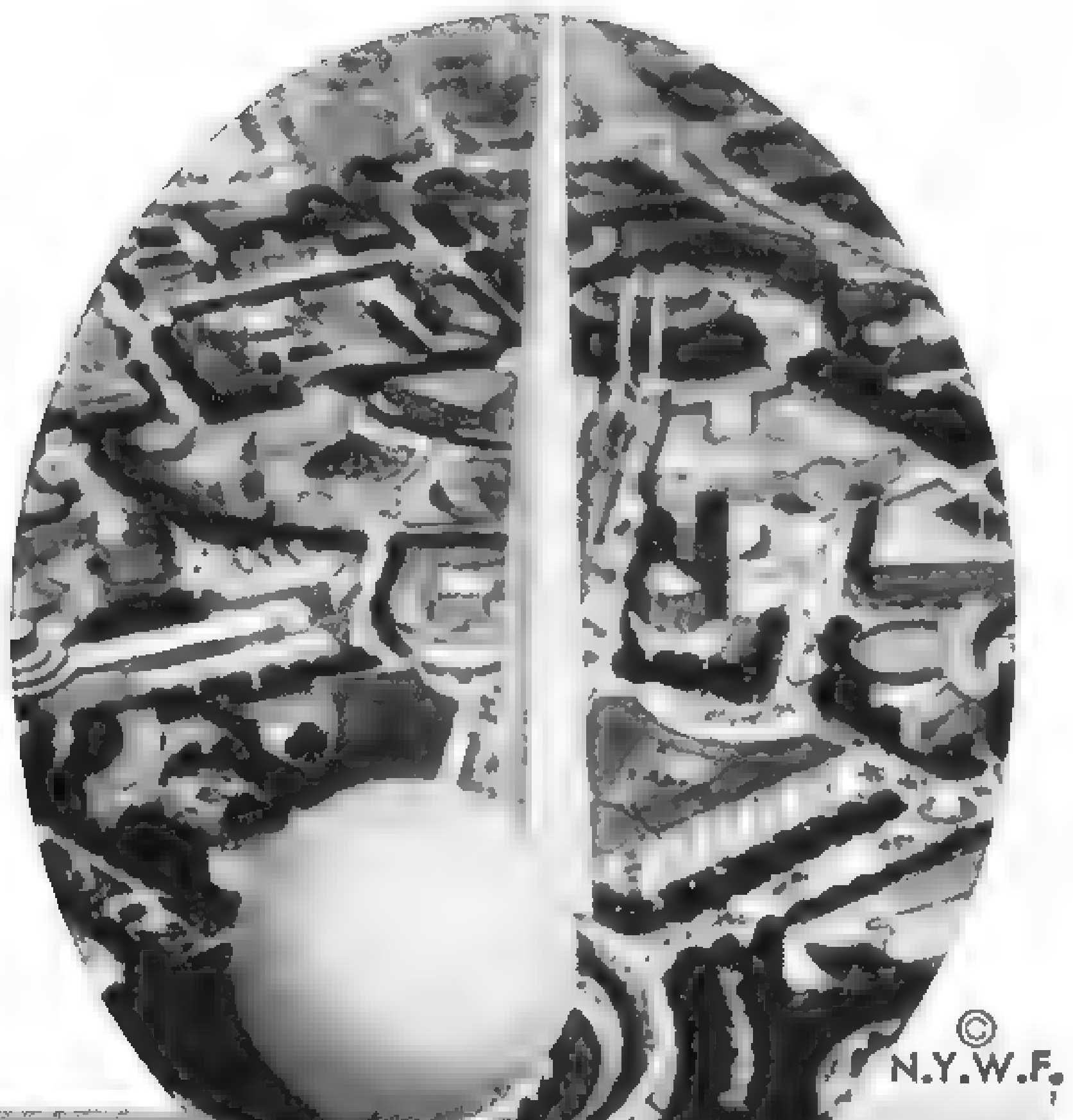
Average Net Paid Daily Circulation **363,622** for Six Months Ending Sept. 30, 1938

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES: KELLY-SMITH COMPANY, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Boston

"World of Tomorrow" hails sensational

Jockey
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWARDROBE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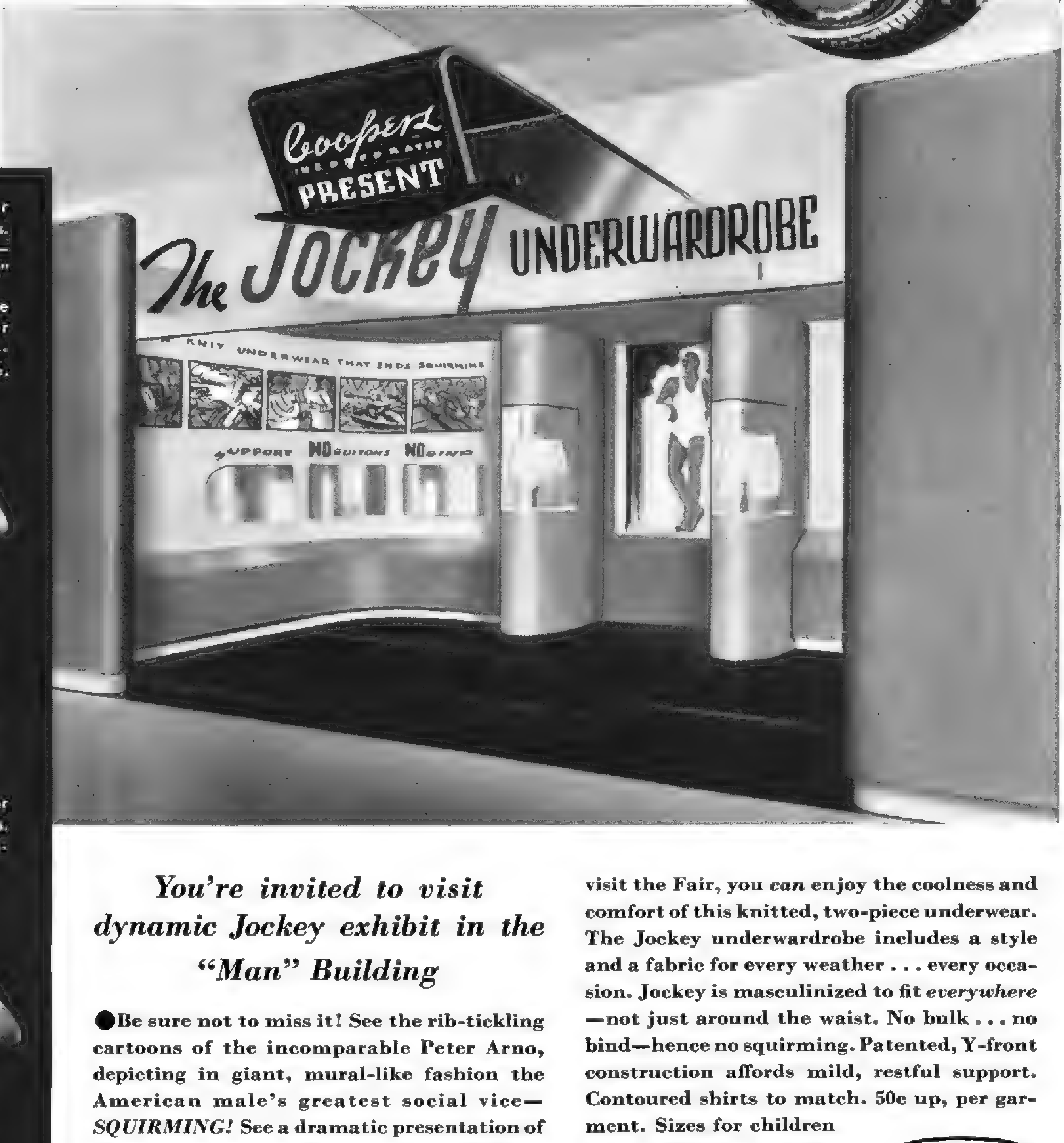
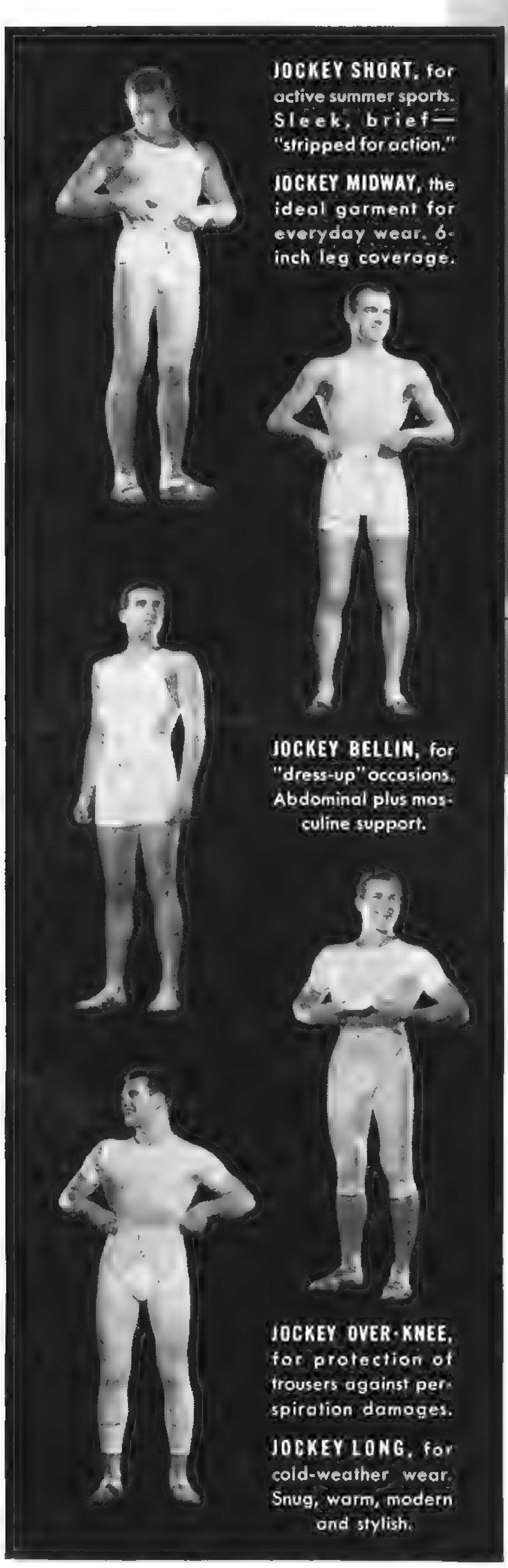
The first really new idea in men's underwear in a decade —presented at the New York World's Fair.


Coopers INCORPORATED PRESENT
The Jockey UNDERWARDROBE
KNIT UNDERWEAR THAT ENDS SQUIRMING
SUPPORT NO BUTTONS NO BIND



JOCKEY SHORT, for active summer sports. Sleek, brief—"stripped for action."

JOCKEY MIDWAY, the ideal garment for everyday wear. 6-inch leg coverage.

JOCKEY BELLIN, for "dress-up" occasions. Abdominal plus masculine support.

JOCKEY OVER-KNEE, for protection of trousers against perspiration damages.

JOCKEY LONG, for cold-weather wear. Snug, warm, modern and stylish.

You're invited to visit dynamic Jockey exhibit in the "Man" Building

●Be sure not to miss it! See the rib-tickling cartoons of the incomparable Peter Arno, depicting in giant, mural-like fashion the American male's greatest social vice—*SQUIRMING!* See a dramatic presentation of the various models of Jockey—the underwear that's as modern as the "World of Tomorrow" —the underwear that ends squirming forever! But whether or not you're lucky enough to visit the Fair, you *can* enjoy the coolness and comfort of this knitted, two-piece underwear. The Jockey underwardrobe includes a style and a fabric for every weather . . . every occasion. Jockey is masculinized to fit *everywhere* —not just around the waist. No bulk . . . no bind—hence no squirming. Patented, Y-front construction affords mild, restful support. Contoured shirts to match. 50c up, per garment. Sizes for children down to 6 years. Jockey is on sale at your favorite store. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

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KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

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1939
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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

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Central Park, almost as interesting and inviting as the World's Fair, is located across the way from Essex House. Forty-four stories high, 1200 spacious rooms and suites (with butler's pantries) offer smart New York visitors a hotel home in the most attractive and convenient location in all New York.

ESSEX HOUSE
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Raleigh Room
Favored by the smart set for cocktail hour and after theatre
DANCING ENTERTAINMENT
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★ BOOGIE-WOOGIE ★
★ What is it? ★
★ The Newest Thing in Swing ★
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★ CAFE SOCIETY ★
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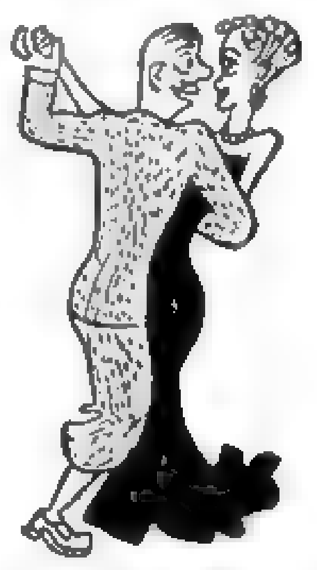
★ The wrong place for the Right people ★

CAFÉ Louis XIV
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

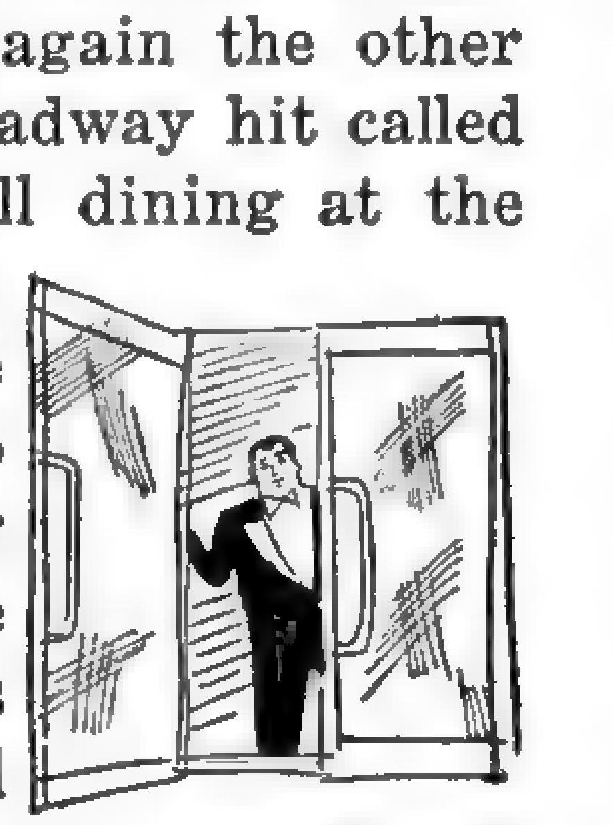
Trick Places: Penthouse Club, 30 West 59th, excellent food, view of Central Park; Palm Restaurant, 837 Second Avenue and Artists and Writers, 213 West 40th, newspapermen's hangouts; Rockefeller Center Sunken Gardens, a terrace in the heart of the city; Chesapeake House, 56 East 41st, White's Clam House, 102 West 43rd, Billy the Oysterman, 10 West 47th, Cape Cod Room, Hotel Lexington, Le Poissonnier, 121 East 52nd, Gage and Tollner's, Fulton Street, Brooklyn, Grand Central Oyster Bar, excellent sea food; Keen's Chop House, 72 West 36th, fine old dining place with heavy, excellent food; Alexandra, 8 East 49th, Stouffer's, 540 Fifth Avenue, English Tea Room, 161 West 57th, Hamburger Mary's, 17 West 51st, White Turkey Inn, 1 University Place, home cooking; New Weston Bar, headquarters for gourmets. Le Ruban Bleu, 4 East 56th, sophisticated night spot in continental manner, opening at 11 P.M.; Algonquin Hotel, 45 West 44th, headquarters for stage; Sardi's, 234 West 44th, where the important stage folk eat; Jack Dempsey's, 50th Street and Eighth Avenue, headquarters for fighters and sports world; Daube's, 833 Cortland Avenue, headquarters for baseball players and best steaks in the world; Zoo Restaurant, Central Park, lunch on the terrace and watch the seals and monkeys; Tavern-on-the-Green, more elaborate meals; Clarmont Inn, at 120th Street, terraces with marvelous view of the Hudson; Ben Marden's Riviera, fancy night club at other end of George Washington Bridge; Jack White's Club 18 at 18 West 52nd, whacky humor and roughhouse of a high order.



The urbane Count Theo Rossi, when not racing motor boats for first prizes, is busy making friends for the Vermouth that bears his name. We were in on one such shindig, held at Jack and Charlie's "21," and being invited, had no trouble at all getting into the joint. (Other times it hasn't been so easy, J. & C. being very exclusive hosts.) Anyway, the party was a great success and everyone learned new ways to consume Martini and Rossi Vermouth.

Erik Huneker, who has been playing host for many years to the lobster hungry at Provincetown in his famous Tap Room and Beach Terrace, has opened up a place in New York. It is called The Fireside Inn and is at 411 West 24th Street. Don't let the name mislead you, it is not a shoppe but a real old restaurant, with a roaring fire when needed and special juleps from the Seven Seas on other nights. The food is ample and good and the atmosphere special, Mr. Huneker attracting many of the opera folk who remember him from the old Tuesday Night Club of the Metropolitan.

More years ago than we like to recall, we remember a slim young playwright dining at the Colony. He had just written a Broadway hit called "Dulcy," and great things were predicted for him. We saw him again the other night; he had just written another Broadway hit called "The American Way," and he was still dining at the Colony. We wonder how he does it and keeps his figure. The Colony is one of the few landmarks among the restaurants to survive more than a decade. Keeping steadfastly to a high standard does it, we suppose. On our last visit we came across a new delicacy, "Crepes Colony"—minced lobster rolled in pancakes made with sorrel, covered with a delicious sauce. There was a trick dessert too, a sort of apple puff ball served with zabaglione. In between there was the excellent Petit Marmite and Chicken Giamondo. With that was a Capri which seemed right with such a banquet.



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London Dock
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● *In New York for "Fair"*
● *Food and Fun!!!*
● 'Sly' EDDIE DAVIS
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THE DUNDEE INN
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.
Directly on the Ocean and OCEAN HIGHWAY — Steamer Deck Chairs — Charming Colonial Atmosphere — Completely Modern — Chefs Sizzling Steaks and Seafood a specialty.

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an informal rendezvous with unusual atmosphere
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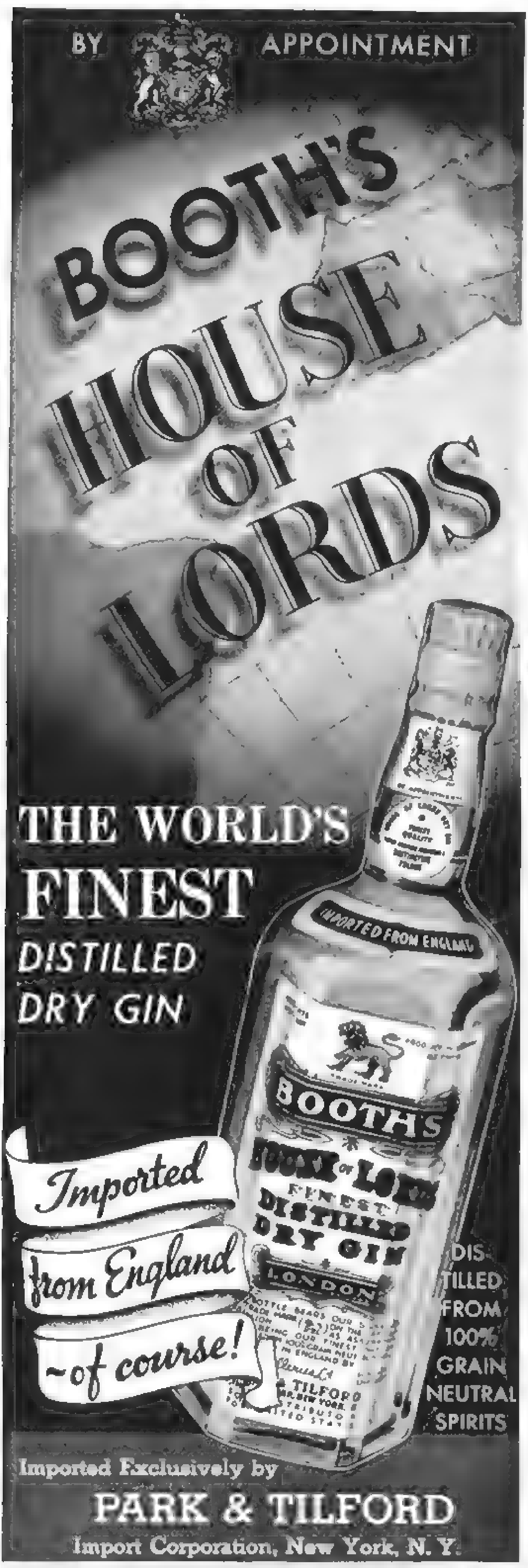

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THE WORLD'S FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN

Imported from England —of course!

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Imported Exclusively by PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

At the Plaza service means more than modern convenience and luxurious comfort...it is an international language understood by discriminating travelers from all over the world.

Subway station at hotel direct to World's Fair.

Henry A. Rost,
President and Managing Director

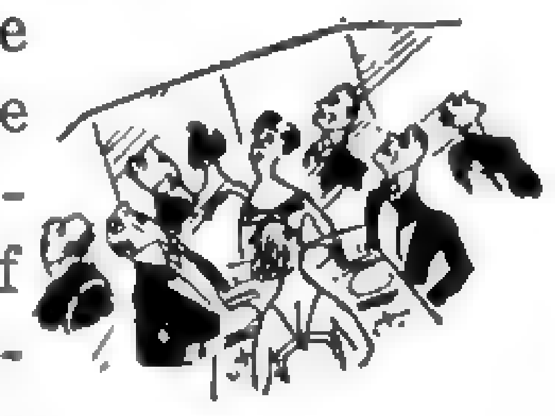
The PLAZA New York
FIFTH AVE. at FIFTY-NINTH ST.

THE PERSIAN ROOM—For Luncheon Dinner, Cocktail Hour and Supper

Divan Parisien expends all its time on food and the most attractive way to present it. No diet kitchen this, the customers want to eat and eat plenty. We recently started one of their gargantuan dinners with a little thing that might be called *blini's godfather;* thin slices of sturgeon rolled in blini covered with a paste of sour cream and horseradish. Squab, boned and stuffed with paté, and baked in a paper bag with mushrooms and vegetables, followed with artichoke bottoms, baked in a bechamel, on the side. All trick numbers, the hors d'oeuvre being new. A Riesling of '34 was just the proper note for the squab. Afterward we subsided on a zabaglione and coffee served in a crystal glass, its brim edged with sugar and cinnamon.

We tried again the Cape Cod Room of the Hotel Lexington and found, to our delight, that it is not just one of those "first-time" places. On second visit there was an excellent pompano, cooked deliciously, and a sound Chablis to go with it. Trouble with most fish places is that they remind you too consistently of the fare. The Cape Cod is air-conditioned.

Pioneer among the roof restaurants of the town is that of the Hotel Astor. With the entire area at their disposal, the hotel has an ideal setup for dining on hot nights. The Sky-walk flanking the main dining room affords a leafy rendezvous for those who like to sit and sip in the open. Inside the spacious restaurant, Rudy Vallee and his Band hold forth as usual during the early part of the summer. Mr. Vallee seems to be a perennial among the bandsmen, and is evidently immune to the withering disease that attacks most ephemeral swing leaders. And if you are entertaining visiting firemen, remember that the dining room on the first floor is the favorite spot for the important folk of the theatre and movie industry. The food has always been excellent.



Last season, a group of the intelligentsia, led by a prominent member of the Labor Party, opened a night club so that they could dine in private, safe from the eyes of the vulgar herd. The two opposite walls of the little room were covered with mirrors so that when an intelligent sat at his broccoli and epigrams, he could look down the line and see his personality multiplied into infinity. It was all very warming and encouraging but like all totalitarian methods it consumed itself. The diner finally had to realize it was done with mirrors and come to the sad truth that egos can't live on other egos, without replenishing the supply. So the Elbow Room closed. Fortunately it was taken over by Mr. Mori, of the famous family that ran a superb restaurant for a third of a century. Now called the Barberry, at 17 E. 52nd, it is a handsome addition to the town's list of superior dining places. The kitchen is French and excellent, the wine list expert. The decor, as executed by Frances Bel-Geddes, should be a lesson to the awful schools of Regency and cellophane that ruin so many of our bars. Don't miss it, the Barberry is one of the show places of the town.

Leon and Eddie's used to have a sort of lean-to that they used when the visiting firemen came in too great numbers. But the state of the nation, and Eddie Davis' vitality, are such that the boys have decided to admit the back room into the union. At a great expense (they claim it's the last time they'll underwrite America's Associated Saloon Decorators) pillars have been removed, the bar switched around and the dance floor enlarged. It is all now one big sitting room for the happy Leon and Eddie family, numbering some million. How Eddie Davis keeps his health and Leon his temper, we have never been able to figure out. Between them they continue to give one of the grandest, rowdiest, full-measured shows in town.

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International Chanteuse
AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

GERRY MORTON
and his Orchestra
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily & Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily & Sunday

Opening Friday, April 28
THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO

EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans
Return from the Everglades Club Palm Beach

Plan to make the Savoy-Plaza your headquarters during your visit to World's Fair. Subway at the door.

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FIFTH AVE., 58th to 59th STS., NEW YORK

THE "RIVIERA" OF AMERICA
Visiting the WORLD'S FAIR —should mean a visit to
Ben Marden's
RIVIERA
JUST ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE
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It's Here:

ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK

A New York Guide Book for World's Fair Visitors

That $150,000,000 spectacle opens April 30th. Describing the Fair is somebody else's business, but interpreting New York City to World's Fair visitors is very much ours. We'll tell you about the New York of the "natives", where to go to be in the know, the names of the head waiters, how much to tip, where are the brightest spots, what the gayest hours—in short, the sophisticate's New York. 150 pages, plastic bound.

Avoid disappointment. "Esquire's New York" is now ready for your pleasure. The quantity is limited so send 50c in stamps and this unique guidebook will be forwarded to you.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE
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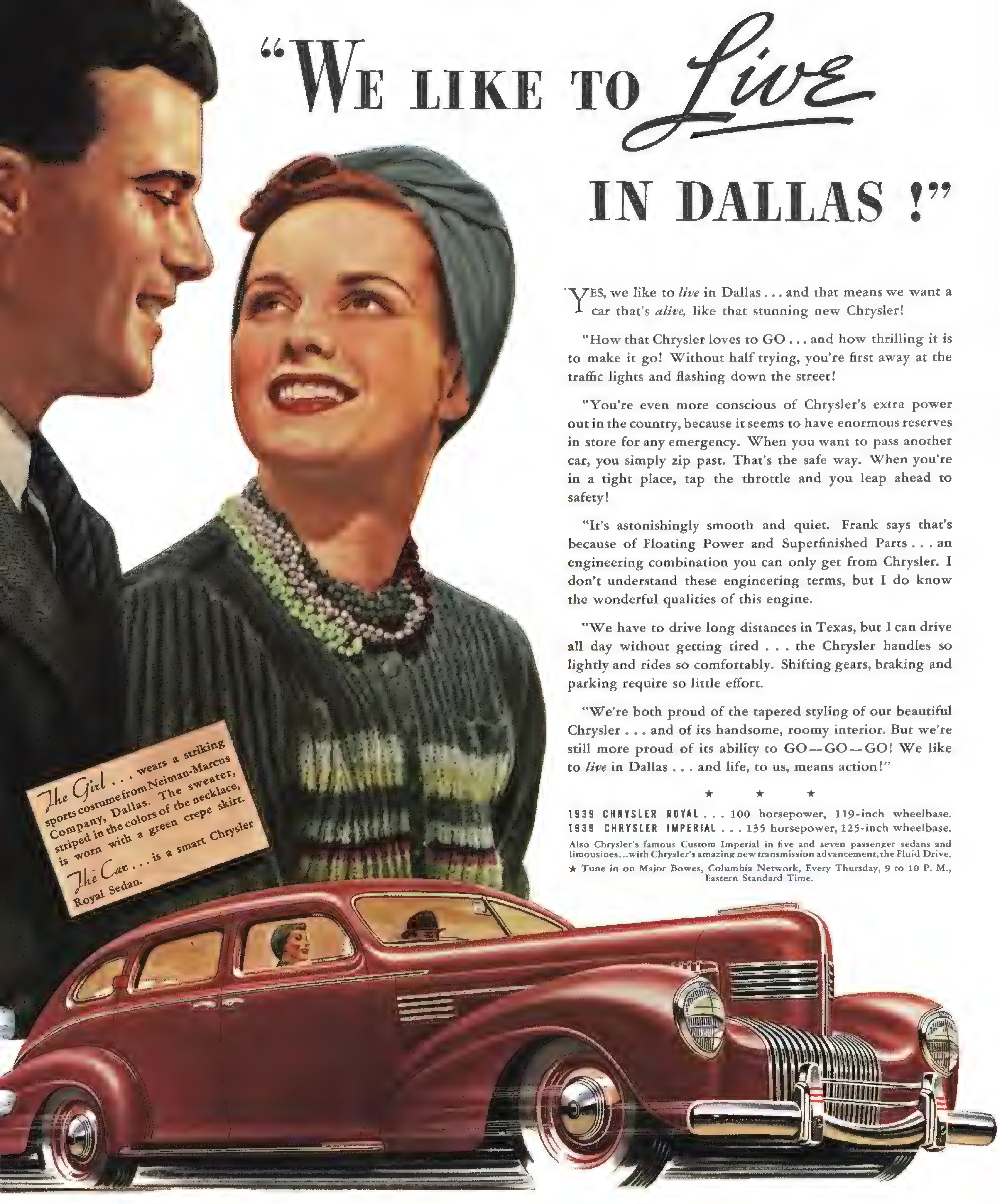
"WE LIKE TO *Live* IN DALLAS !"



The Girl . . . wears a striking sports costume from Neiman-Marcus Company, Dallas. The sweater, striped in the colors of the necklace, is worn with a green crepe skirt.

The Car . . . is a smart Chrysler Royal Sedan.

"YES, we like to *live* in Dallas . . . and that means we want a car that's *alive,* like that stunning new Chrysler!

"How that Chrysler loves to GO . . . and how thrilling it is to make it go! Without half trying, you're first away at the traffic lights and flashing down the street!

"You're even more conscious of Chrysler's extra power out in the country, because it seems to have enormous reserves in store for any emergency. When you want to pass another car, you simply zip past. That's the safe way. When you're in a tight place, tap the throttle and you leap ahead to safety!

"It's astonishingly smooth and quiet. Frank says that's because of Floating Power and Superfinished Parts . . . an engineering combination you can only get from Chrysler. I don't understand these engineering terms, but I do know the wonderful qualities of this engine.

"We have to drive long distances in Texas, but I can drive all day without getting tired . . . the Chrysler handles so lightly and rides so comfortably. Shifting gears, braking and parking require so little effort.

"We're both proud of the tapered styling of our beautiful Chrysler . . . and of its handsome, roomy interior. But we're still more proud of its ability to GO—GO—GO! We like to *live* in Dallas . . . and life, to us, means action!"

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1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.
1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

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HEINEKEN'S
IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)
at home or Abroad!
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CHANTICLER
The Ultimate in Supper Clubs
Dinner and Supper Dancing
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ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th
a New York Landmark... Famous for Mutton Chops and "Old World" atmosphere, for Clay Pipes smoked by celebrated guests, and for precious mementoes of the Theatre.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S
NIGHT CLUBS
The Colony
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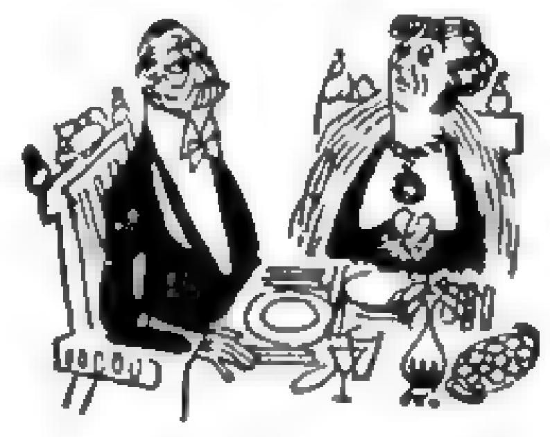
EPICUREAN DINNERS
SONNY GOLDSTONE Managing Directors NICHOLAS DEAN

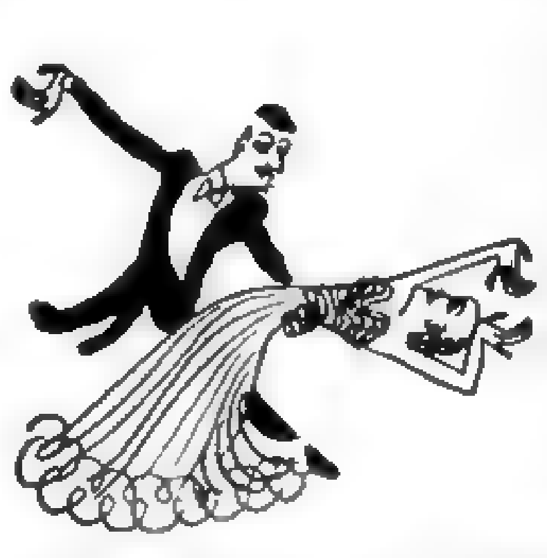
GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
MAIL $7.00 FOR 4 DOZ. 10 OZ. BOTTLES
$3.50 FOR HALF CASE, CARRIAGE PAID.
RED RAVEN CORP., CHESWICK, PA.

Visiting firemen will not only see the Fair but want to explore the greatest city on earth. You will want to sit in the terraces, or sidewalk cafes and watch the crowds go by, visit the skytop roofs and see the view for forty miles. You will want to see how the world works from a seat in the Hayden Planetarium. You will want to see the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the other museums, especially the Natural History Museum. In the meantime, between shopping and sightseeing, you will have to eat. New Yorkers seem to eat out, in one or another of the five thousand-odd eating places on the Island. Below we have compiled a categorical guide of places we have enjoyed. Then, of course, you will want to take a ride over some of the superior highways: out Grand Central to Jones Beach, dining at Lakeville Manor Inn or Beau Sejour. Or up the magnificent Hudson River Drive out to dine at any of the famous spots, White Turkey Inn, Cobbs Mill, Silvermine Tavern on the Saw Mill Drive or the Merritt Highway, the prettiest hereabouts. If you go west, try the Holland or Lincoln Tunnel, over the Pulaski Skyway; it's worth the trip to the Perona Farms at Andover or The Brook at Summit, or The Chanticler at Millburn.



Millionaires' Kitchens: Although food for gourmets may often be found in many of the smaller places of various nationalities, those who dress for dinner and dine before the theatre or opera may be found in one of the following superb places: The Mascotte, 19 East 60th; Chez Jean, 11 East 60th; Passy, 28 East 63rd; Chambord, 803 Third Avenue; Voisin's, Park Avenue at 53rd; Marguery, Park Avenue at 47th; Lafayette, University Place and Ninth Street; Theodore's, 2 East 56th; Louis XIV, Rockefeller Plaza; Crillon, Lexington and 48th; Colony, Madison and 62nd; La Rue, 45 East 58th; Vendome, 18 East 49th.

Sky Views: You may dine and dance and between times look out over the magical city, one of the grandest sights in the world. Not to be missed by visitors are The Rainbow Room or Grill atop Rockefeller Center; the superb Roof atop the St. Regis; a corner of the Park and City from Pierre's Roof, 61st and Fifth; a mid-view from the Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof; midtown and the Hudson from the Pennsylvania, Astor and McAlpin Roofs; a superb view of the harbor from the Bossert, Brooklyn. View of the Park from St. Moritz Roof or street level view from its Cafe de la Paix. In the summer months formal dress is not required.



Hotels with entertainment and dance bands: Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Avenue at 59th; Plaza Hotel, Fifth Avenue and 59th; Sherry Netherland, Fifth Avenue and 59th; Roosevelt, Madison at 46th; Biltmore, Madison at 43rd; Commodore, Lexington Avenue at 42nd; St. Regis, Fifth Avenue at 55th; Belmont-Plaza, Lexington at 50th; Hotel New Yorker, 34th and Eighth Avenue; Hotel Pennsylvania, Seventh Avenue and 33rd; Hotel McAlpin, Sixth Avenue and 34th; Hotel Vanderbilt, Park Avenue and 34th; Park Lane, Park Avenue and 49th; Ambassador, Park Avenue at 51st; Essex House, 160 Central Pk., South.

Swing Street: Not all swing bands are on one street. And bands change their habitat, and following, as Russian office holders. Originally, Fifty-Second Street was swing's home and some of the high spots are still there, i.e.: Onyx, 62 West 52nd: Hickory House, 144 West 52nd; Famous Door, 66 West 52nd; Kit Kat Club, 152 East 55th; Cafe Society, 2 Sheridan Square; Kelly's Stables, 141 West 51st; Nick's, Seventh Avenue and West 10th.

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Have enjoyed the services of the convenient Hotel New Yorker since its opening in 1930. What popularity! What value it must offer! Every room has both tub and shower, radio, Servidor. Four popular priced restaurants. Private tunnel to Penn Station.
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Music by
TCHARKOVSKY
No cover or minimum charge
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7 to 8:30 nightly
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FIFTH AVENUE at 59th STREET
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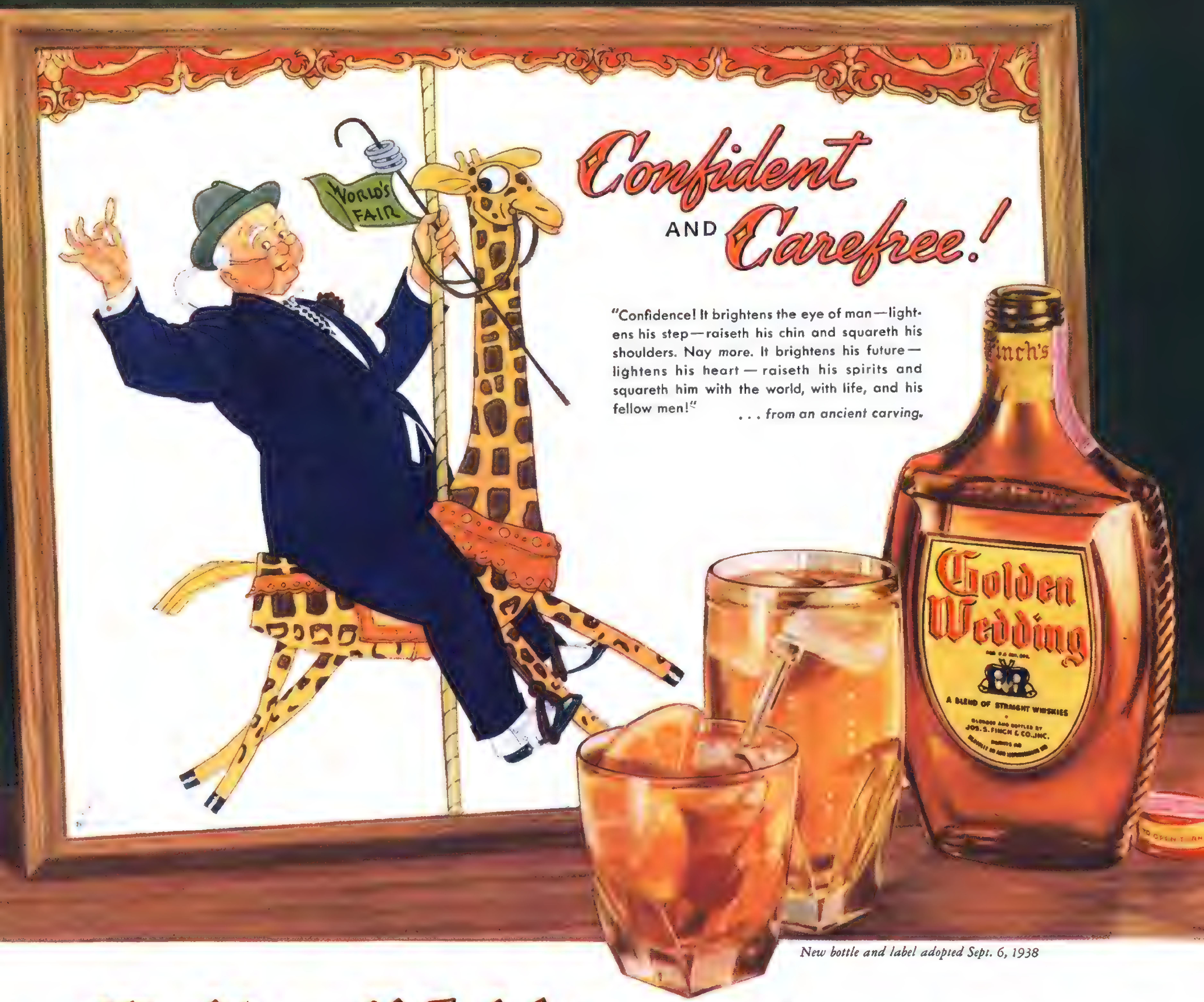
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Finch's
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC.

Confident AND Carefree!

"Confidence! It brightens the eye of man—lightens his step—raiseth his chin and squareth his shoulders. Nay more. It brightens his future—lightens his heart—raiseth his spirits and squareth him with the world, with life, and his fellow men!" . . . *from an ancient carving.*

New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

We hear you get around a wee bit—and enjoy an occasional round we bet . . . true or false? If the rumor's true, we'll wager whenever you're offered that grand old brand that's "had no peers for 50 years" you feel mighty good about it. And quite correctly too! For Golden Wedding is a sumptuous blend of straight whiskies from the rarest, most savory stock The House of Finch possesses. Every drop is ALL whiskey, fragrant old whiskey—the kind that epicures gloat over. Even the youngest whiskey in Golden Wedding has snoozed in old oaken staves 4 summers, springs, autumns and winters!

Golden Wedding

AND AT THE BAR—
When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey.

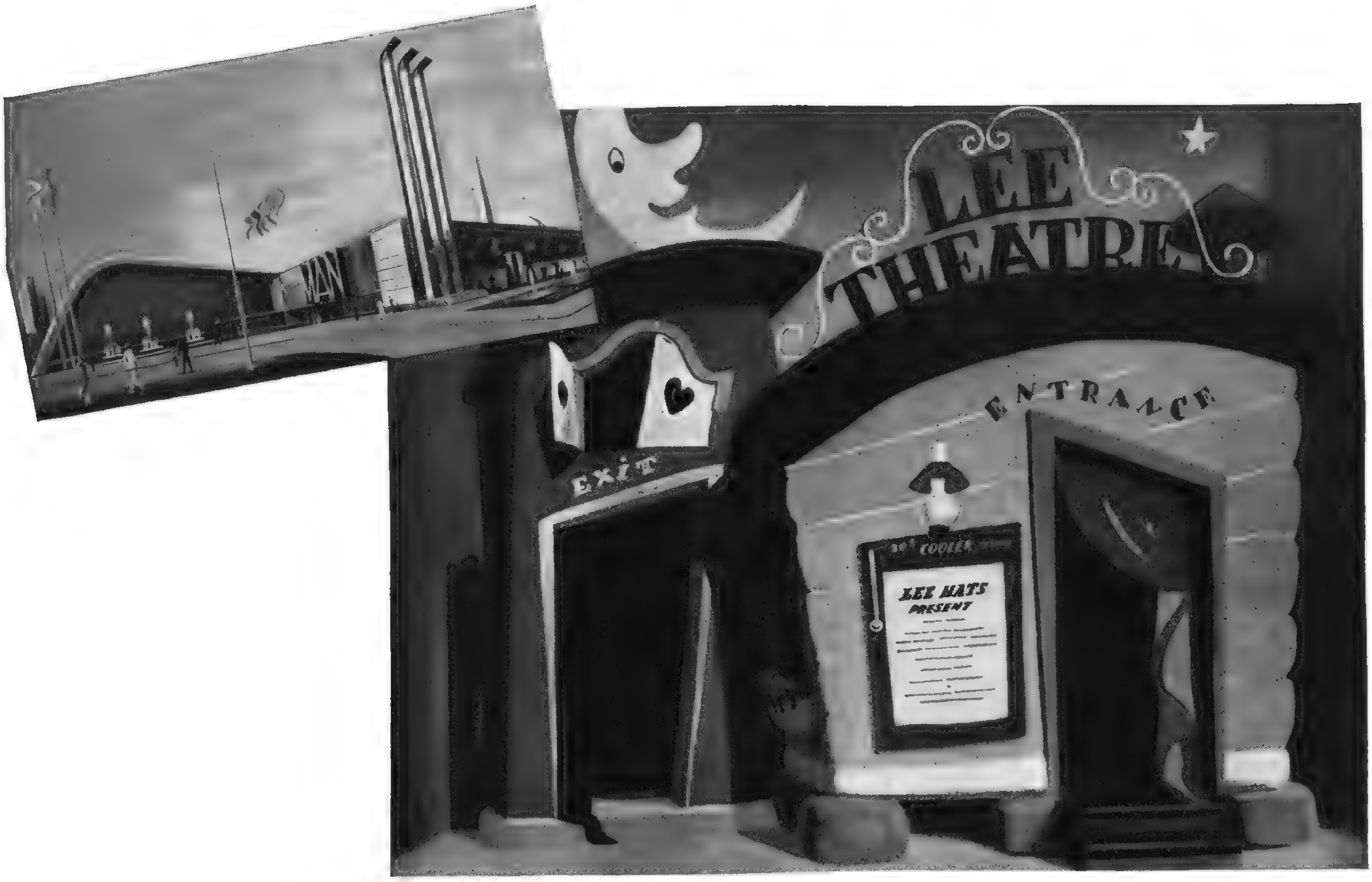
FINCH'S
GOLDEN WEDDING
A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD!

90 PROOF—COPR. 1939, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

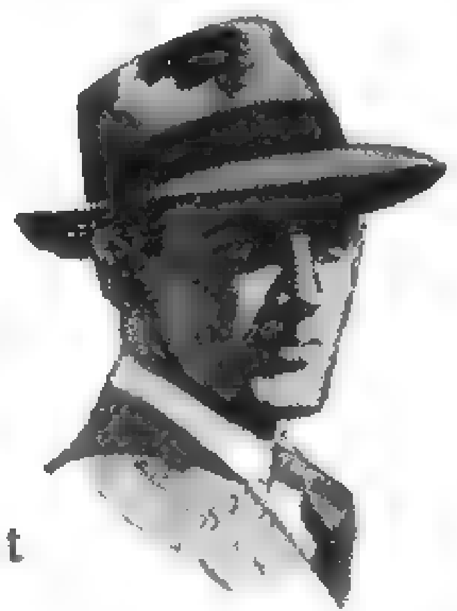
Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old

Meet me at the Fair



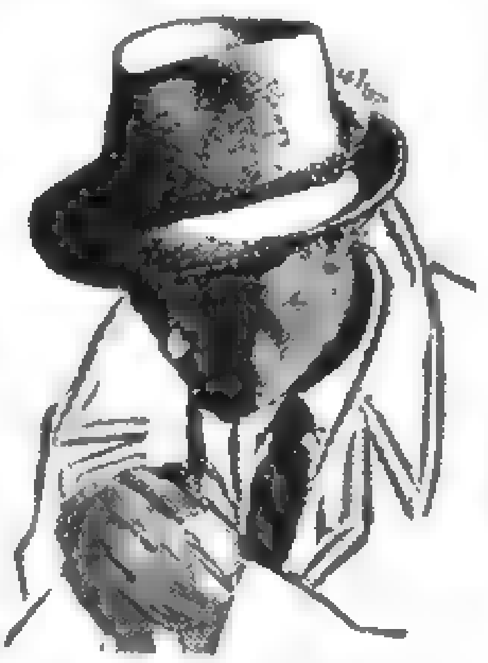
See how LEE Hats are made . . . at the LEE Theatre . . . in the Building "MAN"—His Clothes—His Sports. You'll be prouder than ever to wear a LEE WATER-BLOC . . . no other hat like it . . . rollable, foldable, super-serviceable . . . with style and good-looks Water-Bloc in for keeps!

LEE CHANGES THE *HAT-I-TUDE** OF THE NATION



LEE WATER-BLOC†

America's Fastest Selling $5 Hat . . . Shaped and blocked by a patented process that only LEE can give you. Then painstakingly finished by hand. Takes three times longer to make a LEE WATER-BLOC.



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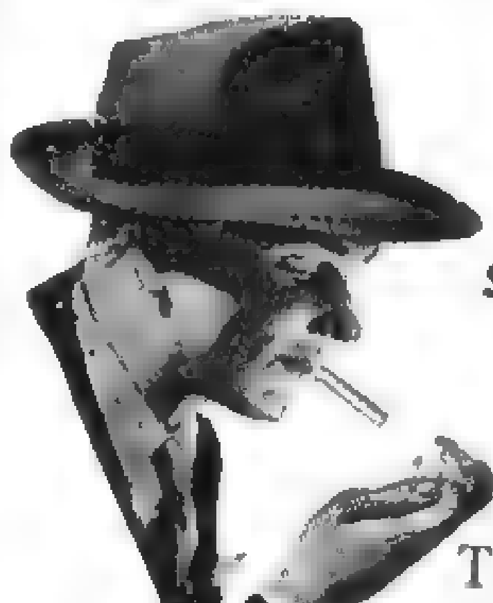
The Only Insured Hat In The World

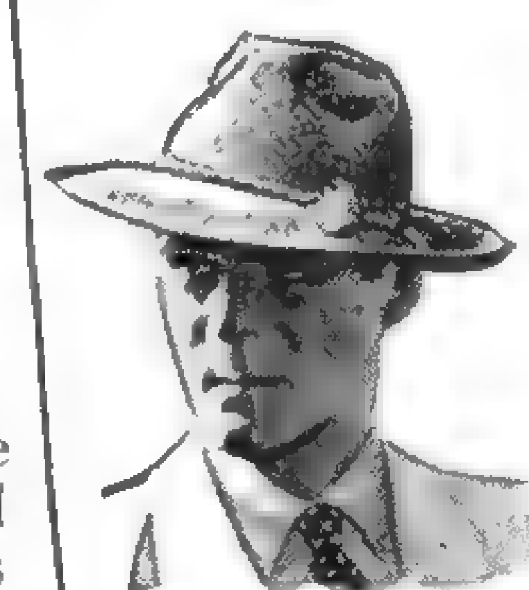
Every customer receives an Aetna "hat policy" that guarantees lasting satisfaction—assurance that your money is wisely spent . . . and you'll be wearing the hat that travels first class—that tops smart heads everywhere.



DANWAY

Styled and Priced for the Young Man—$2.95

The finest hat made at that price . . . Styled with all Lee's flair for becomingness in hats . . . and all the extra value made possible by Lee's large scale, efficient production. For the utmost in becomingness try DANWAY.

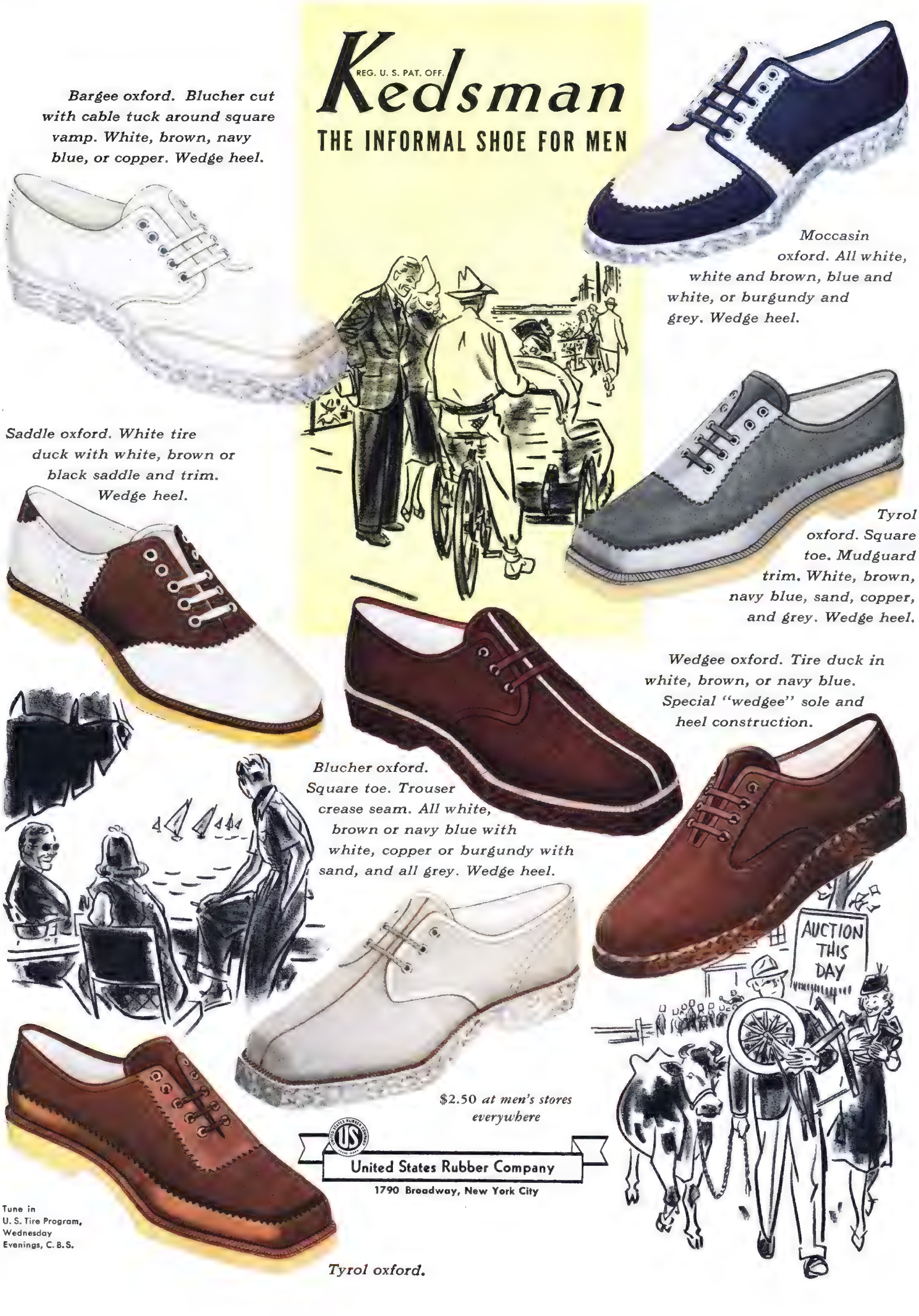


LEE "SENSIBLE" STRAWS

Made in new distinctive weaves—soft—cool and comfortable—just the interesting kind of hats needed to urge men to wear hats during the Summer months. Make sure you see Lee Straws for 1939.

THE FRANK H. LEE COMPANY
358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

†*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Kedsman

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE INFORMAL SHOE FOR MEN

Bargee oxford. Blucher cut with cable tuck around square vamp. White, brown, navy blue, or copper. Wedge heel.

Moccasin oxford. All white, white and brown, blue and white, or burgundy and grey. Wedge heel.

Saddle oxford. White tire duck with white, brown or black saddle and trim. Wedge heel.

Tyrol oxford. Square toe. Mudguard trim. White, brown, navy blue, sand, copper, and grey. Wedge heel.

Wedgee oxford. Tire duck in white, brown, or navy blue. Special "wedgee" sole and heel construction.

Blucher oxford. Square toe. Trouser crease seam. All white, brown or navy blue with white, copper or burgundy with sand, and all grey. Wedge heel.

Tyrol oxford.

$2.50 *at men's stores everywhere*

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1790 Broadway, New York City

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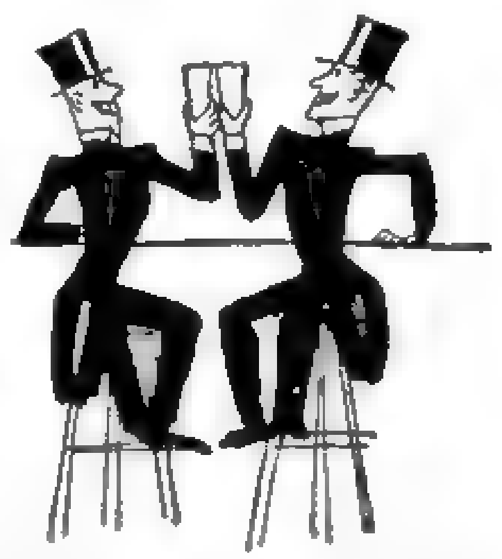
U. S. Tire Program,
Wednesday
Evenings, C. B. S.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

High Hat Bars: The old saloon is relegated to the side streets and less pretentious avenues, thanks to the ladies who have crowded the stools. Each has its special following and devotees; some feature literati, some debutantes, some Wall Street brokers and men of affairs. Nearly all of them serve good food. Those marked with a 'D' supply good orchestras for dancing: El Morocco, 154 East 54th, D; Stork Club, 3 East 53rd, D; Road to Mandalay, Park at 59th; Jack & Charlie's or "21," 21 West 52nd; Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th, D; Versailles, 151 E. 50th, D; Armando's, 54 E. 55th; King Cole Bar, St. Regis Hotel (men only till 6); Ritz Carlton, Three Bars, Madison at 46th; Waldorf-Astoria Bar (men only); Raleigh Room, Hotel Warwick (artists and their models), D; Tony's Trouville, 112 E. 52nd; Mon Paris, 142 E. 53rd, D.

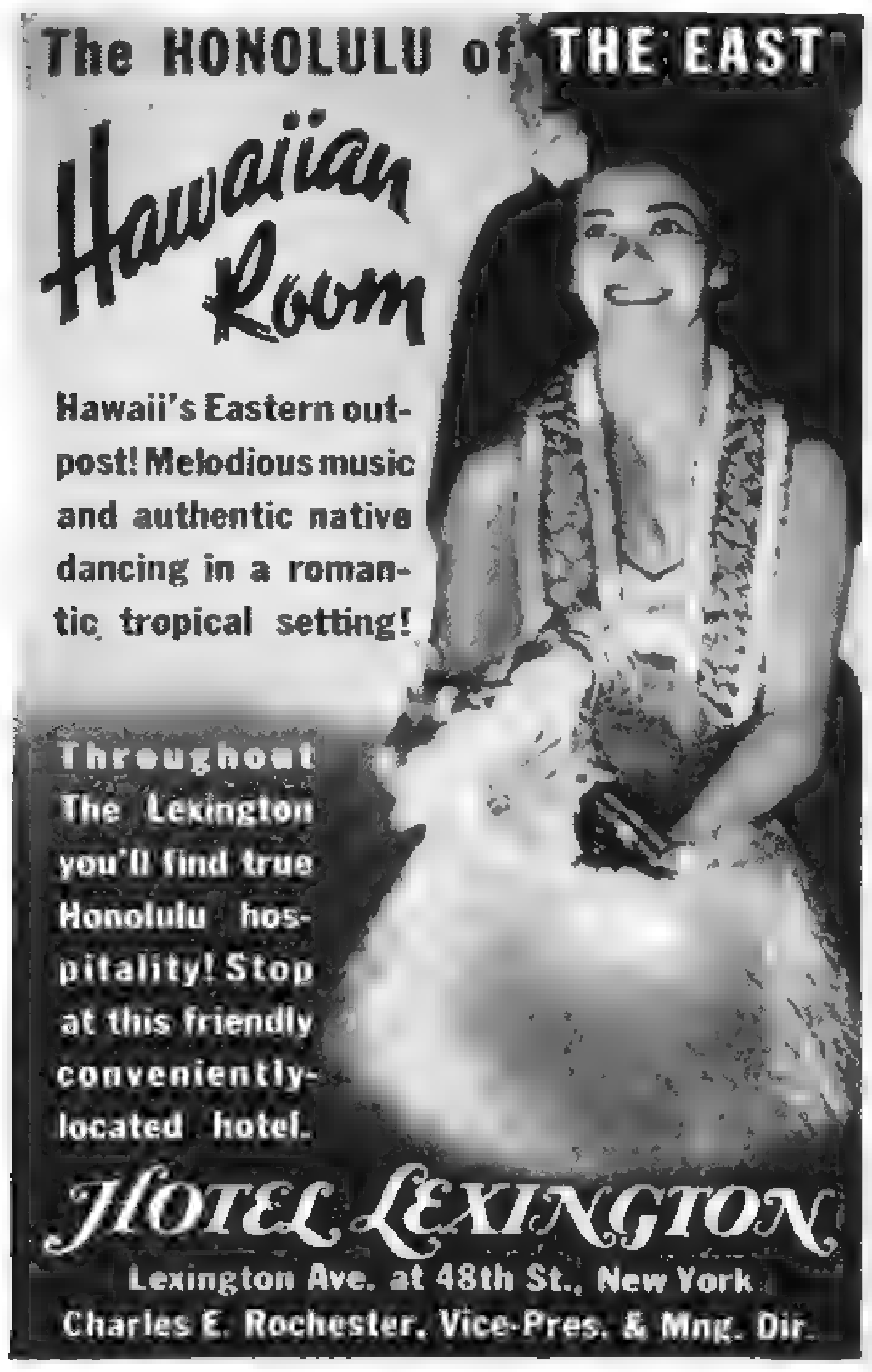


Village Spots: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan Street, old time floor show and whoopee; Jack Delaney's, 72 Grove Street; Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Square, girl show; Village Barn, 52 West 8th, rowdy entertainment and amusing stunts for customers.

Harlem Nights: Visitors, especially the French, insist on seeing Harlem. Uninhibited dancing and music: (Go late) Savoy Ball Room, Lenox Avenue at 140th Street; Dickie Wells, 169 West 133rd; Plantation, Lenox at 142nd.

Floor Shows: These vary with the times, usually a bang-up girl show with intervals for customer dancing. Diamond Horseshoe, Billy Rose's nostalgic revue, Paramount Hotel, 46th West of Broadway; Cotton Club, dusky talent of a fine order, Broadway at 48th; Casa Manana, elaborate, Seventh Avenue at 50th Street; Paradise, girls and stunts, Broadway at 49th Street; Midnight Sun, Swedish food with drummers' girl show, Broadway at 50th Street; Leon & Eddie's, 33 West 52nd, superb fooling and rowdy show.

Atmosphere Places: These places cover a wide range both in quality of food and price. They are not to be sniffed at because they are unostentatious; some of them cater to natives of their own race, others number among their patrons ambassadors, judges, counts, artists and writers. (French) Gaston a la Bonne Soupe, 44 West 55th; Charles a la Pomme Souffle, 157 East 55th; Larre, 50 West 56th; Le Chaumiere, 163 East 56th; Montparnasse, 50 East 79th, a smart uptown nightclub restaurant; Parisien, 304 West 56th; Au Canari D'Or, 132 East 61st; Louise, 302 East 58th; La Fouchette, 342 West 46th; Petitpas, 317 West 29th; (Italian) The Bat, 138 McDougal Street; Vesuvio, 163 West 48th; Tony's, 48 West 55th; Red Devil, 11 West 48th; Pietro's, 201 East 45th; Colucci, 45 West 51st; (Spanish) La Bilbaina, 218 West 14th; Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan Street; El Chico, 80 Grove Street; (Mexican) Mexican Gardens, 137 Waverly Place; Xochitl, 146 West 46th; (Swedish) Gripsholm, 324 East 57th; Kungsholm, 142 East 55th; Stockholm, 27 West 51st; Castleholm, 344 W. 57th; Swedish Restaurant, 22 West 56th; (German) Luchow's, 110 East 14th; Zum Brauhaus, 207 East 54th; Maxl's, 243 East 86th; (Russian) Kretchma, 244 East 14th; Russian Tea Room, 150 West 57th; Casino Russe, 158 West 56th; Cafe Russe, 201 Second Avenue; (Chinese) Joy Far Low, 24 Pell Street; The Pearl River, Pell and Mott Street; Gee Kong, 41 Mott St.; (Japanese) Daruma, 1145 Sixth Avenue; (Turkish) The Golden Horn, 39 West 51st, excellent Turkish and Armenian food; Constantinople, 9 W. 52nd; (Syrian) Son of the Sheik, 77 Washington Street; (Greek) Apollo, 259 West 42nd; (Czechoslovak) Sokol Hall, 421 East 71st, Pilsner Urquell beer and native dishes; (Indian) Rajah, 237 West 48th Street.



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Hawaiian Room

Hawaii's Eastern outpost! Melodious music and authentic native dancing in a romantic tropical setting!

Throughout The Lexington you'll find true Honolulu hospitality! Stop at this friendly conveniently-located hotel.

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FOR MEN WHO PREFER DINING TO EATING
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Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN" AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
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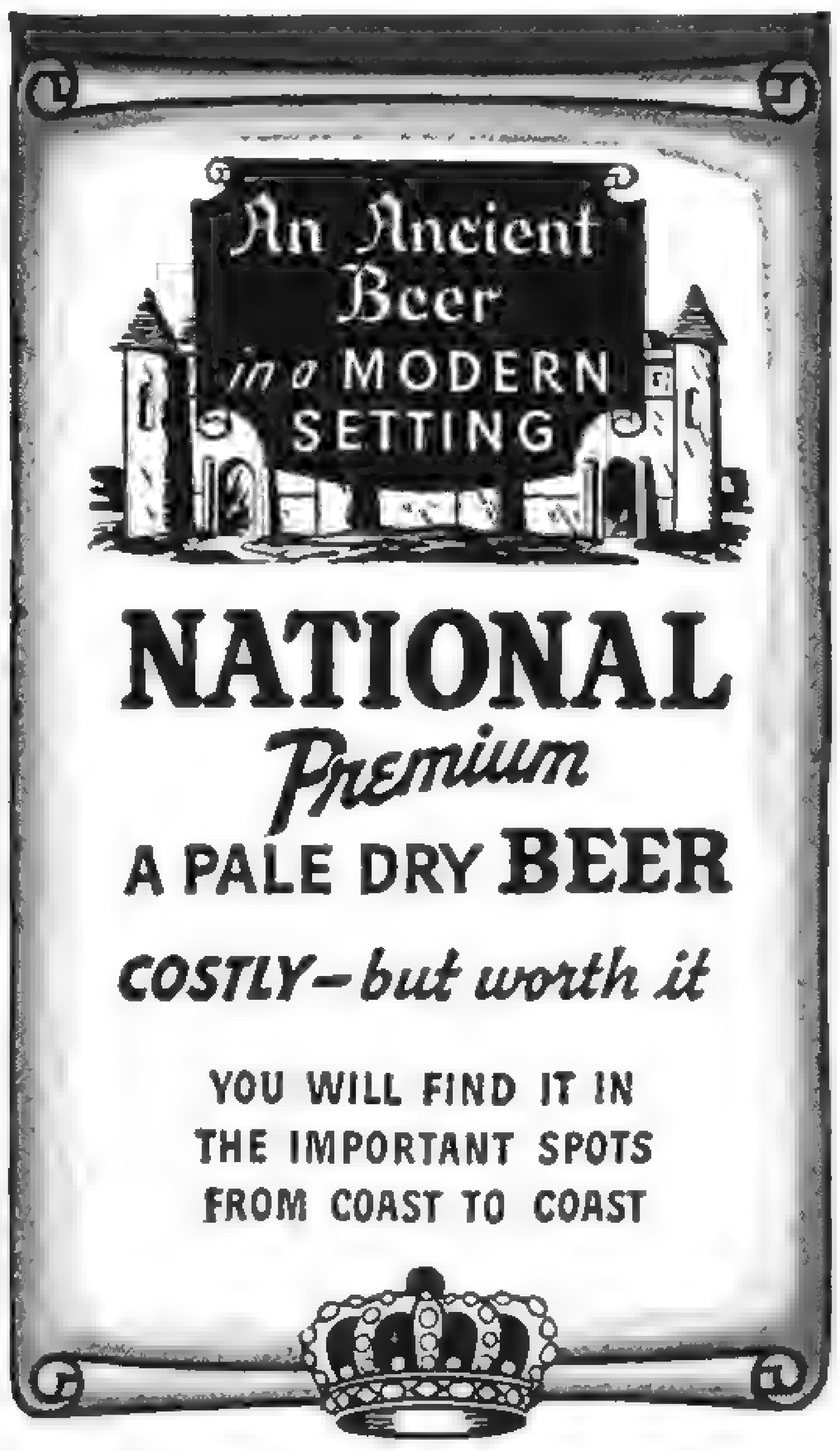
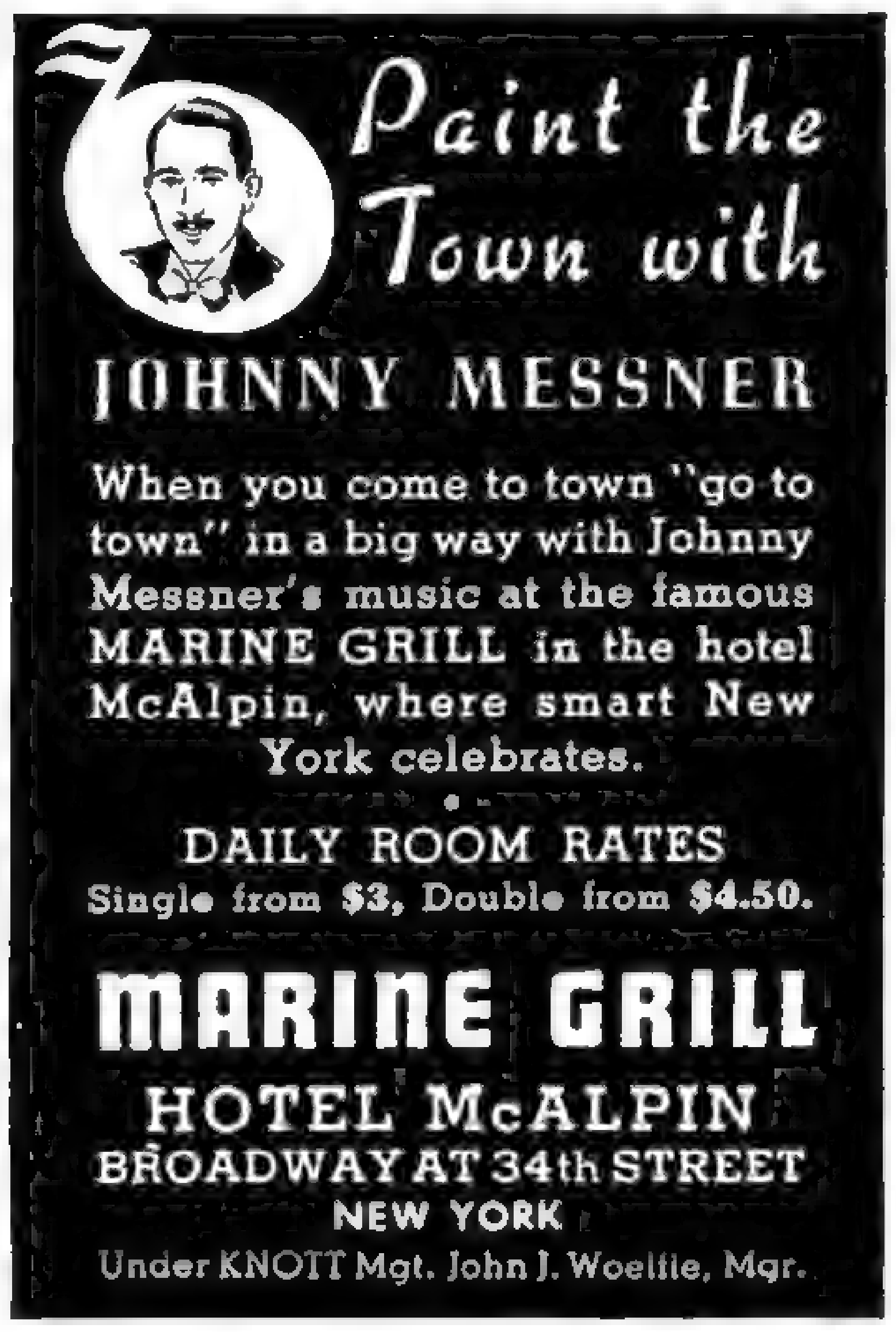


An Ancient Beer in a MODERN SETTING

NATIONAL
Premium
A PALE DRY BEER
COSTLY—but worth it

YOU WILL FIND IT IN THE IMPORTANT SPOTS FROM COAST TO COAST

The NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY
in BALTIMORE MARYLAND...



Paint the Town with
JOHNNY MESSNER

When you come to town "go to town" in a big way with Johnny Messner's music at the famous MARINE GRILL in the hotel McAlpin, where smart New York celebrates.

DAILY ROOM RATES
Single from $3, Double from $4.50.

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DINNER $\$1^{25}$ $\$1^{75}$
REVUE 8^{45} 11^{45} 2^{15}
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Music by Musak EL. 5-8183

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A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
EIGHT YEARS OLD
4/5 QUART
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OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

Word is going the rounds that *the* Scotch to order is Old Angus! May we remind you that here is no ordinary whisky. Old Angus is a *premium* Scotch of liqueur quality—a delight to the palate—and "Gentle as a Lamb." Try Old Angus. You will understand why the canny Scots and their English cousins unite in calling it "a noble Scotch."

Your Guide To NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

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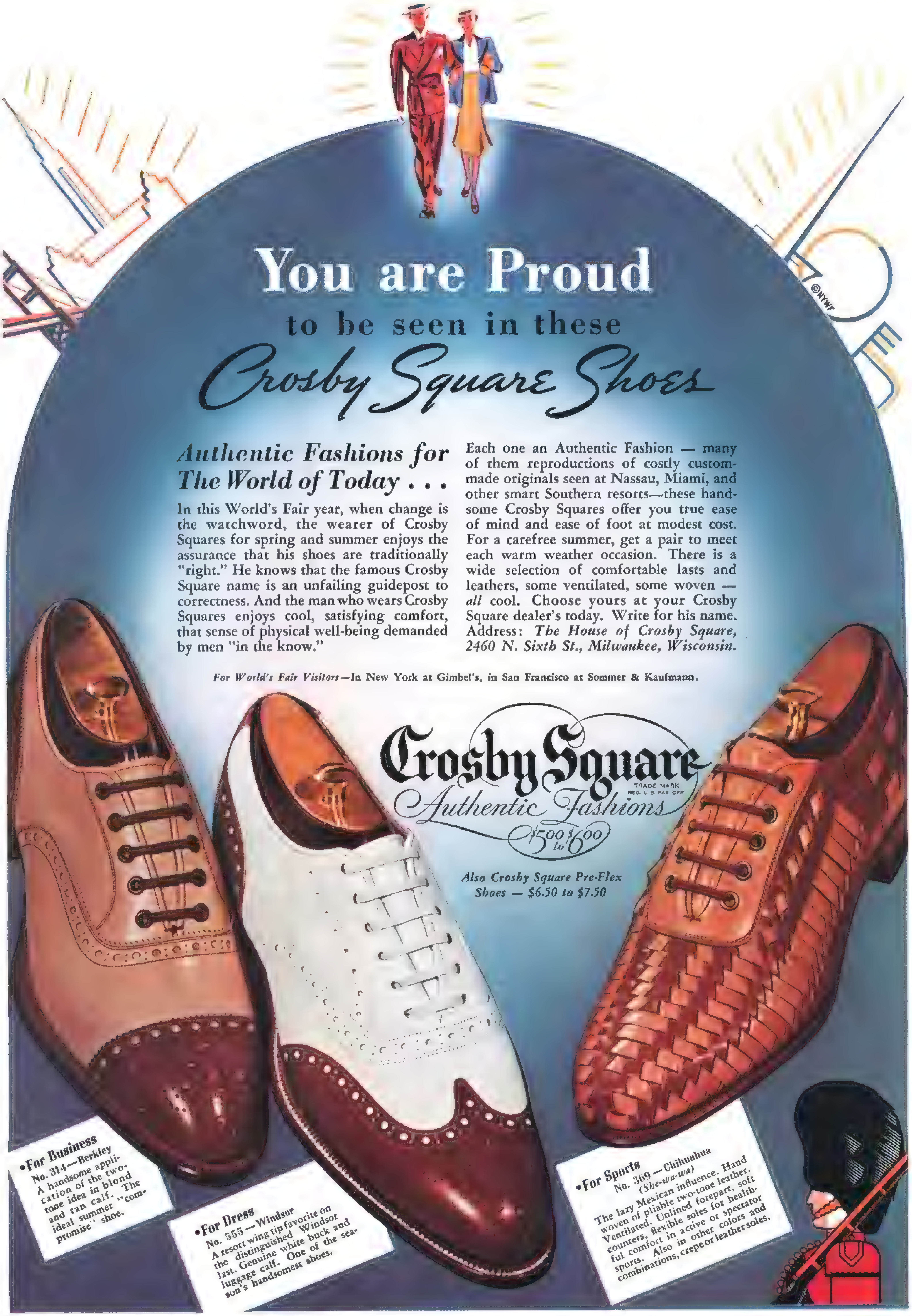

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Authentic Fashions for The World of Today . . .

In this World's Fair year, when change is the watchword, the wearer of Crosby Squares for spring and summer enjoys the assurance that his shoes are traditionally "right." He knows that the famous Crosby Square name is an unfailing guidepost to correctness. And the man who wears Crosby Squares enjoys cool, satisfying comfort, that sense of physical well-being demanded by men "in the know."

Each one an Authentic Fashion — many of them reproductions of costly custom-made originals seen at Nassau, Miami, and other smart Southern resorts—these handsome Crosby Squares offer you true ease of mind and ease of foot at modest cost. For a carefree summer, get a pair to meet each warm weather occasion. There is a wide selection of comfortable lasts and leathers, some ventilated, some woven — *all* cool. Choose yours at your Crosby Square dealer's today. Write for his name. Address: *The House of Crosby Square, 2460 N. Sixth St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Authentic Fashions
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Also Crosby Square Pre-Flex Shoes — $6.50 to $7.50

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No. 314—Berkley
A handsome application of the two-tone idea in blond and tan calf. The ideal summer "compromise" shoe.

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A resort wing tip favorite on the distinguished Windsor last. Genuine white buck and luggage calf. One of the season's handsomest shoes.

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No. 360—Chihuahua
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The lazy Mexican influence. Hand woven of pliable two-tone leather. Ventilated. Unlined forepart, soft counters, flexible soles for healthful comfort in active or spectator sports. Also in other colors and combinations, crepe or leather soles.

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MAKE MINE A ROYAL! There's a portable that can take it! I'll use mine through college and years to come!

UNIVERSITY NEXT: I like everything about a Royal... Touch Control*—the "feel" of the keys—everything!

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...A ROYAL Portable

A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER that's easy to use, fast, good-looking—one that will help them in their next step, whether it's college or into a job! That's what these "39-ers" want and it's the reason why the Royal Portable always makes such a hit. For here's a portable with genuine office typewriter features—simple for the beginner—yet with action and controls that enable the experienced operator to turn out perfect typing at high speed. Look at a Royal. Study its improvements... Touch Control*... Permanent Quiet... Automatic Paper Lock... Finger Comfort Keys... many others. You'll understand then why thousands of graduates are saying "Make mine a Royal." Choose from 5 models. Prices are reasonable and a Free Home Trial is yours if you wish. Mail coupon for complete information.

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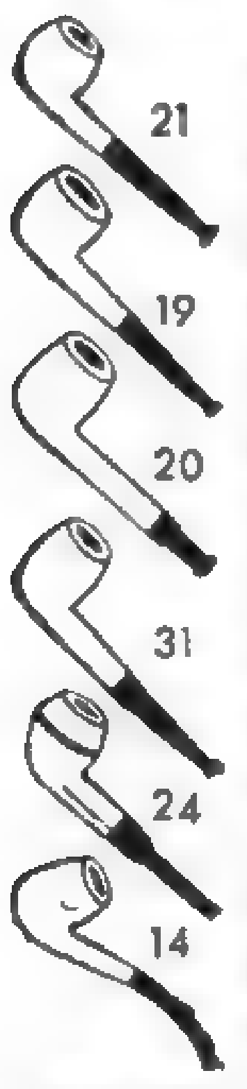
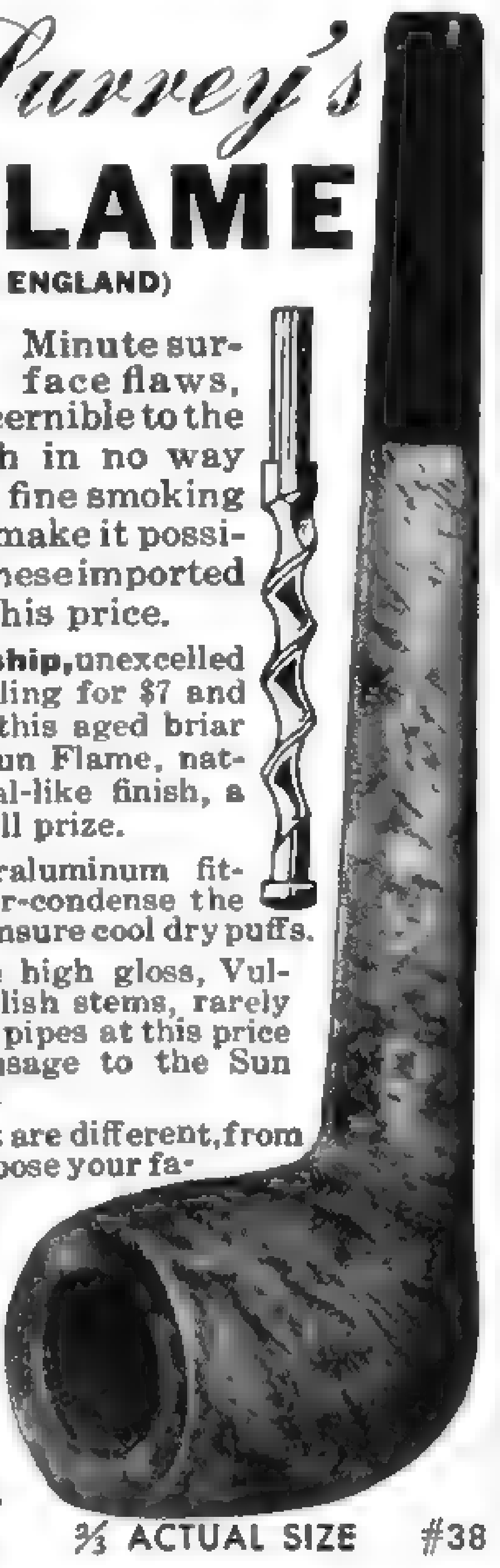
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

John Surrey's
SUN FLAME
(MADE IN ENGLAND)





$1.00 ea. Minute surface flaws, barely discernible to the eye, which in no way impair it's fine smoking qualities, make it possible to sell these imported briars at this price.

Workmanship, unexcelled in pipes selling for $7 and $10, make this aged briar with it's Sun Flame, natural, crystal-like finish, a pipe you will prize.

Spiral, duraluminum fittings, super-condense the smoke and insure cool dry puffs.

Para made high gloss, Vulcanite, English stems, rarely obtained in pipes at this price add long usage to the Sun Flame pipe.

Styles that are different, from which to choose your favorite shape, or better yet, buy a set of seven for less than the price of one of first quality. You can't afford not to get a John Surrey Sun Flame. SEND YOUR ORDER IN TODAY.

John Surrey, Ltd.
72 Nassau St., New York

⅔ ACTUAL SIZE #38

New! MONOGRAMMED GLASSES

$2.35 A Dozen Prepaid

GIFT PROBLEMS *Solved!*

First time-at popular prices—graceful crystal clear 10 oz. tumblers complete with any 3 letter hand etched monogram you wish. Ideal for highballs, ice tea or dinner service. Distinctively monogrammed on guaranteed chip-proof Libbey's Safedge glass. A smart, different gift for weddings, birthdays, showers, bridge prizes—perfect for personal use. Thousands of satisfied customers. Only $2.35 per dozen, prepaid. ($2.50 West of Denver). Safe delivery, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 72-hour service. At your dealers or order direct—NOW! Catalogue on request.

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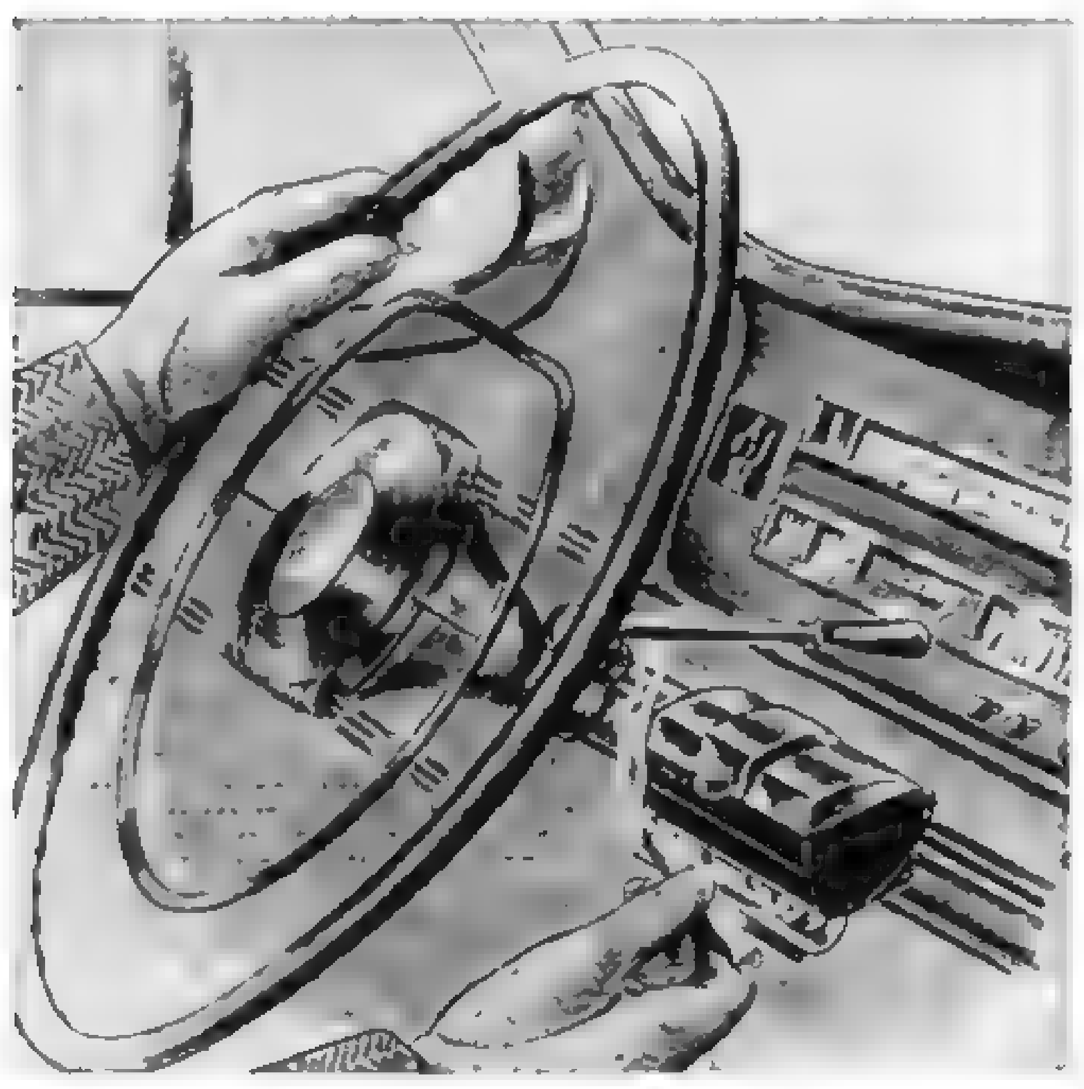
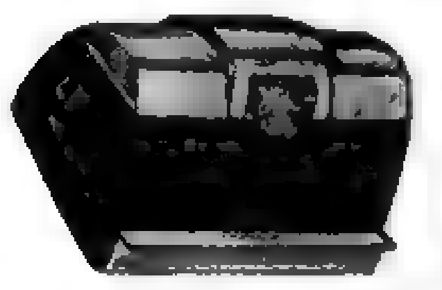
HANDS YOU A LIGHTED CIGARETTE WHILE DRIVING



No fumbling for cigarettes or matches, hand always on wheel—eyes always on road. A fresh, uncrushed lighted cigarette instantly at your fingertips! CONVENIENT, streamlined unit holds 23 cigarettes in humidor-type container. Easily attached to steering post—fits any car. Pres-A-Lite's rich design and colors lend distinction to all cars. Available in six finishes: Gunmetal, or combination of chrome and black grain



at $6.50 POST PAID
Guaranteed
Other Models up to $20

At Your Local Dealer or Use Coupon Below

MASTERBILT PRODUCTS CORP.
212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Enclosed find $__________for
☐ GUNMETAL PRES-A-LITES
☐ BLACK AND CHROME PRES-A-LITES
Name____________________
Street____________________
City______________State__________
Car______________ Year__________

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED DOOR KNOB. Inventors are doing everything to preserve time and tempers. Newest thing is a cast bronze door knob with a button in the center. When you want to find the keyhole underneath, you press the button and a powerful electric light inside the knob shines through an opening, floodlighting the lock. No wires, easy to install.

KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL! You cruise along in a driving spring rain and everything is jake. Then you go to make a turn, and must, perforce, open the window and thrust your trusty left out into the elements, only to be retrieved wet and spotted. Ever think of getting a couple of auto direction indicators? The switch on this particular indicator is so located that you can, without taking your hands off the wheel, flick the control lever which simultaneously indicates which way you are going to turn. With one of these fore and aft, you can show both the guy in back of you and the cop in front of you which way you want to turn. Some states, they tell us, have already passed laws making it illegal to operate cars without a proper turn signal of this general sort. If two are used, then a driver involved in an accident has legal immunity.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, BOYS? Russell Patterson, the artist, has dished up a handkerchief of imported silk, which, in addition to being a swell show-er for the breast pocket or even a neckerchief, is a colorful map of the important nightclubs and hotels of Manhattan and even the streets upon which they are found. Around the border he thoughtfully adds the names of some of the town's best known head waiters. Good gag gift.

ELECTRIC ALARM LANTERN. As against kidnappers, burglars, etc., there's a 3-pound lantern which, when set to operate at a window or door, will sound both a loud alarm and throw a powerful beam of light upon anyone raising the window or opening the door. If the intruder then closes either door or window, the lantern continues to function. Battery is so powerful it will supposedly give 12 continuous hours of light. If you want to use the device as a lantern only, just spring the switch arm under a clip which turns on the light and disconnects the alarm circuit.

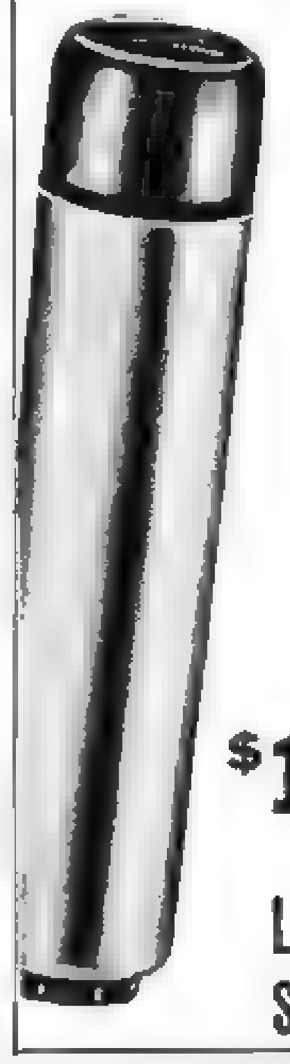
MEN! YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE CAKES...and here's how. The usually lengthy and distasteful job of breaking in a new pipe is, we have it, appreciably shortened by a new application with which you coat the inside of your pipe bowl each time before smoking. The stuff is a combination of natural honey, liquid charcoal and tragacanth (white or reddish gum). After a few smokes this mixture produces a very fine cake.

VEST POCKET PIPES. Everything for your convenience, gentlemen. A pipe that folds up to vest pocket size and yet when unfolded gives a real "he-man-sized" smoke. The stem is affixed to the thin, elongated bowl on a sort of swivel which you swing *out* to smoke and swing *in* to pocket.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

"NEITHER WIND NOR RAIN, NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT—"
Can Cramp My Style—I'm
GLOPOINT-LEKTROLITE

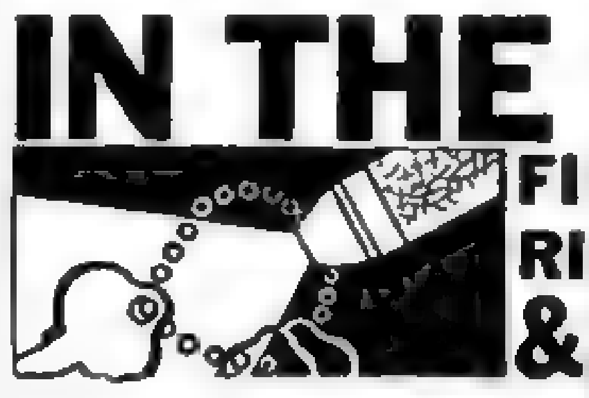


I glow but never flare up or let off sparks. I never get temperamental and go on strike. Just press the button, puff, and there's the glow that never fails. I'm seen at the best clubs and hobnob with the masses. Other Lektrolite models from $1 to $10. Sold by dealers everywhere or order direct.

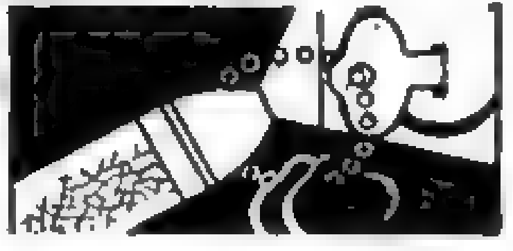
$1

LEKTROLITE CORPORATION
Stamford • Connecticut

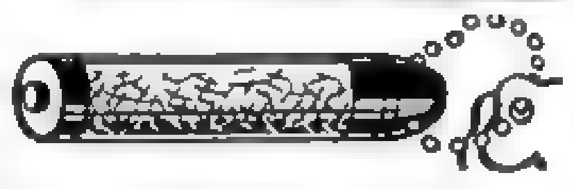
IN THE DARK



FIND THE RIGHT KEY & THE KEYHOLE WITH ......



KEY CHAIN LITE



Key chain is attached at the head...most convenient ...vest pocket size...takes standard battery and bulb, replacements available in 10c stores . . . Use to read theatre programs, find house numbers, make up in dark...Handsome—chrome plated, flashlight covered with genuine pigskin or black pinseal. Complete at your gift or dept. store, or send $1.00 to

APEX PRODUCTS CORP., 142 W. 24th St., N.Y.C.
Initials embossed in 22K gold 25c extra.

FREE STYLE-MART SPORT QUIZ!

What horse won the Kentucky Derby in 1930? What sport drew most spectators in 1938? You'll find the answers to these and many other sport-wise questions in the new STYLE-MART SPORT QUIZ FOR 1939.

Q. How to obtain a free copy of this interesting book?
A. Turn to the Style-Mart ads on page 156 of this issue and you'll see.

STYLE-MART CLOTHES
Merit Clothing Company, Inc., Mayfield, Ky.

if you could only cook . . .

Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE'S 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you as skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint. This is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on it's up to you.

50 cents in stamps brings you esquire's authentic "culinary counsel for men"

Esquire
366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

AMERICAN AIRLINES
AMERICAN AIRLINES

★The vast coast-to-coast system of American Airlines, Inc., places America literally at the feet of those of a mind to conquer it—opportunities for business or recreation which exist only for those who get there first—and frequently! The luxurious comfort of Flagship travel conserves precious energy and establishes that sense of poise and well-being so noticeable among people who've the habit of succeeding. The Flagship's amazing speed actually creates Time—time in which to do things other folks miss! Your travel agent can give you exact information on when and where Flagships fly ...and at how small a cost! Or telephone the nearest American Airlines office.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

MODERN
AS NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR

SILVERICE*

Bright colored balls that chill but don't dilute

Next time you throw a party...cool the drinks with tinkling Silverice . . . gay-colored glass balls, filled with frozen water sealed inside. Silverice stays cold longer than ordinary ice and lends a smart touch to your beverages. Keeps salads, olives, even desserts, crisp and cool. Use it again and again...just slip the little balls into your freezing compartment. Silverice saves you filling trays, and spilling water, and won't stick to the trays.

fruit shapes: Tomatoes, Limes, Lemons, Oranges, Cherries. (In natural colors)

jewel tones: Blue, Amber, Green, Wine. (Transparent Spheres) Box of 4—$1.00. Box of 6—$1.50. Indicate style and quantity desired.

At leading stores everywhere. Or, send cheque or money order with your dealer's name to...

SILVERICE, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York City
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—Patented. Other Pat. Pend.

Smart *Pep* for Your Wardrobe!

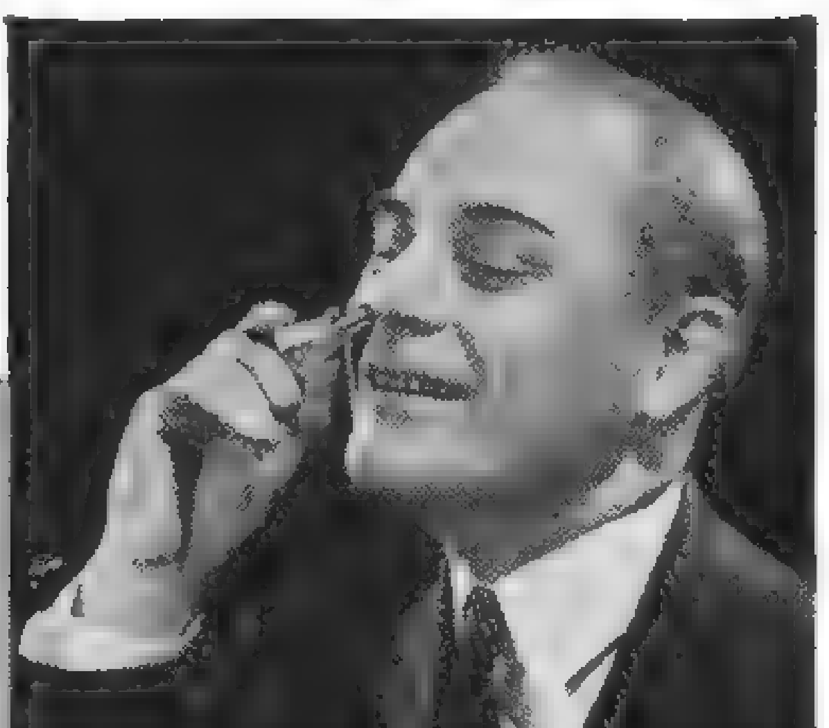
HARRIS Knit Braces

All colors—in plain and horizontal stripe combinations. Genuine Calfskin leather ends.

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and $1.50 (specify color and size—reg. or large).

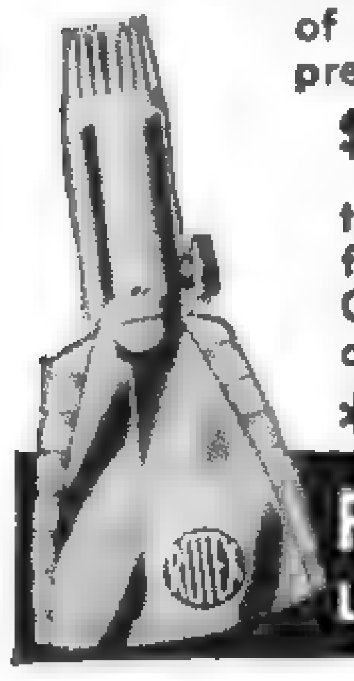
HARRIS SUSPENDERS
50 WEST 29th ST., NEW YORK



Amazing NEW INVENTION*

SAFELY REMOVES UGLY HAIR from NOSE and EARS

Serious danger lurks each time a hair is pulled but now, thanks to automatic Rotex, embarrassing hairs are cleanly clipped without pain or fear of infection. Simple to use—just a flick of the fingers with one hand and presto, the annoying hair is gone.



$2.50 Vest pocket size—Easily sterilized—Guaranteed to please you or money refunded. Stainless steel $3.50. Obtainable at your dealer or direct from us.

Precision Built

ROTEX MFG. CO., INC.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

ABOUT THE FAIR. If you *had* to walk all over 1216½ acres that make up the mighty New York World's Fair on your own power, you'd probably be stricken with that well known malady known as "fair feet." The Fair people, however, have worked up a great foot saving system of transportation within the grounds. Buses galore, large ones where you sit back to back along two continuous seats running the full length of the bus; tractor trains which push their noses into highways and byways; electric chairs driven by motors. If you broke your tibia or are plain indifferent about using your pedal extremities, there will be invalid chairs which can be used *inside* the buildings.

FOOT CONDITIONER. As an added footnote, you can lay in a supply of foot lotion with which you massage your feet nightly. The stuff is mentholated for coolness and they say it's a great relief to tired nerves.

READY FOR THE KICKOFF. In the Hall of Man, the Life Expectancy machine tells you how long it will be before you "shuffle off this mortal coil." Just set the device at your age and the mechanism shows the probable number of years lying ahead. Let *that* be a lesson to you!

THIS THING CALLED ALLERGY will be shown in a private exhibit displaying how any one of more than 50 common excitants ranging from pets to face powder may be responsible for hay fever, asthma, skin conditions and other allergic manifestations. Also demonstrates the procedure by which the physician establishes the cause and eradicates the allergy by specific serums.

WOOL FROM SKIMMED MILK. In the Italian Building you'll have an interesting time watching a machine which shows how fleecy wool can be manufactured from skimmed milk.

VITAMINS MAKE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE. In one of the food exhibits you'll be able to push buttons selecting your dishes for a typical daily menu. You are then shown whether you are getting enough vitamins for good health. The vitamins themselves will actually be shown. A battery of stationary bicycles, attached to electric generators, will permit you to ride and test your energy, a row of lights glowing one by one as you increase your speed. It will show how much energy there is in a slice of bread, enough to light all the ten lights, equivalent to riding up a long hill.

MAN-MADE LIGHTNING. In an electrical exhibit, ten million volts of man-made lightning will blast a 30-foot arc through space in a demonstration which is very much alive. These artificial bolts, surpassing many of the natural kind so far as inherent voltage is concerned, will split tree trunks and shatter blocks in the parade of controlled electric power.

DAIRY DATA. "The Dairy World of Tomorrow" exhibit proves that the cow of the future may have no men in her life. She'll be milked by electricity and even when a Guernsey gal, say, is in fine fettle, she may get artificial insemination. A group of 150 selected bovines are on constant display at the Fair. They are nourished by scientifically prepared food, rest on special bedding, are bathed with body temperature water before each of 3 daily milkings, dried with individual sterilized cloths. You'll be able to see them milked in groups on an electrically operated rotolactor. All these cows must get used to being southpaws as they are milked from the left side to afford spectators a clearer view (the farmer in you knows that the *right* side is the usual approach). Result of all this, the exhibitors claim, is that super cows give super milk . . . and plenty!

Dogs catch cold, *too!*

FORTIFY YOUR DOG WITH RED HEART DOG BISCUITS—RICH IN SUNSHINE VITAMIN D!

- Dogs catch cold just as humans do—and the symptoms are the same: sneezing, sniffling, coughing.

Good nourishing food will help protect your dog. Include Red Heart Dog Biscuits in his daily diet. They're abundant in essential minerals and vitamins—and they help safeguard your dog's teeth by providing needed gnawing exercise. Three flavors in each package: beef, fish, cheese. Free booklet! *Dogs, Their Care and Feeding.* Write today. John Morrell & Co., Dept. 165, Ottumwa, Iowa.

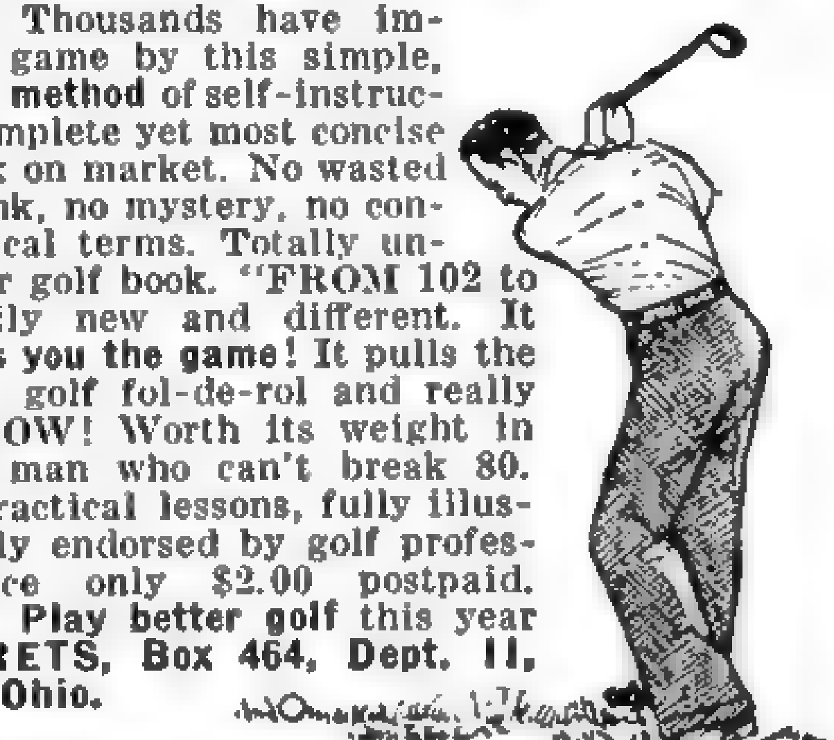
RED HEART THE 3 FLAVOR
DOG BISCUITS

GOLFERS

FROM A HUNDRED AND TWO
TO EIGHTY-TWO
IN A MONTH OR TWO

Improve Your Game

Stop slicing, pulling, topping, and divot-digging. Make every stroke count. Cut down your score to where you'll be proud of it. "FROM 102 to 82 IN A MONTH OR TWO" will **help** you. Shows you the **how** and the **why** of every move necessary to achieve professional form. Thousands have improved their game by this simple, scientific **new method** of self-instruction. Most complete yet most concise golf text book on market. No wasted words, no bunk, no mystery, no confusing technical terms. Totally unlike any other golf book. "FROM 102 to 82" is totally new and different. It really **teaches you the game!** It pulls the veil from all golf fol-de-rol and really shows you HOW! Worth its weight in gold to any man who can't break 80. Thirty-two practical lessons, fully illustrated. Highly endorsed by golf professionals. Price only $2.00 postpaid. Order today! **Play better golf** this year **GOLF SECRETS, Box 464, Dept. 11, Springfield, Ohio.**



GOLF SECRETS

DON'T BE CALLED SHORTY!

Why let short stature interfere with social and business success, **WHEN YOU CAN BE TALL?** This new scientific aid for the Short Man, fits snugly into your shoe and can *increase your height* up to 1 1-2 inches. Fits the foot in rest or motion.

Act Now! Find out how you can add to your HEIGHT at an amazingly low cost. Write for booklet "A".

FAIRWAY PRODUCTS, 11 West 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

NEW! STREAMLINE FENDER GUIDE

Ultra-modern — Made of chromed brass and stainless steel. Can't rust. Quickly attached to any car—adjustable, reversible, theft-proof. Send $1.95 check or money order today! Produced by makers of famous Apco Automotive Equipment.

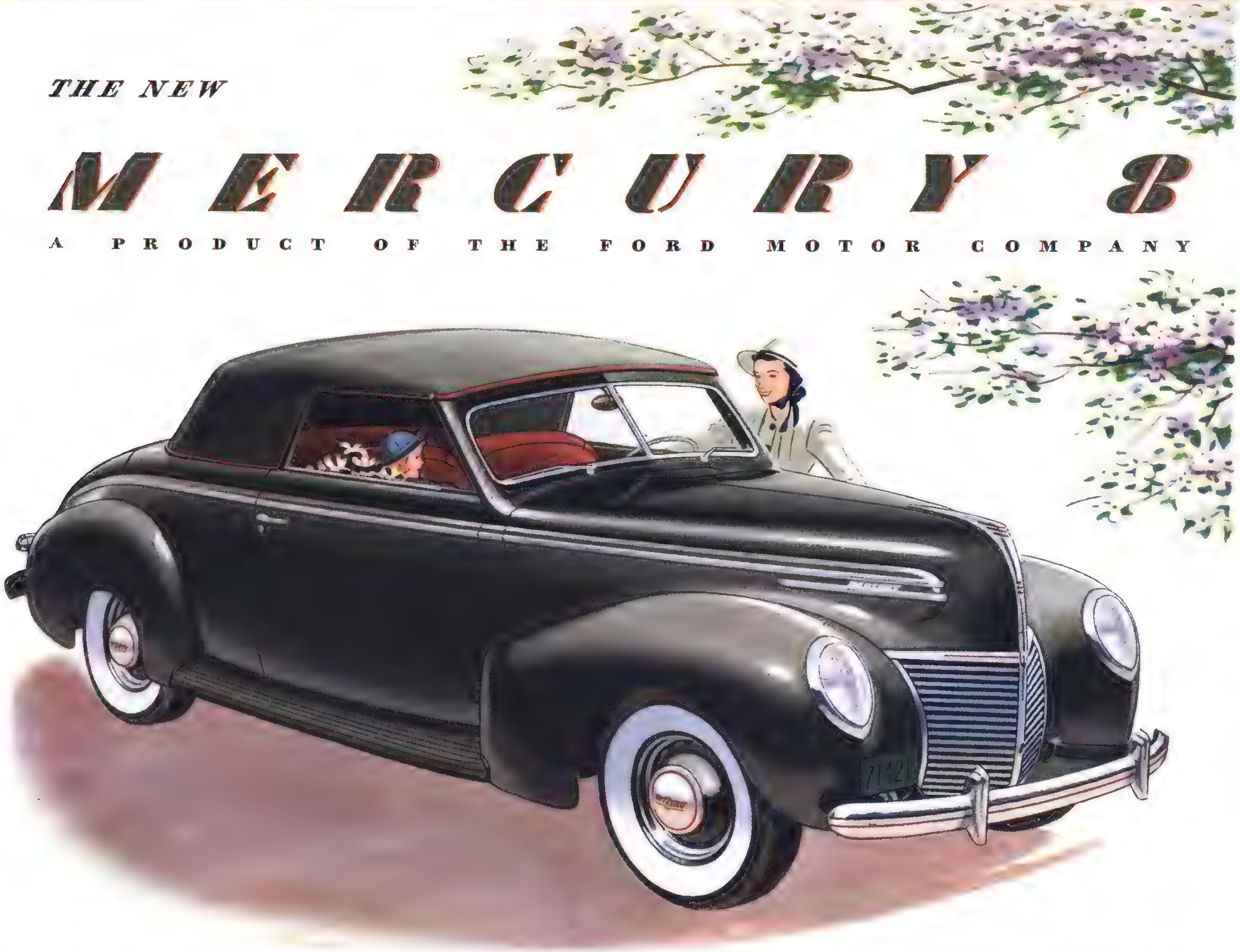
APCO MOSSBERG CO.
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Thirty-five years ago, the Ford Motor Company manufactured its first automobile. The accumulated experience of all those thirty-five years now finds new expression in an entirely new car, the Mercury 8 . . . designed to extend Ford-Lincoln standards of mechanical excellence, progressive design and outstanding value to a new price field.

THE NEW

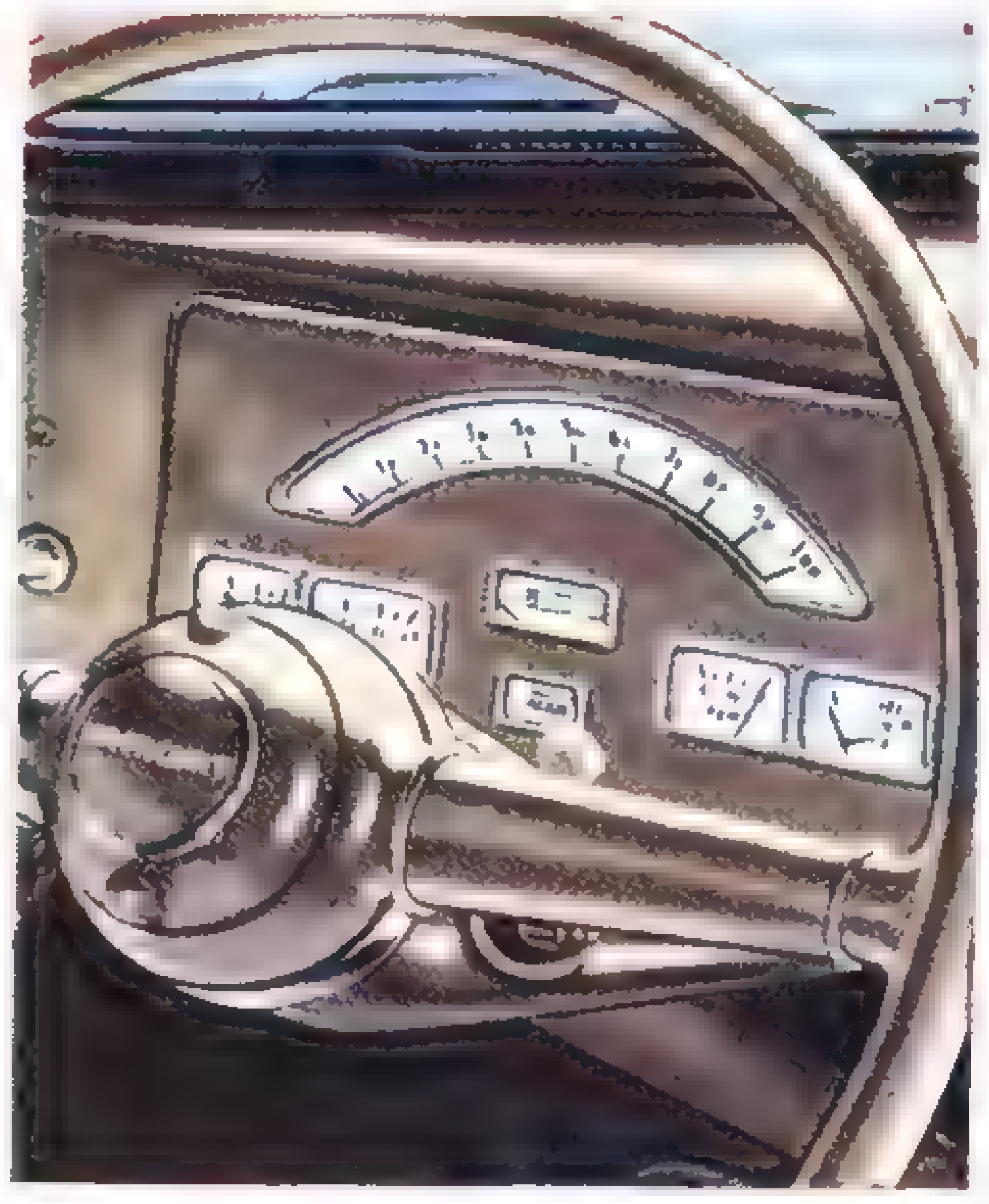
MERCURY 8

A PRODUCT OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY



There's something as new as the Spring in the clean, sweeping lines of the Mercury 8. It is wide and remarkably roomy, but skilful design has made its bulk beautiful. • There's extra smoothness and silence, too, as well as extra space. Soundproofing materials help reduce noise and vibration. Restful quiet is as much a part of the Mercury's comfort as its soft, deep seats. • The Mercury has hydraulic brakes and a brilliant new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine. All its appointments are as modern as the new steering wheel and instrument panel shown at right.

Ford welcomes you at Two Great Fairs—New York and San Francisco, 1939



FEATURES OF THE MERCURY 8

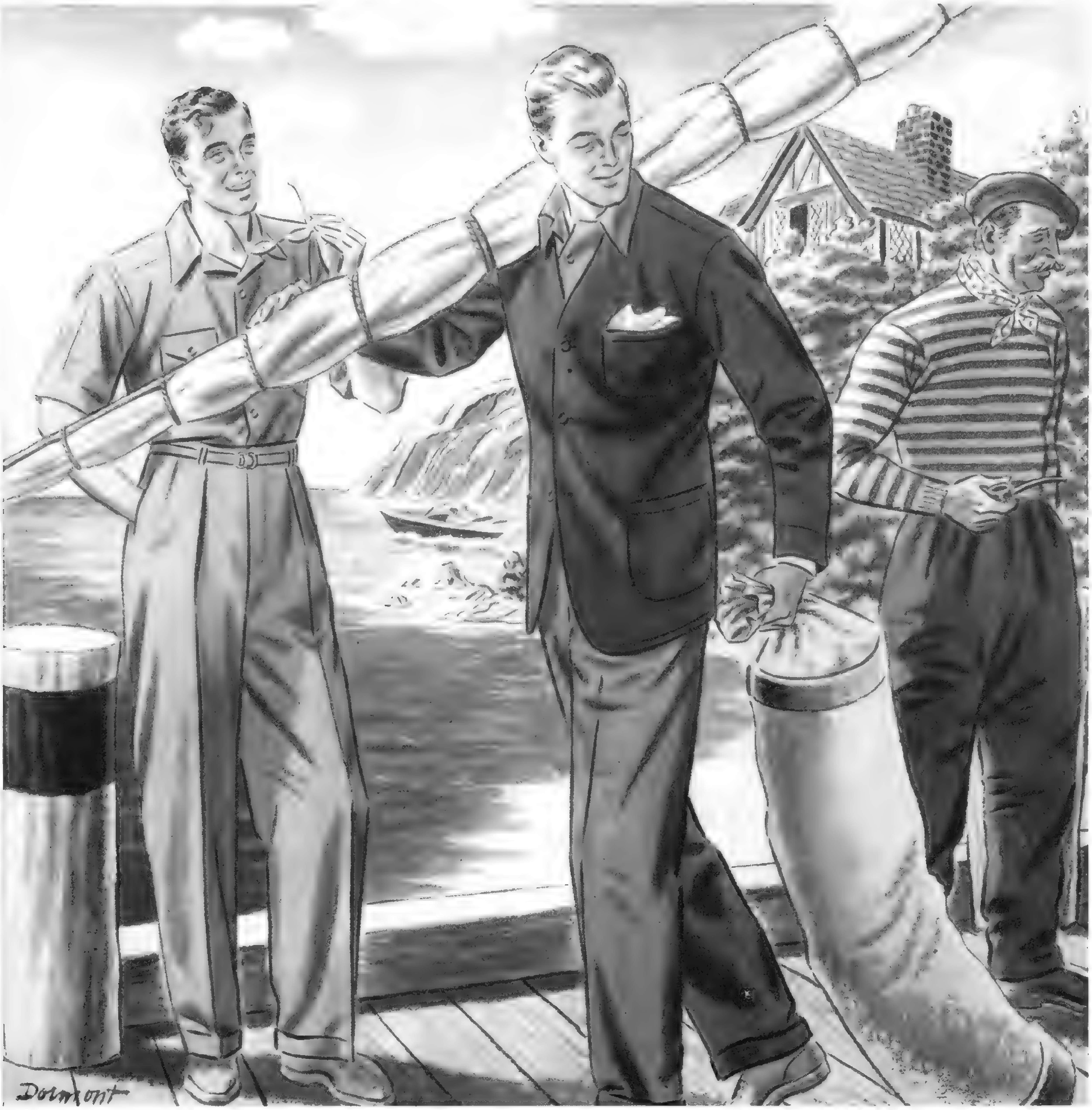
116-inch wheelbase; 16 feet, 4 inches over-all length • Unusual width and room for passengers • 95-hp. V-type 8-cylinder engine • Hydraulic brakes • Modern flowing lines • Luxurious appointments and upholstery • Deep, soft seat construction • Thorough scientific soundproofing • Balanced weight distribution and center-poise design • Large luggage compartments.

FORD-BUILT MEANS TOP VALUE

FORD MOTOR COMPANY . . . FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

Right you are in SKIPPER *Sportswear...*

featured in fabrics containing fine SPUN RAYON*



. . . AND LEISURE'S MORE PLEASURE, TOO!

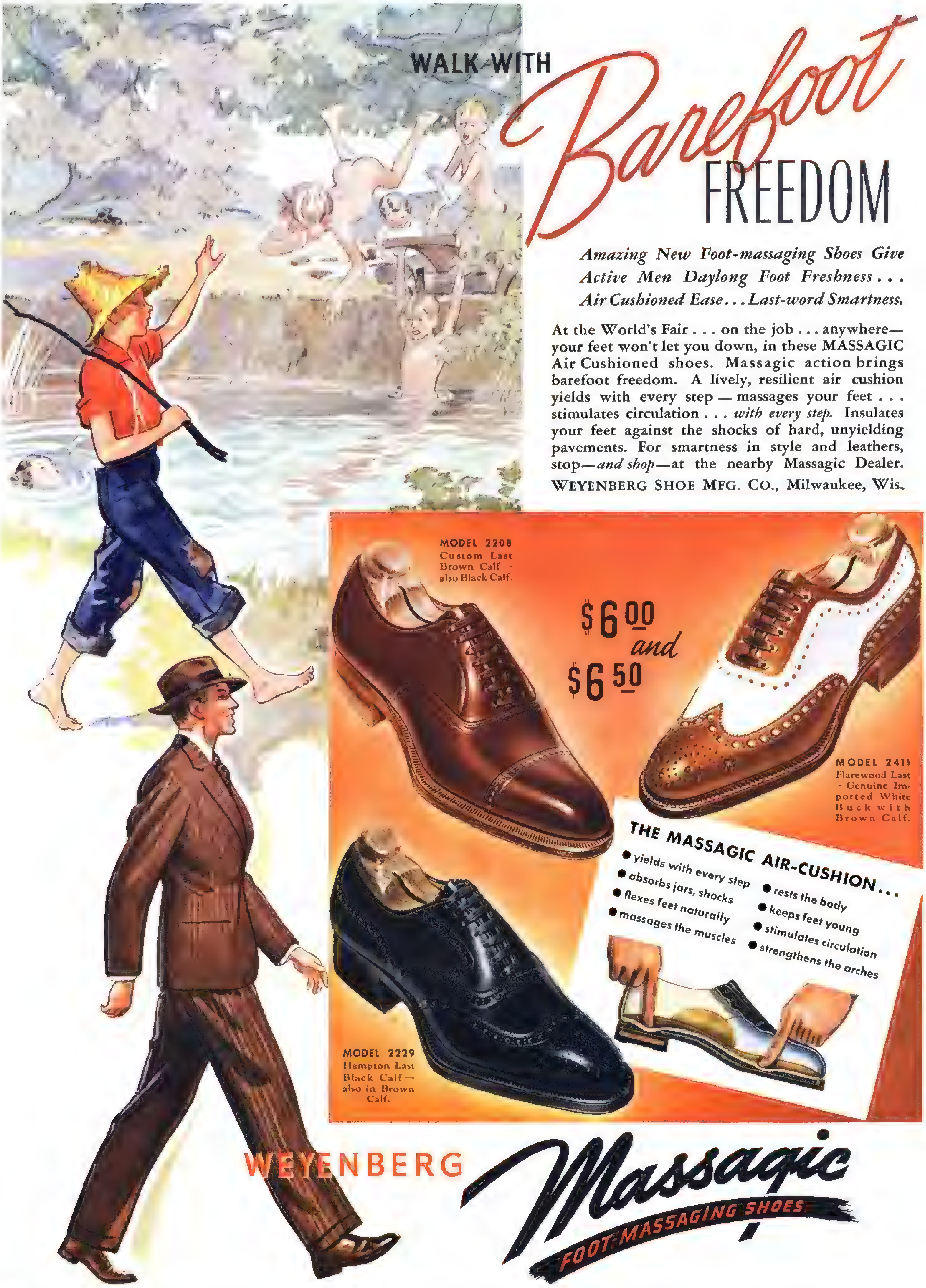
Correct *fabrics*—containing the finest in Spun Rayon, *approved* for dry cleanability, seam strength, and a Spartan-like ability to stand up under the strain of outdoor activity.

Correct *styling*—the Skipper label spells the latest in accepted sportswear fashion . . . plus fine workmanship, careful finish, and consistent proportions to provide good fit.

The *Related Fashions* shown are new Spun Rayon ensembles—correctly casual, and casually correct. Left: the in-n-outer shirt, with matching slacks. Center: the new half coat worn over a polo shirt, with slacks in complementary colorings. Right: the boatman in a basque shirt, with cotton sail-cloth slacks. See all three where the Skipper line is shown.

*Most fabrics contain some cotton and mohair also.

WILSON BROTHERS Chicago • New York • San Francisco



WALK WITH *Barefoot* FREEDOM

Amazing New Foot-massaging Shoes Give Active Men Daylong Foot Freshness . . . Air Cushioned Ease . . . Last-word Smartness.

At the World's Fair . . . on the job . . . anywhere—your feet won't let you down, in these MASSAGIC Air Cushioned shoes. Massagic action brings barefoot freedom. A lively, resilient air cushion yields with every step — massages your feet . . . stimulates circulation . . . *with every step.* Insulates your feet against the shocks of hard, unyielding pavements. For smartness in style and leathers, stop—*and shop*—at the nearby Massagic Dealer.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

MODEL 2208 Custom Last Brown Calf · also Black Calf.

$6.00 *and* $6.50

MODEL 2411 Flarewood Last · Genuine Imported White Buck with Brown Calf.

THE MASSAGIC AIR-CUSHION . . .

- yields with every step
- absorbs jars, shocks
- flexes feet naturally
- massages the muscles
- rests the body
- keeps feet young
- stimulates circulation
- strengthens the arches

MODEL 2229 Hampton Last Black Calf — also in Brown Calf.

WEYENBERG *Massagic* FOOT-MASSAGING SHOES

WEYENBERG . . . MEN'S QUALITY SHOES SINCE 1896

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John Kobler

Since appearing in Esquire with *Murder is a Minstrel*, John Kobler has published a book through Doubleday: *The Trial of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray;* has sold a script to Universal Pictures and written several chapters of a book on the history of the practical joke. He has a collection of non-fiction crime (1000 items) he'd be happy to part with. And his current contribution is *Hicks, Fin de Siècle Pirate.*

•

McNeill Vereen Bell was born in Southwold, Suffolk, England, where his people had built boats since the seventeenth century. After studying at London University for awhile, he was, in turn, a shipwright, schoolmaster and journalist. During the War he served in Belgium and France. He contributed to *English Review*, *Punch* and the *Daily Mail*, then gave up journalism and settled in a small cottage on the coast of South Cornwall where he wrote *The Seventh Bowl* and got married. The novel was a failure but he's had two sons and one daughter. His next book, *Precious Porcelain*, did all right, and he moved to Devon, thence to Kent, and now lives in Sussex. Some of his other books, published in this country by Little Brown, include *Winding Road, The Son of Richard Garden, The Days Dividing, Mixed Pickles* (short stories) and *Strange Melody.*

McNeill Vereen Bell

•

We don't know why we're always writing long panegyrics of total strangers' books while our own discoveries go without shoes. Anyhow, this is to announce that Louis Paul wrote a book called *The Wrong World*, published last fall by Doubleday Doran.

•

Eric Knight, who wrote *I Knew They'd Never Make It*, page 81, says he is getting all he saw and smelt and tasted and regurgitated in England early last year into a novel called *In All Her Palaces*. This novel has the same setting as *Song On Your Bugles*. He hopes it will say something of strong, deep truth about a village on the dole and how it is with the people in the village, and what happens to them, even the finest of them, when the days drip away and they stand on the corners of the street and look at British industry that doesn't turn a wheel, and learn to live in a life that has no meaning for them.

Eric Knight

•

The Innocent "Go-Between" by Ahmed Nury is a classic of Turkish literature, translated into English by Colin Norman Reid, who is an ex-intelligence officer in Turkey and Arabia.

•

After reading E. Simms Campbell's recent piece about the birth of Swing, a music publisher wrote him the following letter:

I enjoyed very much your article of recence called, *Jam in the Nineties*, published in the December 1938 issue of Esquire Magazine.

I am writing you concerning the reference to the number, *Squeeze Me*, to which you attributed its writing to a Negro in Detroit. I wish to inform you that this tune was written by Fats Waller in the early '20s and was first called *Boston Blues*. It was brought to Clarence Williams under the title, *It Seems To Me*, and several lyrics were written by such writers as Henry Kramer, Chris Smith, and Spencer Williams, but none of the lyrics seemed to fit the tune. It was at one time called *Kiss Ma Again*, but the title was changed because of the conflict with the song *Kiss Me Again*. Then Clarence Williams wrote *Squeeze Me.*

I am sorry that the information which you gave out was so insufficient. Had you contacted me for an interview, I would have been very glad to give you these facts. However, I hope you will find some way to rectify this and do justice to the authors.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,
Clarence Williams

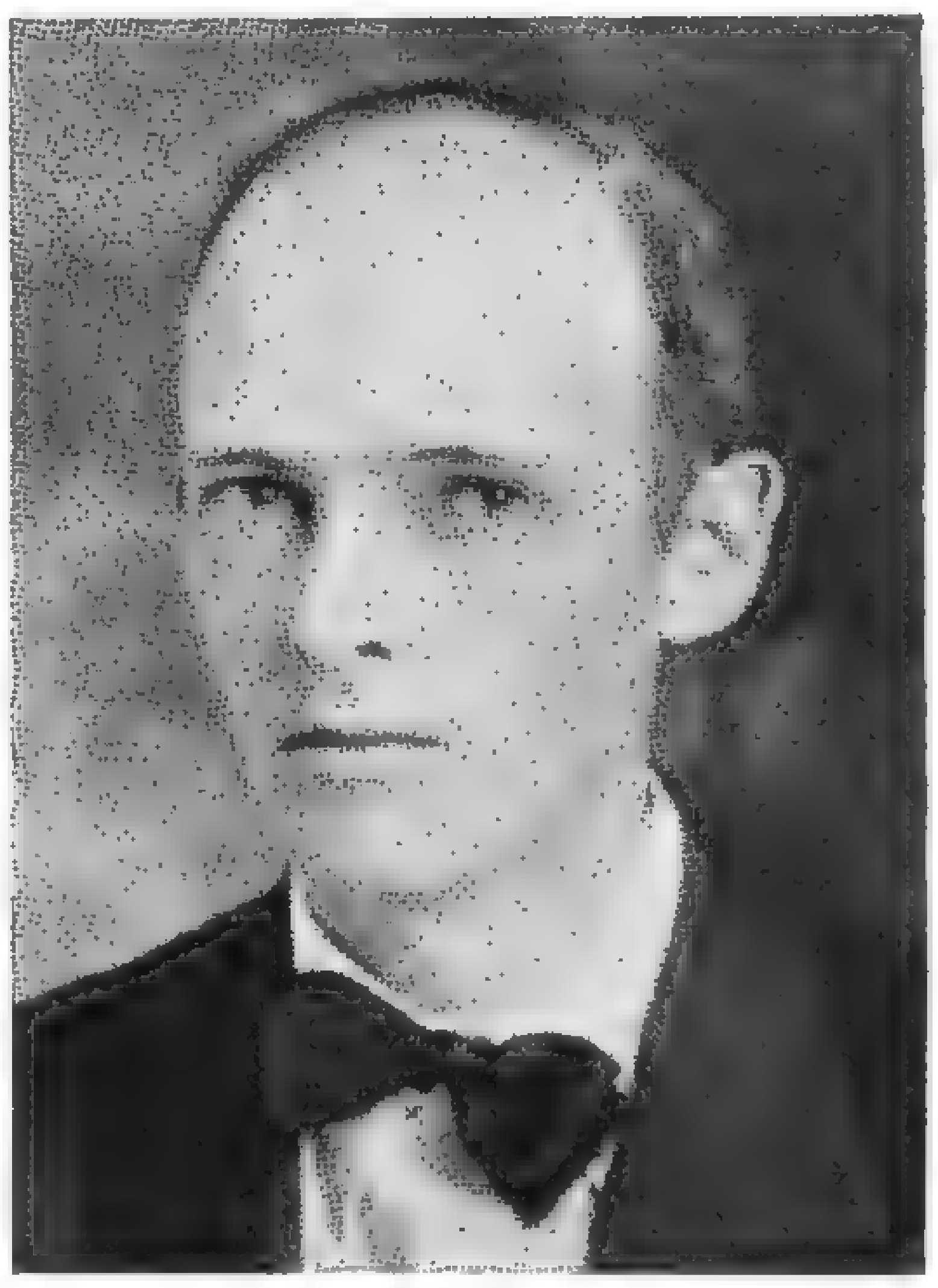
•

Richard Tooker says: "My debut as a 'gay dude banditeer' dates twenty-five years a-gone on the Dakota plains. I had a paint hoss mare subject to bad cinch galls, and often rode her without a cinch on the saddle. She was plenty mean, and I thought nothing of riding a horseless saddle through the air to an unhappy landing in a cactus patch. Since then my blanket roll has been spread in the editorial corral of the Fawcett magazines and other northwestern publications, followed by the torrid adventure path as a U. S. Marine in Haiti. Down there we slept on the bare wire of army cots to get air circulation under us. I've lived in Phoenix, Arizona for the past five years. It isn't hot enough for me. Aside from selling a few million words of fiction and fact, I've killed two scorpions in the parlor. A black widow has a den in the bathroom, but I can't catch her out neked or you know what! I made sharpshooter with a service forty-five automatic, but what I know about gun slinging is what the other fellow said."

Richard Tooker

•

The E. Simms Campbells have a girl baby, Elizabeth Ann, born on Valentine's Day.


Franklin Reynolds

Franklin Reynolds (*Whispers Then—Traditions Now!*, page 77) divides his time between a novel which he predicts few people will like, and a blonde named Suzanne, fifteen months old. He lives in Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, and wants the world to know he's an unreconstructed Rebel, preferring cornbread and corn liquor to caviar and champagne, and refusing to drink anything that hasn't been distilled south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

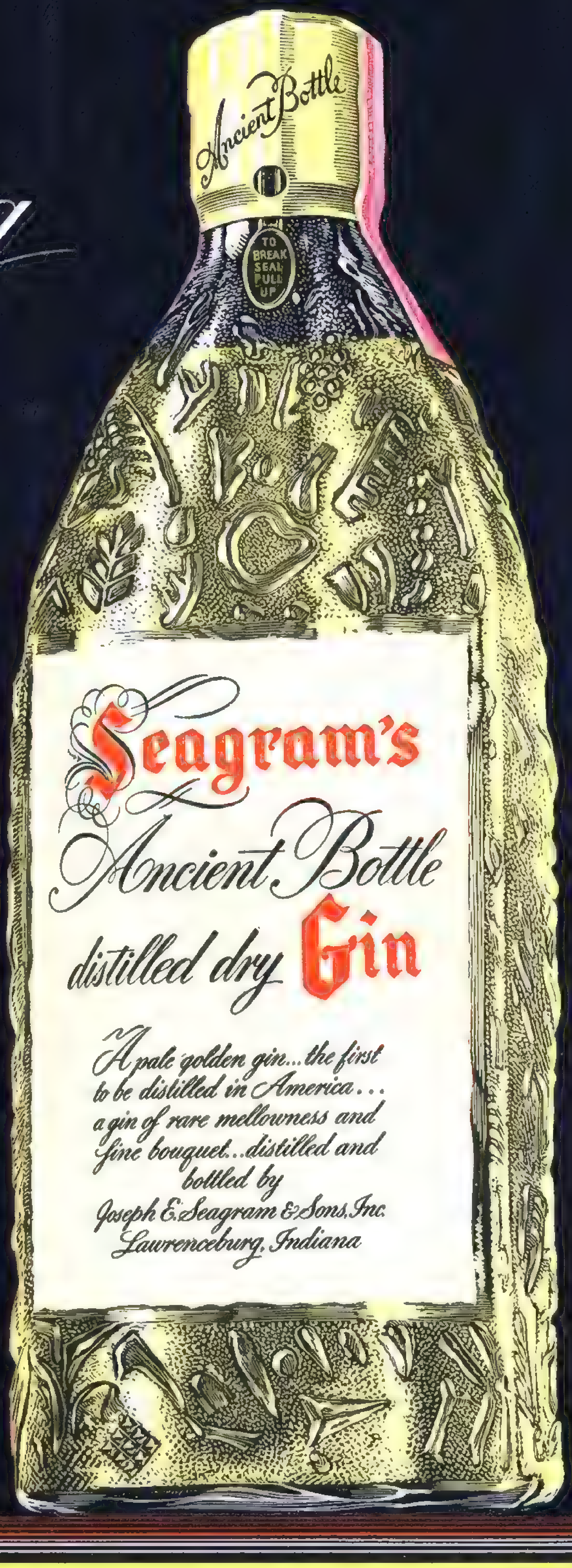
•

Edgar Lee Masters (*Dreiser at Spoon River*, page 66) wrote: "This is a photograph of a painting that Gordon Stevenson made of me. About myself I have been incredibly busy for three years. In the fall of 1935 I published *Invisible Landscapes*, a book of poems. The following winter *The Golden Fleece* of California, a long poem. Then followed my biography of Vachel Lindsay in the fall of 1936 and just before that in the summer, *Poems of People;* in March, 1937 *Walt Whitman*, in the fall of 1937 *The Tide of Time*, a long novel, *The New World*, my epic of America, and I had almost forgotten my autobiography, *Across Spoon River*, and *Mark Twain, A Portrait*, published last spring in March."

Edgar Lee Masters

Presenting

The World's Finest Gin


Ancient Bottle
TO BREAK SEAL PULL UP
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin... the first to be distilled in America... a gin of rare mellowness and fine bouquet... distilled and bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices: New York

America's Newest Summertime Drink

Ancient Bottle Gin and Soda

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM proudly calls your attention to Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin . . . which we sincerely believe to be the only gin of its kind made in the United States or Great Britain.

Pale golden (its natural color), as mellow and smooth-tasting as a vintage sauterne, Seagram's Ancient Bottle is delicious in a Martini—or *even when sipped straight.*

Try it the new summer-time way—with just soda. Make it exactly as you would a whiskey highball. Be among the first to serve this distinguished drink.

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Distilled Dry Gin
90 Proof—Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

AT "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND STORES

The Future of Our Business Depends Upon Your Good-Will

THE VIEWPOINT OF "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND STORES

[AS INTERPRETED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM]

YOU, AS CITIZENS of America, called us into existence because you wanted liquor sold and served in your community under conditions of law and order.

Most of us have learned in the past five years that we cannot exist as a permanent factor in our communities *without* your good-will.

We realize that the public is forming its opinion of the liquor business by the conduct of the bars and stores. In effect, we are the "public relations department" for the entire industry. It is a serious responsibility. The jobs of more than a million workers depend, directly or indirectly, upon the sound and stable future of the liquor industry.

Most of us are striving to merit your confidence and your respect by conducting our establishments in a manner that will do credit to ourselves, our families and our communities. We know that the only way to win your good-will is *to earn it!*

* * *

The House of Seagram, one of America's largest distillers, is proud to sponsor this Good-Will Campaign for "America's Finest" Bars and Stores. Its objectives, we believe, are in keeping with the spirit of Seagram's policy of "Moderation", which we have advocated so persistently over the past 5 years.

Good-Will Campaign for Bars & Stores Sponsored by the House of Seagram

"AMERICA'S FINEST"

Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
7
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN
6 YEARS OLD

"Canada's Finest"

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey—"America's Finest"—A rich tasting whiskey without a trace of heaviness. Blended by master craftsmen. 60% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey—"America's Finest"—A milder tasting whiskey with a superb fineness of bouquet. A national favorite. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Blended Canadian Whisky—"Canada's Finest"—deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying. A masterpiece of the blender's art. "Canada's Finest" Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. 6 years old.

You'll see the Good-Will sign on the opposite page in thousands of "America's Finest" Bars and Stores—except in states where signs are not permitted.

Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

YOU'LL SEE THIS SIGN IN THOUSANDS OF "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND STORES

We want the Good-Will of our Community

Therefore:

1 We pledge our full cooperation to maintain the service of this establishment so that it will at all times be a credit to the community.

2 We advocate moderation.

3 We believe that drinking and driving do not mix.

4 We will not sell to minors.

5 We believe in living up to the spirit—as well as the letter of the law.

6 We will not practice "substitution"

7 We carry "the finest" whiskies, gins, wines and cordials.

8 We earnestly strive to merit the confidence of our customers.

9 We need your cooperation; we want your GOOD-WILL.

Presented to this Establishment by
THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

Gulfweight

—the suit that takes you out of the swelter-weight class and puts you into the welter-weight class!

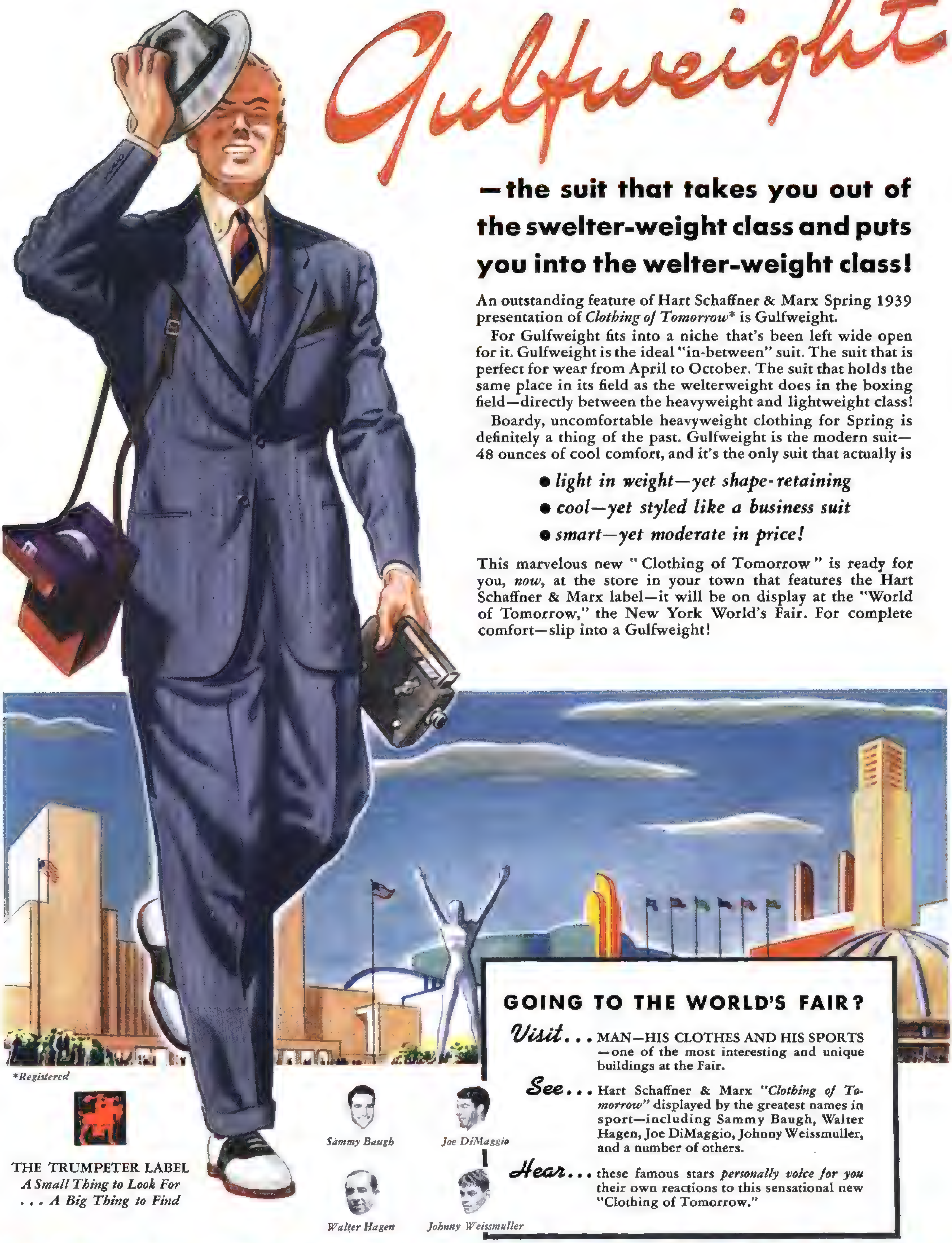
An outstanding feature of Hart Schaffner & Marx Spring 1939 presentation of *Clothing of Tomorrow** is Gulfweight.

For Gulfweight fits into a niche that's been left wide open for it. Gulfweight is the ideal "in-between" suit. The suit that is perfect for wear from April to October. The suit that holds the same place in its field as the welterweight does in the boxing field—directly between the heavyweight and lightweight class!

Boardy, uncomfortable heavyweight clothing for Spring is definitely a thing of the past. Gulfweight is the modern suit—48 ounces of cool comfort, and it's the only suit that actually is

- *light in weight—yet shape-retaining*
- *cool—yet styled like a business suit*
- *smart—yet moderate in price!*

This marvelous new "Clothing of Tomorrow" is ready for you, *now*, at the store in your town that features the Hart Schaffner & Marx label—it will be on display at the "World of Tomorrow," the New York World's Fair. For complete comfort—slip into a Gulfweight!



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THE TRUMPETER LABEL
A Small Thing to Look For
. . . A Big Thing to Find

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR?

Visit. . . MAN—HIS CLOTHES AND HIS SPORTS—one of the most interesting and unique buildings at the Fair.

See. . . Hart Schaffner & Marx "*Clothing of Tomorrow*" displayed by the greatest names in sport—including Sammy Baugh, Walter Hagen, Joe DiMaggio, Johnny Weissmuller, and a number of others.

Hear. . . these famous stars *personally voice for you* their own reactions to this sensational new "Clothing of Tomorrow."

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

So the Canals Didn't Run Red

The British were in a tough spot in 1916 and if they were not tempted to invade Holland, they were not human

by RAYMOND GRAM SWING

▪ ARTICLE ▪

This is the inside story of how Holland was saved from invasion during the World War. Or maybe it isn't that at all, but only the inside story of a huge and even unethical mistake and misunderstanding on my part. To this moment I have not decided about my ethics in the matter. But to this moment I believe that Holland was in danger of being invaded.

If the British did not give the deepest consideration to the invasion of Holland in the World War, they were not human. They must have been tempted. Their existence was at stake, the stalemate in France was inexpressibly frustrating. Germany was building submarines which might starve them in 1917. In 1916, the year of this story, pessimism was mounting in London. The United States was to have the full force of it by the following spring, when President Wilson was frankly told that only American intervention could save the Allies from defeat.

The invasion of Holland would permit the entry of Allied troops into Germany, *behind* the distended line of the Western Front. Germany would have had to retreat back to the Rhineland, the homeland. They would have to give up Belgium, a primary British objective. Germany would be defending its own soil, the devastations of the war would be visited on the Germans. What general staff officer could fail to appreciate all this? And the more he thought about it, the more his scruples would evaporate. War is like that. The will to win is stronger than any scruple.

In 1916 I was correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* in Berlin. The blockade was beginning to cut down the German food supply, and every month, graced with an American passport, I could cross into Holland and eat a week end of nourishing meals. I fed my body, and I also fed my spirit. I hated the war. I hated what war had done to the German nation, any nation. It stopped the flow of reason. It made anger and incrimination into a cult, so that it became a duty to believe the most incredible nonsense. The only way for me to be at home in Germany was to adopt the cult, to deceive myself as my neighbors deceived themselves, and I was incapable of it. Holland became a refuge for me. The Dutch were neutral, and I grew to love them and their neat, industrious little patch of the world, loved them with an almost morbid passion. They stood for sanity and reasonableness, while Germany was deathly ill with the insanity of war. And not to be too idealistic, they also served good, nourishing meals. So about once a month I crossed over into Holland, visited friends I had there, and ate omelets, drank milk, and piled thick layers of butter on my white bread.

I must explain that, being a correspondent, I had "connections" in the German government. The Wilhelmstrasse did not much like me, I was down on their books as "anti-German," but I knew von Bethmann-Hollweg personally, also Foreign Secretary Von Jagow, and Undersecretary Zimmermann. I used to go to see the Secretary or Undersecretary at least once a week, and usually I argued with them about the effect on world opinion of the extremist policies of the army leaders. Thus I argued against zeppelin raids over London, and the sinking of merchant ships without warning by German U-boats. Bethmann and his officials were "moderates." I suppose that is how I came to be tolerated at all. America still was neutral, and I was zealously for neutrality. I did not want the Germans to do anything that would drag America into the war. I wanted everybody who possibly could to stay out of it.

So it was a shock to me, on one of my visits over the border, to hear that Holland was in danger of invasion. I had a friend in Holland who was in a special position of trust in one branch of the government. He told me the news with the greatest alarm. A Dutch torpedo-boat, patrolling the North Sea, had come upon a line of markers—floats of some sort—which began outside Flushing, and reached across the North Sea to one of the British Channel ports. The torpedo-boat had followed the line to the British port where it had observed troopships, which it believed were being loaded. Then it hurried back and the news was flashed to The Hague. At once Herr von Blankenberg had been rushed to London to find out what it all meant; Herr von Blankenberg, because he knew the British better than any man in the Netherlands, because he was not a government official, because he could bring influence through business friends and banks, because he could talk frankly. (I call him Herr von Blankenberg, which is the only inaccuracy in this account. He still is living, still is an eminent citizen of his country. There is a puzzle about him, too, which develops later on, and which will explain why I do not care to use his name.)

My friend, who had this news, wanted Holland to remain neutral and he knew that I wanted it. He said I must do something. I must see von Blankenberg the moment he returned from London. I must write a cable, rouse the world, save Holland. I agreed. And I did see Herr von Blankenberg on Monday morning, a few hours after his return from London. My friend arranged it.

"You are back from London," I began. "Perhaps you will tell me about it."

Herr von Blankenberg looked at me gravely. For several moments he said nothing, as though calculating what to do. Then he rose and took me to a map that hung on the wall. It was a detailed map of Holland. Herr von Blankenberg pointed out Flushing.

"You see it is on an island," he said. "It connects with the mainland by this one railroad line. Nothing would be easier than to cut that line. The island is small." (He ran his finger around it.) "We could not put more than 5,000 men on the island to defend

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Humanity Triumphant

The book solves all problems, it was written by everyone and it's free—except for your membership

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

THE doorbell rang.

"Yes?" I was annoyed at the interruption.

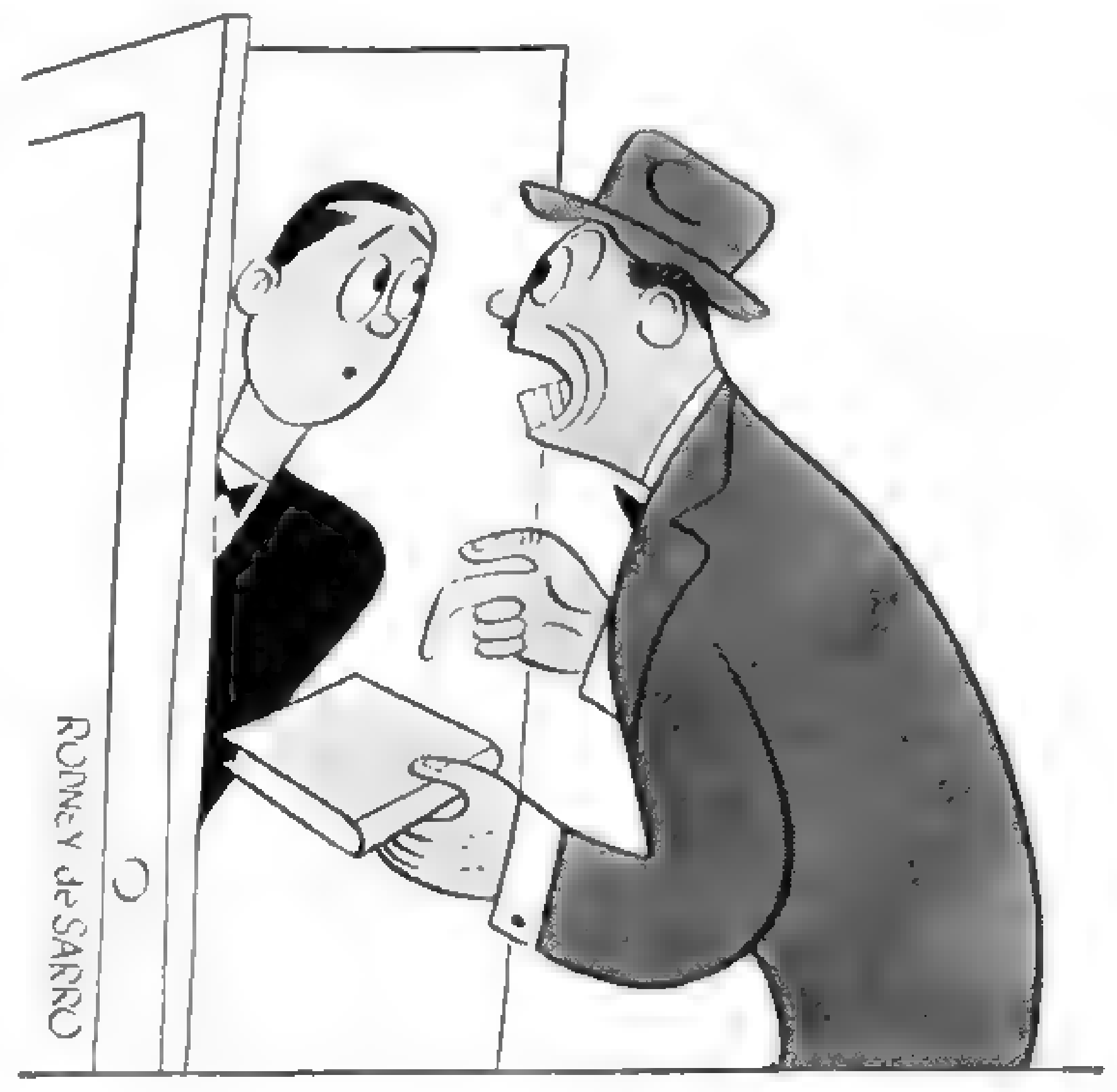
He was an elderly man. "I suppose you know about our movement?"

I couldn't possibly know what his movement was, so I shook my head, compelled to acknowledge my ignorance.

"Well," he said, his left foot firmly planted over the threshold, "we need approximately two and one half million members."

"I see," I said blankly.

"As soon as we reach the required number of enrollments all we have to do is snap our fingers and every government in the world will fold up." He made a movement with his palms, as though collapsing a toy balloon.



"A revolution?" I asked.

"Well, yes. In one way it's a revolution, and in one way it isn't. As soon as we get the required number of members our plan goes into immediate effect. No violence, no bloodshed. We're opposed on general principles to bloodshed. In fact the plan expressly forbids violence of any kind."

"The plan for what?"

"Humanity Triumphant. You must have heard about it. The movement is world wide."

"I'm sorry. I haven't heard of it."

"Then you'll want to borrow this little book." He took a book out of his satchel and held it up to my eyes. It was entitled *Humanity Triumphant.* "We're forbidden to sell it. You pay two dollars for your membership card in the movement, and we loan you the book with the proviso that you interest as many of your friends in it as you can. That's how the movement spreads. It's a non-profiting, non-sectarian movement. All money, except for necessary expenses, is turned over to the printer to print more books with."

I sighed inwardly, evoking the mental picture of two of my hard-earned dollars taking wings, never to be seen again.

"This book," he was saying, "solves every problem of mankind."

A little pleasant flutter took place in my breast. There is nothing that quite so appeals to the human being as a panacea. "It does?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "About this two dollars," he added. "Humanity Triumphant, like I've said, is a non-profiting movement. We'll take as low as a dollar if that's all the individual can afford." He looked past my shoulder into the interior of my apartment. "In some worthy instances," he observed, "we are permitted to charge a minimum of fifty cents. I don't want you to think we're trying to sell you anything."

He radiated sincerity, and I tried to look ingenuous, as though I were utterly incapable of entertaining such an idea. "Just how does it solve all the problems of mankind?" I asked. "Who is the author of the book?"

"In one sense *Humanity Triumphant* has no author," he said. "In another sense it was written by everybody. It contains the wisdom of the ages, both ancient and modern. It's designed to put the reader in the right frame of mind for membership in our movement. It teaches co-operation and the fellowship of man. When the time is ripe, each member will automatically do his part to put the plan into effect."

"Can you tell me what the general principle of your plan is?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Production for wealth."

"I don't think I understand that."

"Its very simplicity is its virtue." He inched a step further inside the door and went on earnestly. "Each person gets the equivalent of what he produces. It's what we call the 'all for one, and one for all' principle."

"You mean it's like communism?"

"In one way it's like communism, and in another way it isn't," he said. "Communists are idealists, whereas we believe in practical action through co-operation. This little book teaches us how force of numbers is the very essence of co-operation. Once we have reached the required number of enrollments the plan goes into immediate effect."

"Of what does the plan consist?"

"That," he shook his head, "we are not permitted to divulge."

"But can you tell me how in the world you expect to get the required number of members unless—"

"Even I don't know the details of the plan. It's sealed in an envelope and placed in a vault. When the right time comes they'll open it up and the plan will go into immediate effect all over the world. It has been translated into every known language, Swedish, Chinese, Greek, and so forth. As a matter of fact," he whispered confidentially, "we're strong enough to put the plan into effect right now. But the time isn't ripe. It would cause too much confusion. All the governments would fold up at once. We've got to educate the people in practical action through co-operation first. It's coming very soon, however."

I was no longer annoyed; I wanted to know much more about Humanity Triumphant. "Tell me some of the main results to be achieved by your plan," I said. "I mean, beside Production for Wealth."

"Well, one of the main results will be the impossibility, under Humanity Triumphant, of war. Our plan eliminates war entirely."

"That sounds very encouraging," I said.

"It absolutely does away with war because it makes the manufacture of munitions non-profitable. You realize that every war in history has been engineered by the munitions manufacturers."

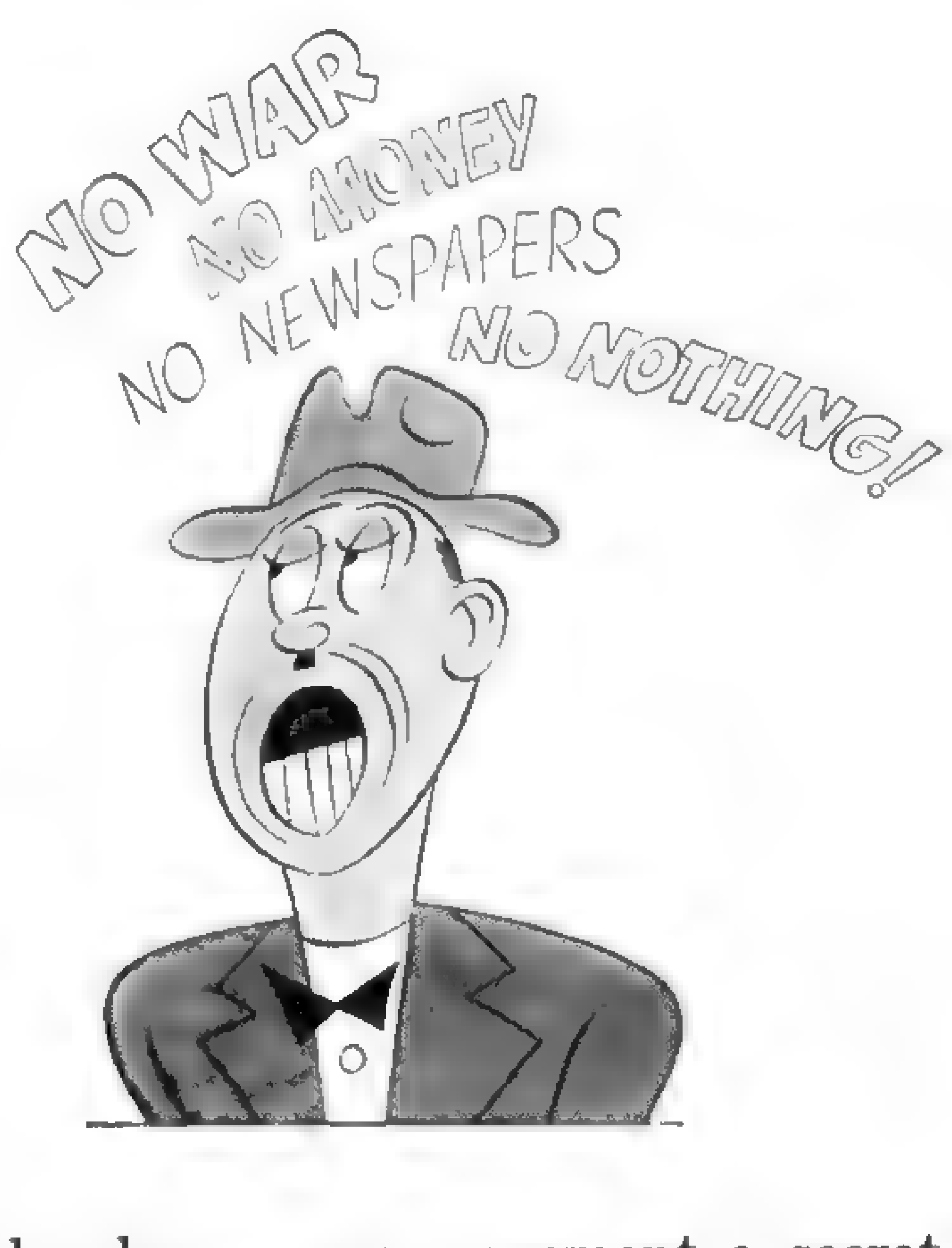
"Even," I was irresistibly impelled to inquire, "even Caesar's Punic Wars?"

"Take the World War, for instance. France was selling bullets to Germany to kill French soldiers with. Germany was selling bullets to France to kill German soldiers with."

"But why," I asked, "didn't they just keep their own bullets to kill each other with? What was the sense of swapping them around?"

"In order," he said, "to maintain the vicious circle! It's this vicious circle that puts the profit into war. Our movement does away entirely with the profit motive."

"Well, if the plan does all this," I said, "I'd think the newspapers ought to give it publicity. They're always anxious to tell their readers new and important things going on in the world."



He smiled at my innocence. "The press is completely controlled by the gold and silver interests. They've kept our movement a secret from the public in order to protect themselves. Our plan, naturally, will do away entirely with newspapers because there won't be any crime or murders or wars. Each country will simply issue

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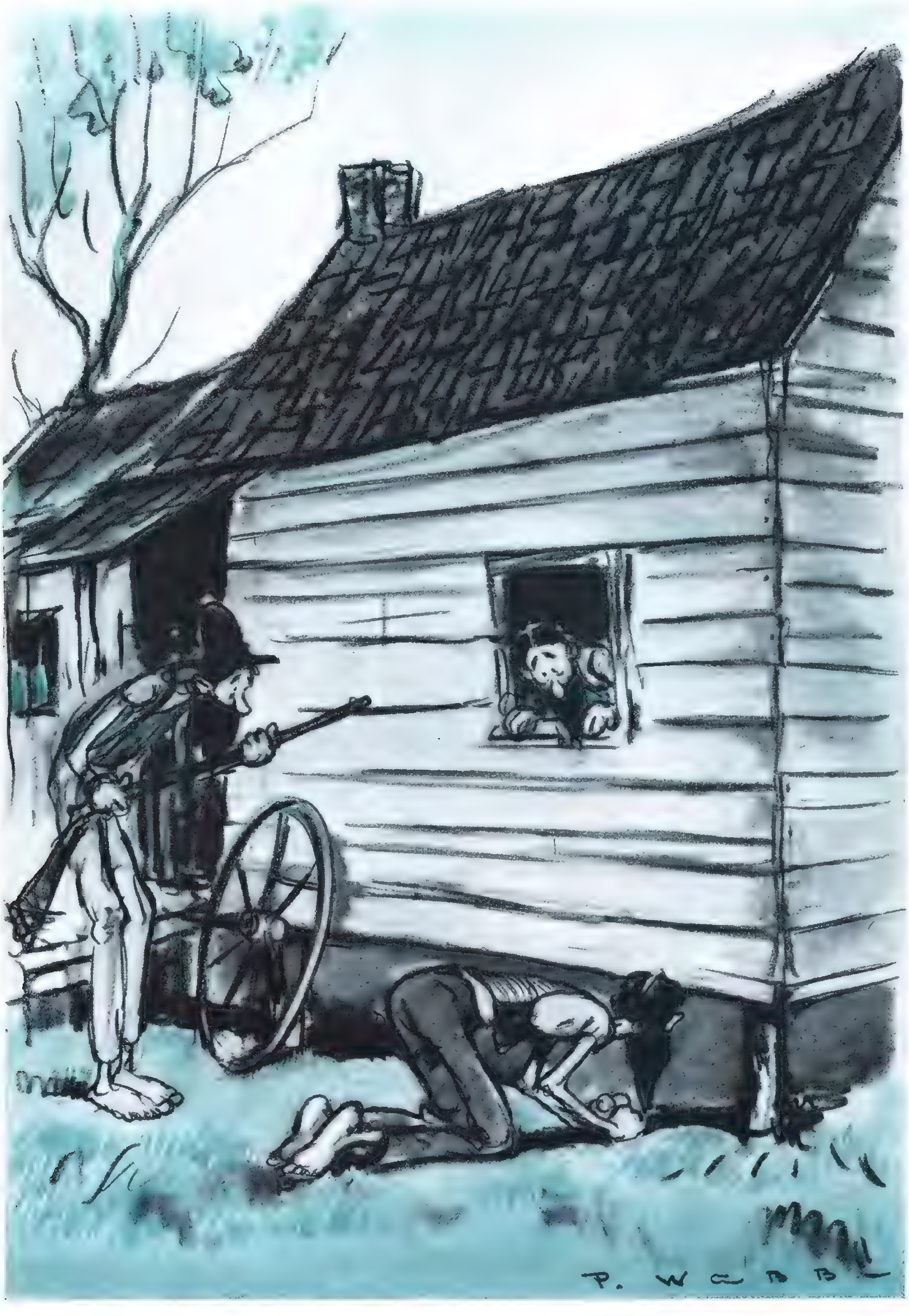

"Wahl—Yo're both right, fellers—Ah see a pole-cat, an' Paw's asleep onder thar too! No wonder we been smellin' things"

Fountain of Youth

Those were great days, she told her grandson, when we rolled bandages, loved our country and hated Germany

by BENEDICT THIELEN

▪ FICTION ▪

As MRS. BARRINGER walked down the street toward her daughter's house she glanced at her watch and saw that it was exactly twenty-nine minutes past two. She was one minute ahead of time.

Going up the walk to the front door she noticed that one of the bricks of the border, which had split in half some time ago, had not yet been replaced. There it was, like a broken tooth. It was strange, she reflected as she rang the front doorbell, how people could let things go like that, month after month, especially with the training in neatness which she had been so careful to give Eleanor all during her childhood.

She stood by the door, waiting for Eleanor to come down. On the window at the right of the door the shade was several inches higher than on the window at the left. She glanced again at her watch. It was exactly half-past two. She rang the bell a second time and a moment later the door opened.

"It's awfully nice of you to come over, Mother," Eleanor said as she kissed her. "How are you? All right?"

"Yes. I hope I'm not late."

Eleanor laughed and looked at the clock in the hall.

"Imagine you being late! You're ten minutes early."

"No." Mrs. Barringer held out her wrist. "It's just two-thirty. That clock's ten minutes slow."

"Goodness, I'll have to set it," Eleanor said, as they went into the living room.

'Well,' Mrs. Barringer thought, looking back at the hall, 'why don't you?'

"You look a little tired, Mother," Eleanor said. "Are you all right?"

"What?" Mrs. Barringer looked from the hall to her. "Why, yes, I'm all right. Or rather . . . Well, I don't know." She sighed. "Yes, I am tired. I've had a lot to do. And then . . ."

"You do things too violently, Mother. You ought to take it more easily."

"I know. But I can't stand being inactive, you know that. Of course I still have my sciatica practically continually, but . . ."

"Oh, that's a shame! Didn't those things do you any good?"

Mrs. Barringer shook her head.

"Not a bit. Anyway, I don't know about Dr. McClure . . . Who do you have now?"

"Why, I have Dr. McClure, of course."

"Oh, do you still have him? I didn't know . . ."

"He's been perfectly wonderful with Billy during all this flu of his."

"Oh, really? Well, I suppose he's all right . . . But I don't know. Doctors are all the same . . ." A picture on the wall was a little crooked—not that it made much difference really, because it was one of those modern pictures where everything is crooked anyhow. "Is Billy getting along well?"

"Oh, yes. But I didn't want to leave him here alone. I hope it wasn't too much trouble for you, Mother, was it?"

"No, of course not, Eleanor. I'm always glad . . . Where is Billy?"

"He's resting now. Dr. McClure said he should rest for an hour after lunch every day till he gets stronger."

"Do you think that's a good idea?"

"Why, yes, don't you?"

"Well, I don't know . . . I don't think it's good to coddle people too much when they're convalescent. Once they get the idea they're invalids, why . . ."

Eleanor laughed and said, "I'm not worried about that. It's all I can do to make him rest."

Mrs. Barringer smiled and thought, 'Like me.'

"Just don't let him get too excited, Mother, will you? You know how he is." She looked at her watch. "And now I've really got to dash. It's half-past two."

'Twenty minutes to three,' Mrs. Barringer thought, as Eleanor ran out of the room and upstairs.

She walked to the window and pulled the shade up approximately three and one-half inches. She looked down at the polished mahogany of the table that stood by the window. The cold winter sunlight fell across it at a long angle, lighting up its surface. She touched it for a second with her hand. Dust.

Eleanor came running down the stairs again and stopped for a moment by the door while she buttoned her coat.

"Make yourself at home, Mother, and don't wake Billy up till around three. Have some tea later if you feel like it."

As she ran out of the house she slammed the door behind her. Mrs. Barringer gave a start and thought, 'If there's one thing in the world I can't stand it's slamming doors, and to think of the years and years of training I gave Eleanor, the thousands of times I had to tell her not to slam the door and now, at the age of thirty-five, she still slams the door. But Eleanor had always been a stubborn girl. Just like her father.'

She sighed and walked across the room and straightened the picture that was slightly crooked. She looked down at her finger. Dust. Frowning, she looked at the picture itself. Of course there was probably something in this modernistic art, but just what? The extreme moderns, that is, the people who drew everything crooked. Naturally you accepted moderns like Cézanne and Van Gogh and the others that they had studied last winter at the club, but these others . . .

She leaned forward to see the signature on the picture. *Vincent,* it said. 'Never heard of him,' she thought, not without a certain feeling of satisfaction. It was probably just another one of Eleanor's and William's many fads.

She turned away from the picture and looked slowly around the room.

Anyway . . . Eleanor and William . . . Sometimes it was hard to believe that Eleanor was her own daughter. There had always been that feeling of a kind of distance between them. Pictures like this . . books . . . Eleanor was always reading such *unpleasant* books. And then later on, William . . . She had done her best to stop Eleanor from marrying William—William would never make enough for them to live on really comfortably, he had very little real ambition—but they had gotten married anyhow, absolutely contrary to her advice, just like that, without a church wedding, in the Municipal Building or some such awful place. And then they had joked about it and told how the people who got married ahead of them were Italians and the ones whose turn came after theirs were Negroes. The bride, they said, had on a green taffeta dress and carried a bunch of pink roses. Then they had laughed some more and Eleanor said that it was pretty obviously high time that they did get married—the bride, at least. She had done her best to give Eleanor the benefit of her own experience but it hadn't done any good. Eleanor had that same stubborn streak in her that her father had. The surprising thing about it all was that they were still married, after twelve years. Apparently they were happy, but then even if they weren't Eleanor wouldn't admit it. She was the type that always kept things to herself. Just like her father. Secretive. And stubborn.

She went out into the hall. The clock said quarter to three. But it was ten minutes slow. She reached up and opened the face of the clock and set the hands to five minutes to three. The lack of a real sense of time was another thing in Eleanor that was like her father. Even after years of trying her best to get him to be punctual in his habits he was still invariably late. And sometimes he didn't appear at all. That was the worst. But that was after he had started drinking.

She turned away from the clock and walked across the hall to the dining room. She stood there looking down at the table. Crumbs.

On the sideboard were three bottles. Gin. Vermouth. Whiskey. That was another thing about William. He drank. And so did Eleanor. Of course every one drank nowadays and it was probably all right for most people, but with a heritage like Eleanor's it was dangerous. William was not a good influence on her in that respect. They often spent the evening together alone at home, Eleanor said, just sitting around and drinking Scotch whiskey highballs. Not many, Eleanor said . . . just two or three . . . As if that were not enough to change your character completely, to make a different person of you . . . And Eleanor had said that so casually, just as if she had been used to liquor all her life when there had never been a drop in the house. Some things were hard to understand. Why should people want to drink, to poison themselves, to drug themselves or to stimulate themselves with something that was false and wrong? They should be able to look at life soberly and clearly. People, when they drank, were frightening. They looked different, and acted different. Their eyes took on this strange unnatural brightness, and they breathed differently, and they said and did things that they would not have said or done when they were normal. It was false and wrong. People should not have need of artificial excitement of this kind.

Mrs. Barringer put her hand to her heart and felt it beating faster. She felt suddenly weak and tired and sat down in the nearest chair, one that was half drawn out from the dining room table, not aligned with the others.

Sitting back in the chair she consciously tried to relax. She thought of drink as Error. She thought of people who had ideas like that as being not vicious—after all Eleanor and William were both essentially good people—but just mistaken. Looking at the crumbs on the table she made herself smile. After all, what did it matter? She looked out the window at the walk that led up to the front door. From where she sat her eye, as if drawn by a magnet, went to the broken brick of the border. She frowned, then quickly smiled again. She folded her hands in her lap, her eyes lowered, and gradually became conscious of the slower beating of her heart until, finally, it sounded almost normal. She took a deep breath, held it a moment, then let it out completely, aware of the superiority of mind over matter.

But although her heart was no longer beating fast she still felt tired and somehow depressed. She looked out at the grey and deserted winter street. Nothing much seemed to happen any more in life. There was nothing special to do. There was no one who specially needed you, whom you could help and guide.

For a moment the picture of Eleanor's father, her husband, came sharply to her: the jaunty way he used to walk up the street, whistling, slapping a rolled-up newspaper against his leg as he strode along, and Eleanor rushing out to meet him, and the way they used to whisper together, as if they had some sort of secret understanding, and then his loud hearty laugh—which she used to tell him was too loud, that he ought to laugh more quietly, because it was not refined to make so much noise—long ago, and then the day on which, for the last time, he did not return, and the days afterward, and being left alone with the responsibility of a child to bring up, the solitude, and his coming around to see Eleanor and her not letting him and . . . She glanced over at the sideboard, Gin, Vermouth, Scotch, and wondered if perhaps . . . But she shook herself and got briskly to her feet, just as the clock in the hall struck three.

She went upstairs and opened the door to her grandson's room.

"Well," she said, as she came in, "I thought you were supposed to be lying down, young man."

He turned away from the window where he was standing and said, "I was, Grandma. Till just now. I heard the clock strike and Mom said I could get up at three."

"That's good," Mrs. Barringer said. "You get in the habit of being punctual, Billy, and you'll never go wrong. Everybody likes it when a man's on time."

"Do they? Pa says he never can get anywhere on time. Every morning he looks at his watch and says, 'God damn it, I'll—' "

"Oh, Billy, you mustn't say words like that, dear. Ever."

"Well, that's what he says. He says . . ."

"I know, but nice little boys don't swear. When you're a man . . ."

"Boy! When I'm a man I'll swear and smoke cigarettes and drink whiskey. I'll get drunk and . . ."

"Billy! You mustn't talk like that. Nice men don't get drunk. Only horrid men get drunk. You mustn't ever get drunk."

He looked out the window and then back at her.

"Well, isn't Pa a nice man?"

"Of course he is, dear."

"Well, Pa gets drunk, so . . ."

"Why, of course your father doesn't get drunk. What a terrible idea to have!"

"But, Grandma, he *said* he got drunk. Just the other day he said it. Sunday morning. I heard him when he got up and he said to Mom, 'Good night,' he said, 'I must have been tighter than I thought last night. Judging from the way I feel this morning,' he said. 'Tight' means drunk."

"Oh, he was probably just joking, Billy," Mrs. Barringer said.

He shook his head.

"And Mom said, 'I guess I must have been too, darling,' and then they both laughed. It must be fun to get drunk."

"It isn't fun at all," Mrs. Barringer said. "It just makes you feel sick and nasty." She put her arm around his shoulder. "And now tell me all you've been doing, dear, and . . ."

"Oh, gosh, I've just been sitting in the house," he said, looking out the window. "I'm sick of this dump."

"Why, Billy!"

"Well . . . gosh." He pointed out at the yard next door. "Look, they built a snow fort out there. And then they had a battle. All the kids were out there and they had a wonderful battle and all I . . ."

He stopped and Mrs. Barringer saw the tears come to his eyes. She drew him closer to her.

"That's all right, Billy. I know how you feel. I'd feel the same way. But just be patient and in a few days you'll be out again with all the other little boys."

"They're not little. Tommy McGuire's thirteen, and . . ."

"Of course. And you're getting to be such a big boy now, too. My goodness, every time I see you you've grown about three inches."

"Yeah?" He looked at her, smiling, and then out the window again. "Boy, you should of seen them, Grandma. Tommy McGuire put a rock in one of the snowballs and he hit Tony—he's a little wop, his father's got the grocery store—and Tony got blood all over his face. He had a big cut and they had to sew it up. Gee, was his old man sore!" He laughed and swung one arm around in the air. " 'You hurta my boy, oh, spaghet', tomat', you hurta my keed.' His old man talks awful broken English."

"But that wasn't nice, Billy," Mrs. Barringer said. "I mean to put a stone in a snowball. Why?"

"Aah, all the kids do it. It's more fun. Boy, you should of seen Tony bleed! . . ."

Mrs. Barringer shook her head and sighed and for a few moments they were silent. Then he suddenly turned to her and said, "Say, Grandma, do you remember the Civil War?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"No, dear, I'm not quite that old."

"No? Oh . . ." He looked disappointed. "Well, do you remember the Spanish-American

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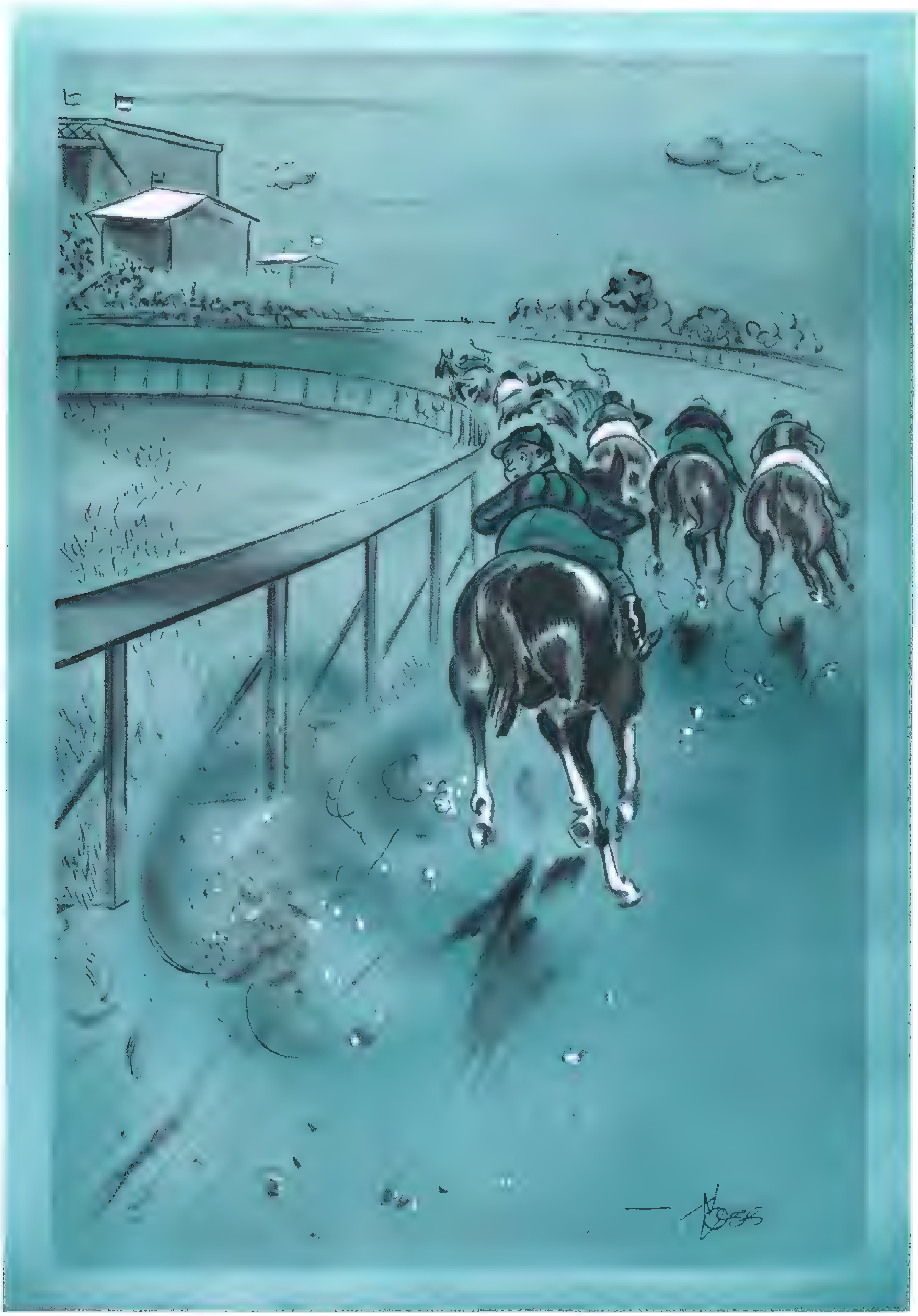
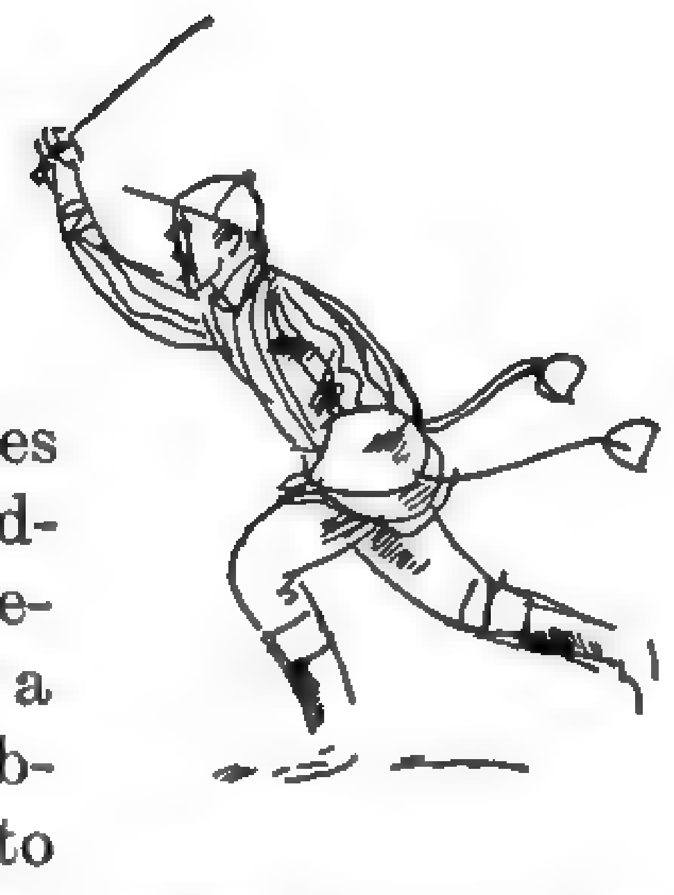


Mile and a Quarter for Glory

Our handicapper takes his annual fling at choosing the horse most likely to win the Kentucky Derby

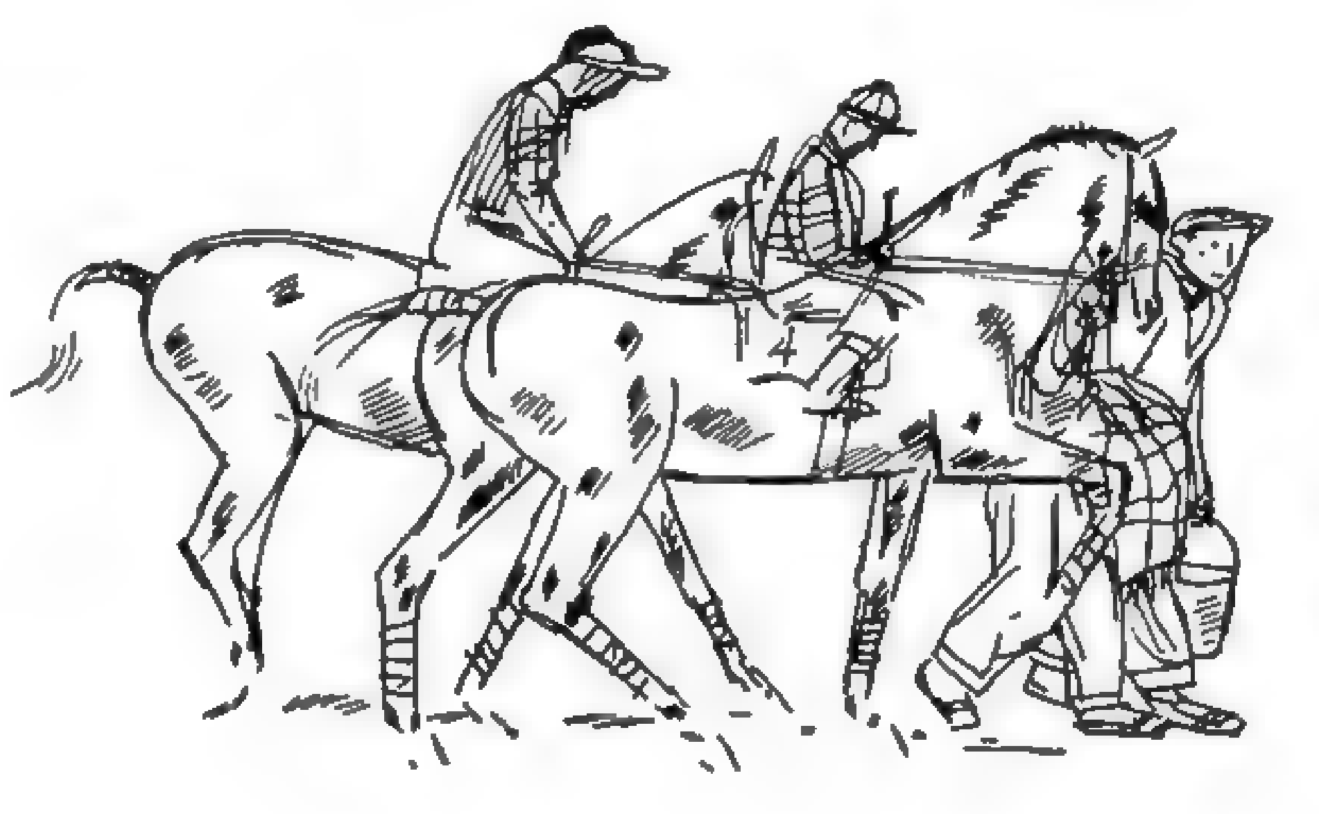
by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •



On a Saturday afternoon early in May at the Churchill Downs track in Kentucky, the best three-year-old colts of 1939, possibly a filly or two, will match speed and stamina over the trying mile and a quarter route for the pot of gold and fanfare of acclamation awaiting the winner of any Kentucky Derby. The rewards are not quite so remote from horse or owner as the treasure at the end of the rainbow, but they have proved beyond reach of many fine animals since the race was first won in 1875 by Aristides, the "little red horse." Nowadays only the best, or what are presumptively the best, are sent to post, and to win in such a field takes and proves real thoroughbred quality. The winner may never take another race—the case of Morvich in 1922 and Col. Bradley's Broker's Tip in 1933 — but his name will be remembered.

Until good winter racing, on the west coast and in Florida, began to flourish a few years ago, the Derby was the first race of the year in which top-class three-year-olds were brought together over a distance of ground. Nowadays, however, we have the Santa Anita Derby in California, run in February at a mile and a sixteenth, and the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah Park, Florida, contested in the same month at a mile and an eighth. These do not attract all Kentucky Derby starters, naturally, but they do attract some. Lawrin, last year's winner of the Flamingo, went on to win in Kentucky. Since 1920, the Chesapeake Stakes for three-year-olds at a mile and a sixteenth has been run at Havre de Grace, Maryland, in advance of the Derby, and twice has been won by later winners of the great Kentucky stake—Whiskery in 1927 and Cavalcade in 1934. Despite these prior races it is generally true that most Derby starters are untried over routes and have not met each other. The sectional angle comes in; colts of fine records in sprints made in the East on the New York, Maryland and New England circuits finally meet colts that have made similar records in Kentucky, Illinois, California and elsewhere. Usually the race is wide open, for lack of any direct comparative line on the horses in competition, particularly over any such distance as a mile and a quarter, and this uncertainty as to the result, almost any starter having a real chance "on paper," adds about as much to its popular appeal as do its surroundings in the blue-grass thoroughbred country and its long and truly colorful history.



Since horses are not fully mature until the latter part of their fourth year, and promotion of good contests between animals of different ages requires that weight allowances be made to the younger, also since it would be impossible for racing secretaries to keep track of the age of each individual thoroughbred, all race horses have an official birthday on January 1. All become yearlings on the first of the year following the spring or summer when they were foaled, and the following January 1 become two-year-olds. At that age they are eligible to race, but, in view of their immaturity, perform only in short sprints until the fall of the year, when a few stakes at distances from a mile to a mile and a sixteenth are programmed for them—Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes (one mile), Pimlico Futurity (one mile and a sixteenth) and others. At three the following January 1 they become eligible to compete in the great classic distance-stakes for American horses—the Kentucky Derby (mile and a quarter), the Preakness (mile and three-sixteenths), the Belmont Stakes (mile and a half), the Arlington Classic, American Derby, Travers (all at a mile and a quarter) and others.

In such three-year-old stakes, apart from minor weight penalties and allowances in certain events, all starters carry the same poundage, with fillies receiving their sex-allowance of five pounds from the colts and geldings. The next year, at four years of age, the better horses of the country compete in richly endowed handicaps, not at level weights but with varying weights on each, allotted by the track's handicapper in an effort to make the race equal and bring all over the finish line together by putting the heaviest weight on what he considers the best horse, and so scaling down to the lightest weight on the worst.

These parenthetical remarks are made only to give a little background for the Kentucky Derby to a reader unfamiliar with racing. It is strictly for three-year-olds, newly eligible to compete in the great distance stakes, and it is strictly at level weights, colts and geldings carrying 126 and fillies 121 pounds. Most of the horses have raced only in sprints (up to six or six and a half furlongs; three-quarters of a mile or three-quarters of a mile and 110 yards); most of them have not positively demonstrated ability to carry speed over any such distance as a mile and a quarter; and few have met each other except in short sprints. Difficulties and uncertainties attendant on attempting to select the winner of such a race are abundantly obvious, but I am going to take another flutter at it after getting for this magazine one winner (Omaha, in 1935), two seconds (Brevity and Pompoon in 1936 and 1937), and one non-starter (Redbreast, in 1938) in four previous attempts.

There are three requirements that any selection for the Kentucky Derby well in advance of the race must meet if naming him is to be anything more than a mere stab. The first is that he must have shown ability to go with colts of real class. The second is that he must have shown ability to go a distance, or, if he has raced only in sprints, must have proved that he can build up speed in the late stages of short contests and close on or pull away from the leaders. The third is that he must have been in the competition in most of his starts as evidenced by winning or by closing fast.

Only one colt in the probable Derby field of 1939 meets these conditions. That is Challedon, by Challenger II out of Laura Gal, she by Sir Galahad III, the sire of the great Gallant Fox. Owned by W. L. Brann and trained by L. J. Schaefer, as a two-year-old in 1938 he was carefully handled and not over-raced. Of six starts he won four, was out of the money once and ran third once, earning in purses a total of $69,630. Of his four victories, one was in the Maryland Futurity at six furlongs, a second was in the New England Futurity at a mile and seventy yards, and a third was in the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth. It is these Futurity wins that lead me to take him for the Derby for his distance races prove that he can keep going at speed and no other colt in the probable field has done as much. He has shown ability to go with and beat colts of real class, and he has done it over routes twice. Little more can be asked of any Derby candidate so far in advance of the race as the time I am writing this article.

Challedon's sire, Challenger II, is not one of our leading and fashionable progenitors such as Sickle, Man o' War or Sir Galahad III. But the last is the sire of Challedon's dam, so that the colt thus stems from one of the stoutest staying lines now racing in this country. Sir Galahad III's son Gallant Fox, and the Fox's son Omaha, were just about as good real stayers as we have seen for some years. Possibly his dam has transmitted to Challedon some of the Sir Galahad-Gallant Fox heart. To rely on breeding in attempting to pick winners is risky business, but possession of good heredity for staying

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The Innocent "Go-Between"

The imam felt sure only a woman of exceptional purity, like the lady Khatya, could have resisted Hassan

by AHMED NURY

• FICTION •

AMONG all the veiled ladies wont to leave him alms for the poor at his daily vigil in the market place, the town imam knew none so pathetically young, beautiful, and generous as the lady Khatya, wedded (was it not on his very own recommendation?) to the rich Commandant Mahmood. But today the usual valediction trailed from his lips for he saw that she was deeply agitated and, rising, he drew her a little aside.

Yes, Reverend Iman, she had truly something to unburden, yet the very shame of it—

"Nay, my child," urged the holy man, "fear not to lay your trouble upon me for did I not raise you and your mother before you by my own guidance and counsel?

"Surely nothing can have happened between you and your husband? That splendid husband! How well I remember quoting to him when he asked my advice before deciding to marry you: 'Before you take the daughter, look at the mother!' "

With tears in her sweet eyes, lips trembling visibly beneath the silk, the lady Khatya assured him that nothing had come between her husband and her and she thanked the imam for his good opinion of her.

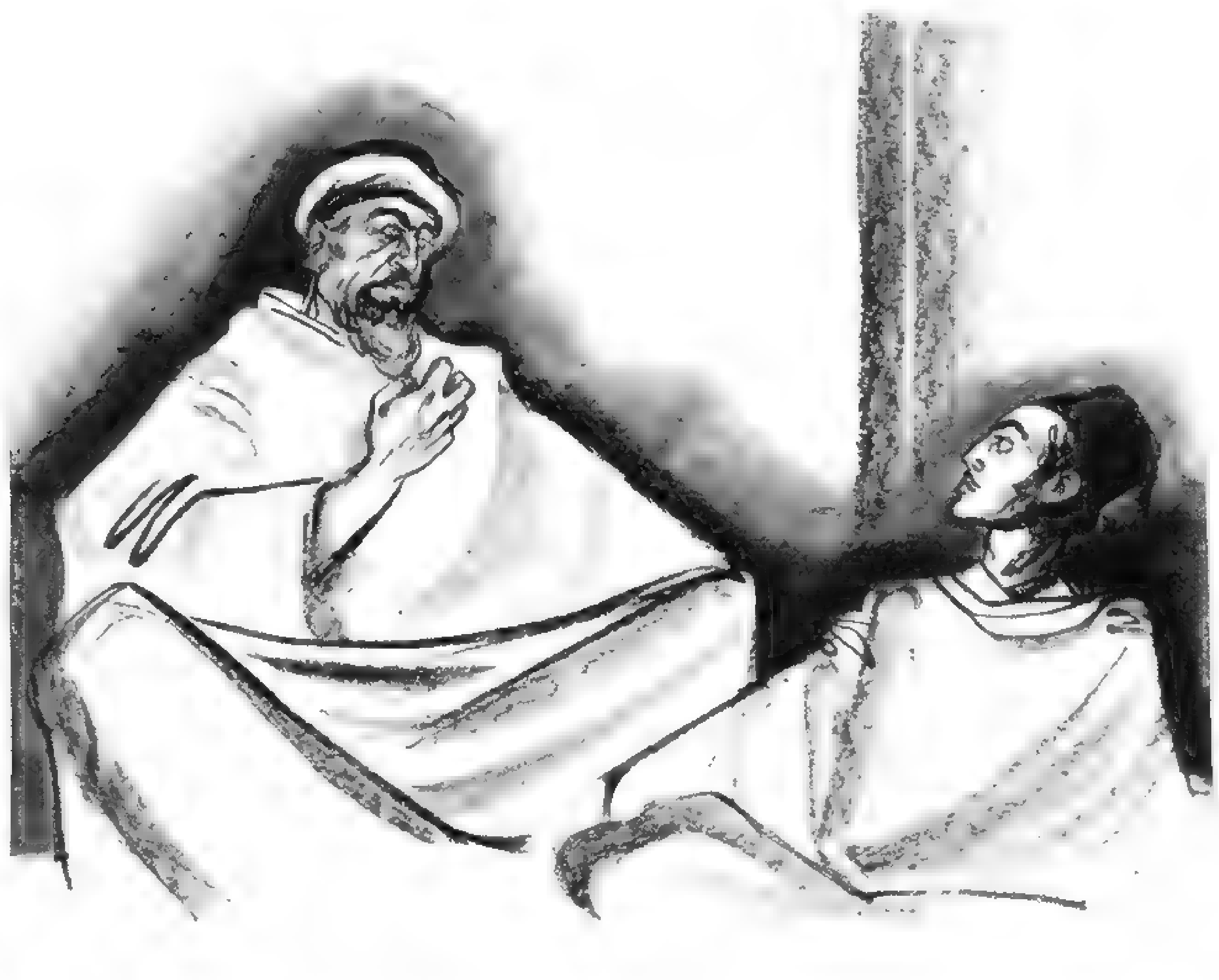
"But what," she murmured bitterly, "is the opinion of others about me in this town? What are others saying?"

"Others?—my dear child!"

"Others, father." The lady stamped her pretty foot. "I mean what kind of a person does this 'Hassan' or 'Hussein' son of the Tolls Officer think I am—for instance?"

"Hassan! But, my dear!"

"Hassan, if that is his name—that awful young man who is making my life unbearable, always passing to and fro beneath my balcony window, stealing amorous glances at me, trying to peep through the lattice—"



"Are you sure that you mean Hassan?"

"Hassan. And me, the wife of the Commandant Mahmood! Father Imam, I am terrified; afraid to look out of my window into the street; and you know how quickly the tongue of scandal starts."

Limply, the old imam's arm dropped.

"Hassan, of all young men!"

"Young, yes," Khatya retorted, "and it is only because he is young that I did not tell my husband at once. (You know what a peculiar temper the Commandant has.) But I thought you might warn *him*, tell this 'Hassan' to stop hanging round my house and staring up at the window, at once."

"Warn him? By Allah, I will do more," vowed the shocked imam. "I will forbid him the street. He has no cause to use it anyway. My child, you acted wisely by not telling your husband. Leave this thing to me!"

The imam found Hassan that evening in the coffee house, playing cards with his companions, but at his signal the young man rose and came and sat at his feet, dutifully waiting to be addressed.

For some moments the imam stared at Hassan with eyes that shriveled, so that Hassan sat with bowed head, sensing ill but not knowing what.

The imam's heart relented a little. He was young, this Hassan, little over twenty, and many a woman would dub him handsome and be captivated by his charm; unless she happened to be a woman of the very exceptional purity of outlook which the imam himself had instilled into the lady Khatya. Aye, perhaps the lady Khatya's sense of honor was a little exceptional.

"Hassan, I am thinking. I am thinking what a splendid, upright man your father was. How he always followed the path of rectitude, never lifting eyes to a woman in this town, always an example of piety and honor.

"My son, you must try to follow his example and to beware of the follies of youth, to respect the sacredness of womanhood so that you may live in this town in peace."

Hassan raised puzzled blue eyes.

"Thank you for the advice, Sir Imam," he said, "but what is the occasion, the reason for it, may I ask?"

"I mean," burst out the imam, "that you must cease passing the house of the lady Khatya, wife of the estimable Commandant Mahmood."

"Why, Sir Imam?"

"Why! Because I know everything, now. I know how you have been pestering the pious lady with your attentions, hanging around her house all times of the day and trying to catch her eye through the window of the haremliq, peeping and snooping. Hassan, oh Hassan! And the tears in her eyes as she told me."

Wonderingly, Hassan was gazing into the old imam's face.

"Did she, herself, tell you that, father?"

"Of course, she did."

"But I don't know where the house of the Commandant Mahmood is! I never heard of the lady before this minute. And I don't even know that I have ever seen her."

"All the better," said the imam, grimly, "and if you take my advice you will make certain you never see her again."

After the imam had swept majestically out of the coffee house, Hassan still sat thinking.

Who was the lady Khatya? Why had she done this thing to him?

And the more he pondered, the more he determined to ascertain.

Next day, deliberately deviating from his usual way homeward, Hassan passed through the street where lived the Commandant Mahmood, saw the house itself, and lifting his eyes towards the lattice, he saw the lady who must have been the lady Khatya.

Her face had no veil, her throat and arms were bare, and she was gazing raptly down into the street.

Suddenly seeing him, she gave a little scream and vanished.

Poor Hassan was spellbound for such beauty he had never seen before.

From that moment, he loved her.

Each of the next four evenings found Hassan going homeward past her window. On the fifth, just as he reached the house, a tiny silk handkerchief fell from the lattice and fluttered down in the sunshine to the ground at his feet.

Hassan picked it up. Then, holding it with the tips of his fingers, he knocked at the door.

Foolish Hassan! Khatya came running down

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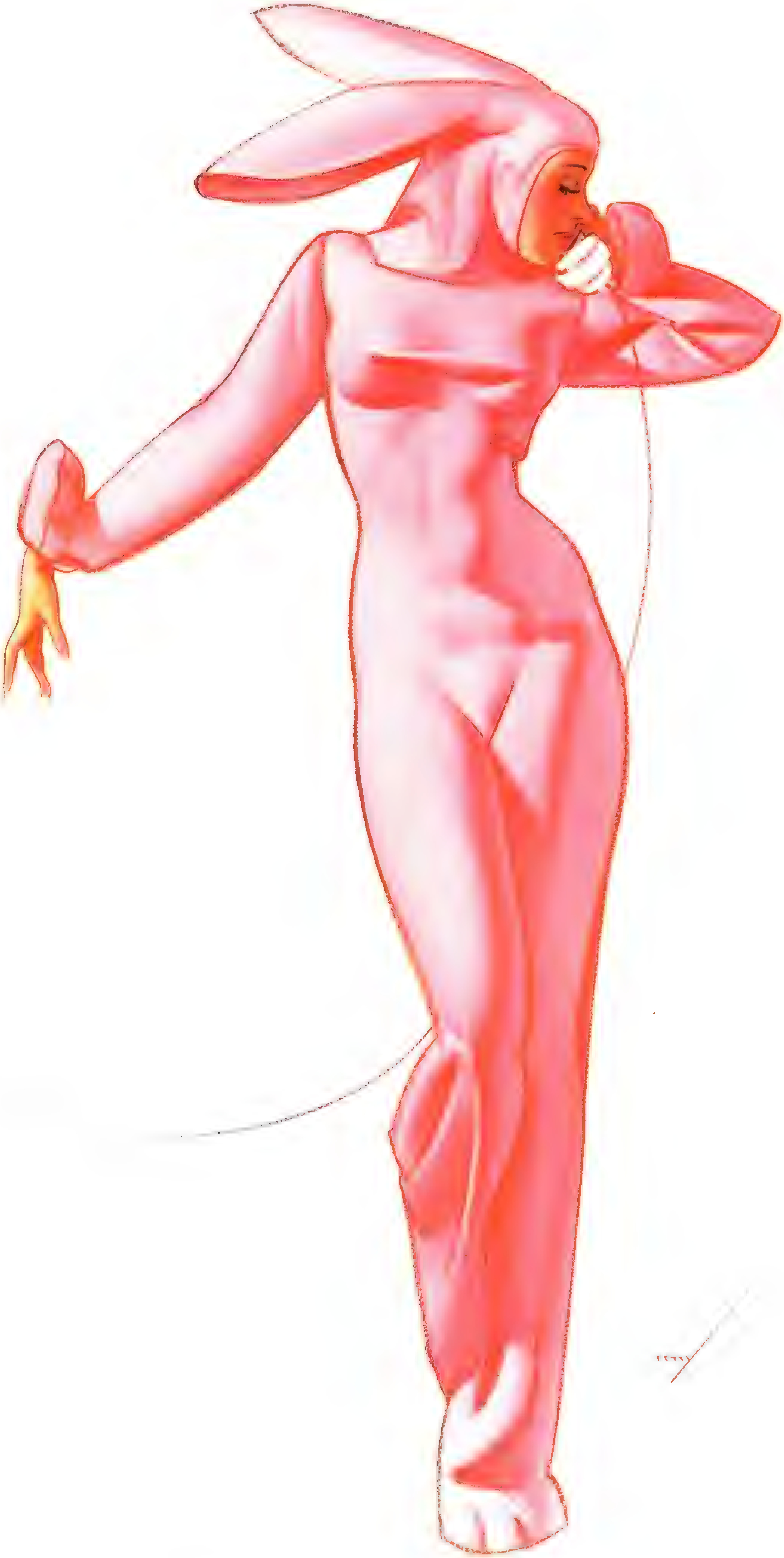
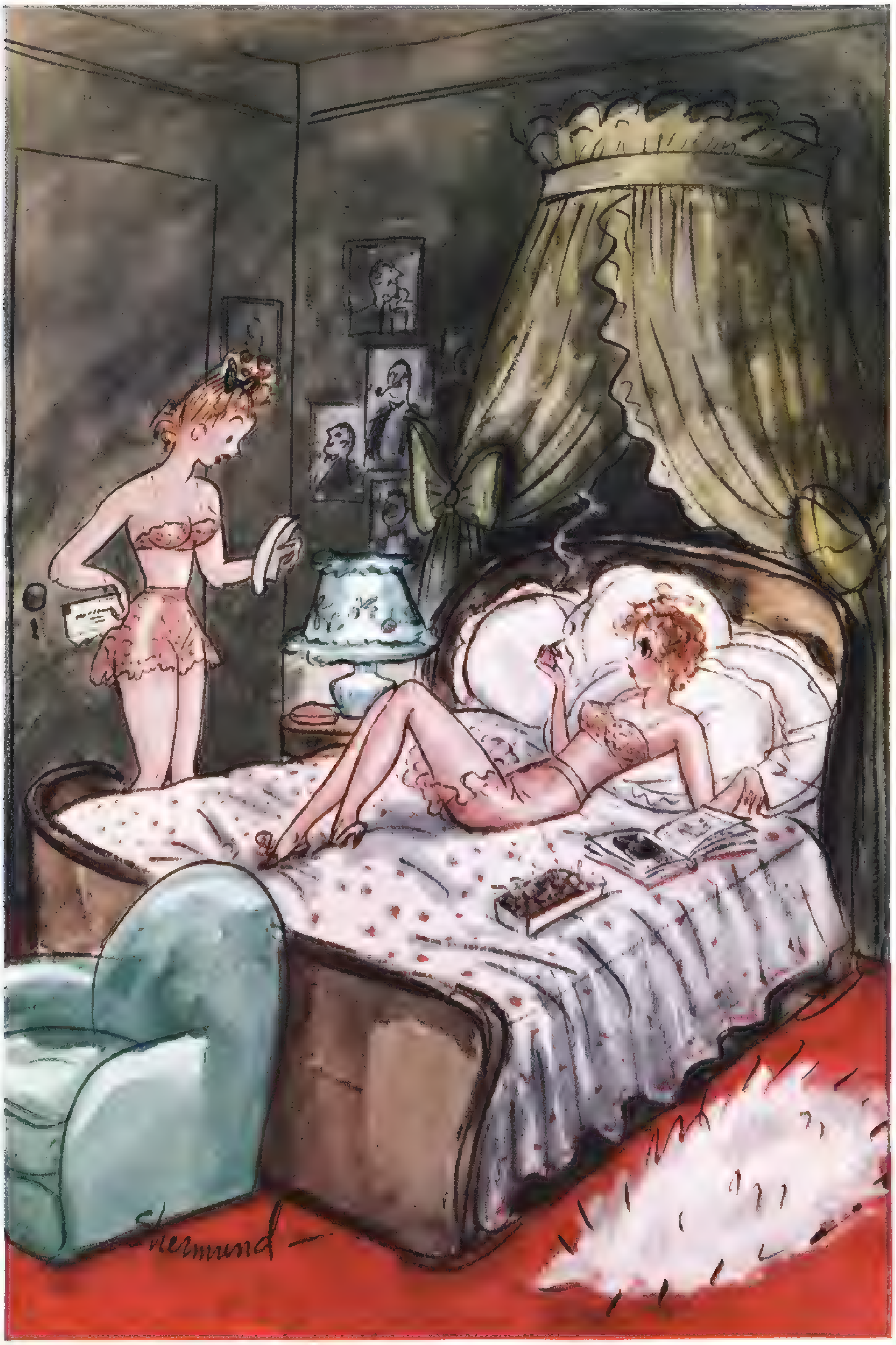


"I'm playing Easter Bunny for the kiddies, but now the fathers want to get in the game—what'll I do?"



"It's from the World's Fair Committee—they're not interested in our idea for a concession!"

The Other Whalen

Showmanship aside, Grover A. Whalen is more than Front Man for the New York World's Fair—He *Is* the Fair

by JOHN McCARTHY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

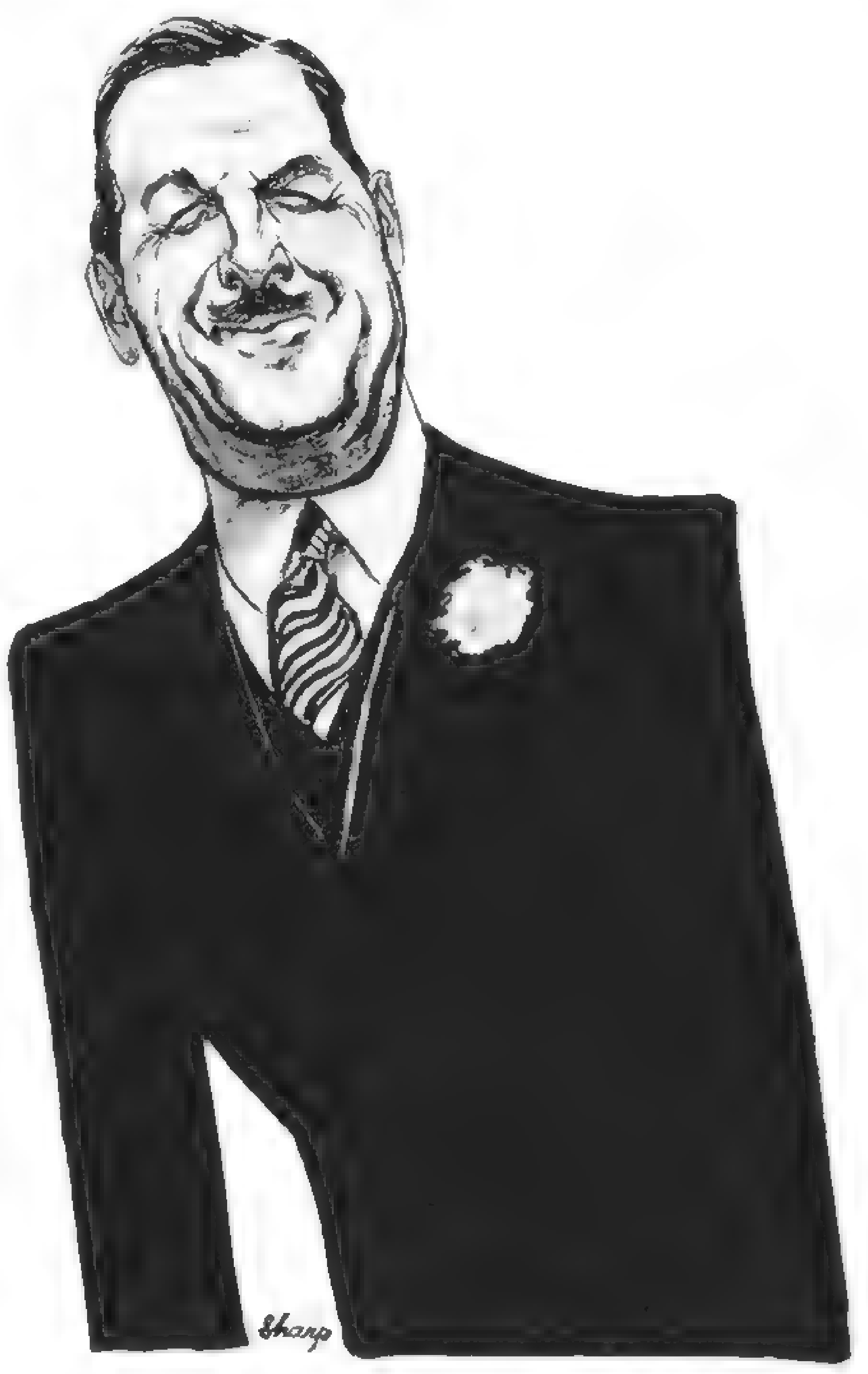
THE greatest World's Fair in history will open as per schedule on the thirtieth day of this April month in New York City. Approximately $156,900,000 will have been expended to make this Fair possible and some sixty million people from all parts of the Universe are expected to attend. Sixty nations and two International Organizations, namely the League of Nations and the Pan-American Union, will be represented with exhibits. That this New York Fair will be the greatest ever staged; that it is opening right on time; that millions and millions of dollars have been forthcoming to insure its success; that so many foreign nations are participating; that millions of people will want to and will visit the Fair; all this is due largely to the endless energy, the superior organizing ability and the all-around personal resourcefulness of one man—Grover Aloysius Whalen.

As President of the New York World's Fair 1939, Inc., Grover A. Whalen the past year has loomed large in the avalanche of the Fair's advance publicity and promotion. So much so that Whalen has been an easy target for columnists, caricaturists, cartoonists and commentators. Thanks to these gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, Whalen, at various times, has been dubbed "The Great Stuffed Shirt," "A Modern Barnum," "Gardenia Grover," "The Gorgeous Greeter," and given a host of other titles of like ilk.

As a matter of record, the American press generally has been most kind to the World's Fair, but most unkind to its President.

Consequently, there persists a certain popular impression that Whalen's role as President of the Fair is merely that of a "Front Man" or "The Official Greeter." That impression is as erroneous as that other current comment about Whalen never being seen in public without a gardenia. The truth is that Whalen has never worn a gardenia in his life. That white flower omnipresent on his lapel is a carnation. Whalen is a showman—every inch of him. Hence, he fully understands the importance of being in the foreground of photographs and publicity notices of projects in which he is vitally interested. Like any good showman, Whalen realizes full well the futility and bad publicity strategy of taking official offense at any wisecracks which the press may make at his expense. Rebuked writers have a traditional habit of either concocting nastier cracks about, or forgetting entirely the celebrity who objects to their prized phrases about him.

Through his press, the public knows Grover A. Whalen, the Showman. Only those who have had some personal contact or been associated with him know the other Grover A. Whalen. The other Whalen is the courteous, formal top-flight business executive who never misses or overlooks the slightest detail necessary for the success of any operation he may be in charge of. To these folks any comment to the effect that "Whalen is just a 'Front Man' for the Fair" is a huge joke. Their quick and heated reply unfailingly is that "from the day he assumed the Presidency of the Fair until its opening, Whalen was the Fair." Anyone who has even the remotest business connection with the Fair will confirm such a statement without hesitation. It could not be otherwise. For when Grover A. Whalen takes over an operation, he is literally all over the place. He just has got to know about everything and just why it's in the picture. It's a principle of Whalen's that details are the all-important things in a great business. He sincerely believes that once an executive loses touch with realities of details in his own organization, he loses touch with the life blood of his organization.



In keeping an eye on details, Whalen is not the meddlesome type of boss operator. Instead, he adheres very strictly to a code of giving the departmental head or employee freedom of action in doing his own particular chore. However, once the departmental head or employee has completed his task, he must stand ready to sell it to Whalen. Furthermore, Whalen will not make a criticism of a particular job unless he has an alternative suggestion which might improve it.

Whalen resembles somewhat that disappearing type of all-around competent executive who, coming up through the ranks, knows the entire operation from A to Z. If he doesn't know, he makes it his task to find out. This active participation in every phase of his large Fair operation and organization by Whalen contrasts very vividly with the duties of the average president of many big corporations. The major assignments of quite a few American industrial tycoons consist simply of answering the few complaining letters received from customers, making occasional public addresses and regularly attending the monthly directors' meetings.

Of the 2,000 employees in the Administrative, Press and Promotion departments, Whalen prides himself not only upon having personally selected every key man but, in the majority of instances, aiding them to pick their associates. He personally passed upon every important contract, building plan, every major publicity stunt and advertising promotion. Furthermore, Whalen himself engineered the sales of exhibitors' space to all the leading American concerns and to the sixty foreign nations.

To achieve the aims of the World's Fair, Whalen believes that it is necessary for him to establish such absolute central authority. If he, as President, did not exercise such complete authority upon all the Fair's details, the central theme and pattern of the Fair would not be carried throughout. Instead, should authority be decentralized, the Fair would result in a crazy-quilt pattern with a hodgepodge of themes and exhibits. And to Grover A. Whalen, his theme for the World's Fair, namely, "The World of Tomorrow," is most important to the success of the Fair.

"It is not enough to have the finest buildings," President Whalen explained to me, "the greatest number of buildings, and the largest amusement area, our exposition must go down in history as the Fair which has had the greatest beneficial effect upon civilization.

"We must improve human relations. We must foster peace in the world by encouraging amicable contacts. We must build for a better World of Tomorrow by educating the average citizen not only in the use of the best material accessories in the world today, but in those forward looking principles which have been envisioned by the genius of the American nation."

In every piece of publicity, advertising tie-up, promotion, stunt and everything else connected with the advance ballyhoo of the Fair, President Whalen has insisted that his theme, "World of Tomorrow" be featured. Practically all of the metropolitan newspapers, including even the august *New York Times*, and hundreds of other smaller sheets through-

Continued in center of page 142

He's Not Our People

They didn't like that town devil Whirly so they aimed to take him out and dirty his pretty clothes

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

What do you say Alf," says Jim, "let's get rid o' Whirly. He's come out here to see Tessie. If he marries Tessie you know that you'll have 'em both to keep."

"Yes," I says to Jim, "I can't keep Bessie, myself and our three youngins, Whirly and Tessie too. We'd better put th' sled-runners under his shoes.

"Now just how can we put th' sled-runners under his shoes," I says. Jim is turnin' our hound dogs loose. We had our lantern lit. We's ready to hunt th' fox. Our hounds were standin' on their hind feet and chargin'!

"We'll run 'im like a fox," says Jim. "Th' damn devil's from town nohow. Out here tryin' to spark th' prettiest woman in th' country. We'll get 'im in front and I'll pull my little pistol and burn the wind close to him a few times. We'll run that dood through th' red-brush and dirty his pretty clothes he's struttin' around here in."

"Jim you're a smart man," I says, "to think of that. You're sure you won't hit 'im and leave a corpse on our hands!"

"Oh hell no," says Jim, "I'll just shoot a little close. When I start shootin' you cut drive with a rock. Make 'im think he's hit with a pistol. Make 'im think he's plugged! We'll run 'im until he drops in his tracks."

"All right," I says to Jim, "I know you love Tessie. You just ain't been able to pop th' question to 'er. You'll haf to get braver. You'll haf to have th' heart o' a lion. Women love brave men!"

"I don't mind fightin' a man," says Jim, "but talkin' to a woman and tellin' 'er you love 'er is hard to do. My heart comes right up in my mouth. I can't do it. When I see Tessie th' blood all runs right to my face."

It is a night in January. Just a few brown leaves are clingin' to th' winter oaks. Th' ground is dark. Th' high dark hills stand up before us. Th' dogs take to th' hills to start th' fox. It won't be any time until they'll have th' fox goin'.

Jim says: "Now to keep down suspicy you go in and say: 'Whirly don't you want to go out and hear my hounds run with me awhile?' He can't turn you down for he wants to be your brother-in-law. I've got th' pistol ready."

"Just as you say Jim," I says, "we've hunted many a night together. We've had many a good time together. I'll do anything in my power to help you. You know I'd rather you'd be my brother-in-law as Whirly. God knows he couldn't plow. He can't do anything. He's not used to our ways. He's not our people. He's from town."

I go in th' house. Here sits Whirly in front o' a good warm fire. He has on a high white collar. If a fly lit on it the fly would fall off and break its neck. He has on a striped tie that shows between his collar and vest. He wears a silk-striped shirt. His blue serge suit is pressed so th' creases in his pant legs would cut you like a razor if you run against them.

Tessie and Whirly are drinkin' coffee. They have th' coffee on a stand-table in th' front room before th' fire. Just as I go in Whirly says: "No Honey, I don't want sugar in my coffee. Just put your finger in it. That will make it sweet enough."

I just thought to myself: "Poor old Jim, in love with Tessie and can't put th' question to 'er. A good boy to work if there ever was one! Out there in th' cold January wind waitin' with his pistol in his pocket."

I says: "Whirly, I just wondered if you wouldn't like to go out with me and hear my hounds run th' fox! You ain't never heard th' hounds run have you?"

"W'y no Alf," says Whirly, "I've never been fox-huntin' in my life! I'd like to hear th' hounds run if it's all right with Tessie."

Whirly gets up and grins. He says: "Honey I'll see you later. I want to hear th' hounds run th' fox. You don't mind do you Honey?"

"Oh no, Darlin'," says Tessie. "But ain't you afraid you'll ruin that good suit o' clothes out in th' brush?"

"Oh, no, Honey," says Whirly, "and they's plenty more where these come from."

"Whirly this is Jim," I says, "th' boy that fox-hunts with me and lives on adjinin' farms!"

"I'm proud to meet you," says Whirly. He reaches his hand to Jim.

"I'm glad to meet you too," says Jim. "We're glad to take you a-fox-huntin' and let you hear th' hounds run. I told Alf it'd look bad not to invite you out for one night."

"That's nice of you Jim" says Whirly. "I appreciate that. I've heard a lot about fox-huntin'. Where are the horses?"

"What horses?" I says.

"Don't you ride?" says Whirly.

"No," says Jim, "we walk. I never heard o' ridin' horses to fox-hunt."

Jim laughs. He bends over and slaps his knees and laughs.

"I might be fox-hunting a lot with you boys," says Whirly.

"That's fine," says Jim. "You may not like it. We've been run out'n th' woods a few times. You know Alf and me's got th' best bunch o' fox-hounds among these hills! The best to ever sniff a track! It's that crowd o' Hewletts after us all th' time. Tryin' to run our dogs out'n th' woods!"

"Oh," says Whirly, "you're havin' trouble in th' woods!"

"Trouble ain't no name for it," says Jim.

I can see Jim by my lantern light. His face is brown. His eyes are sparklin' as he looks at Whirly.

"You see our dogs have winned all th' chases here lately and th' Hewletts can't take it on th' chin," says Jim. "They got a pack o' old starved fox-hounds. A lot o' half-breeds among 'em. We got th' real Blue-Tick breed o' hounds. All they know is th' scent o' fox. You just wait a few minutes and you'll hear one open up on a hot track."

We walk down th' hill under th' cherry trees. I carry th' lantern. Whirly walks in front o' me. He can get th' benefit o' th' lantern light. Jim walks behind me. There are a few big stars in th' sky. But they don't make enough light.

"Wow-wow-wow—"

"That's old Lead," says Jim. "Got a hot track on th' Jurdan pint. Let's be off."

"Yepppppp."

"Old Drive right in there with 'im," I says. "Just in a minute Whirly and you'll hear th' prettiest music you ever heard in all your life! Wait until all seven o' our hounds get lined out on a hot track!"

"All in but Old Scout," says Jim. "Listen to old Drive comin' in there! Listen to 'em drive that fox! Listen to Fleet!"

"Yes," I says, "listen to Rags, Speed, and old Belle!"

"If th' Hewletts 'll stay out'n it," says Jim, "and let us have peace for one night. This comin' out'n th' woods and runnin' us in I'm gettin' tired o' it."

"Fellars," says Whirly turnin' around and speakin' to me, "I'll like this life. I think the music of barking hounds is pretty."

"Ow-ow-ow-ooo!"

"Old Scout," I says. "He's right in there now! Listen to 'em go won't you! Right toward th' Barney Tunnel and Buzzard Roost!"

"Turn to your right, Whirly," I says. "Take up this path so we can get on top th' hill. We can hear 'em better up there. We can hear 'em go down in th' deep hollers and come out on th' ridges again."

It is a long path to th' top o' th' hill. Whirly walks in front o' me with a big checked overcoat on over his blue serge suit.

I hold up my hand for the signal.

"Pow-pow-pow-pow!"

"They're behind us," says Jim, "I felt th' wind from a bullet! Right behind us! It's th' Hewletts! Go!"

"Which way," says Whirly.

"Up th' hill," I says. "Follow th' path in front o' you!"

"Pow-pow!"

"Did th' get you," I holler to Jim.

"No," says Jim. "A bullet grazed my ear! Oh Lord!"

"Come on," I says, "Whirly is a runner!"

Whirly is in front. His big overcoat is hittin' his heels every jump. He is pantin' like a horse. Right up th' hill—a path with big greenbriar patches on both sides. Sprouts among th' greenbriars and a big wall o' brush no man can get through!

"Pow-pow-pow!"

"Oh, Lord," says Whirly as he pulls his overcoat off on th' run. He throws it down in th' middle o' th' path!

I pull a round rock from my pocket. I let th' rock go. I holler: "Rocks! Watch out!"

"Oh," says Whirly, "I felt th' wind."

"Keep goin' boys," says Jim. "To your left at th' top o' th' hill."

I pull another rock from my pocket. I cut drive at Whirly.

"Crack," goes th' rock on a oak tree right above Whirly's head. We cannot hear th' hounds now. We do not listen for them. Just as Whirly tops th' hill he hollers: "Thank God! God be praised."

He makes a sharp turn to th' left for th' big timber road. I cut drive with another rock. It pops Whirly right on th' leg.

"I'm hit," says Whirly, "oh my Lord!"

"Pow-pow-pow!" Jim is behind us banging away with his 32 pistol. Th' bullets wheeze in th' brush.

"I'm scinted by a ball," I holler. "Oh Heavens on Earth! Let's go boys!"

Jim is right beside me. Whirly is gainin' ground on us with one lame leg. Jim says to me: "Let me nearer until I can get one good crack at 'im with a rock!" Whirly pulls his coat, throws it in th' road and keeps goin'. I cut drive with another rock. It hits in th' brush-tops above Whirly's head. We run right out th' ridge. Whirly is still in th' lead. Jim passes me up like a streak o' wind. We're headin' straight toward th' Jurdan pint and th' old Three-Mile house where we used to meet and play poker. Th' ridge road leads down th' pint and straight to th' old Three-Mile house. Just one creek to cross when we get near th' old house.

Whirly pulls his vest. He throws it on th' road. He keeps goin'. His white silk shirt is filled like a balloon in th' wind. Right down th' pint—he is gainin' ground all th' time even if his leg is lame.

Just as Whirly gets to th' creek Jim elbows his arm and whirls a rock like a bullet. He pulls his pistol and shoots once. I see two dark long things like th' prongs o' a tree turn up in th' air above th' creek and th' balloon white shirt go down to th' ground.

"They got Whirly," says Jim. "Come quick. Th' Hewletts got Whirly."

We run down to th' creek. Whirly is lyin' there in th' water. Th' blood is pourin' off'n his temple.

"Th' Hewletts have knocked Whirly cuckoo sure as God made little green apples," says Jim.

We carry Whirly out'n th' water and throw 'im down on th' creek bank. I says: "Jim I feel sorry for Whirly. Knocked cold as a cucumber. He don't know th' ways o' these woods!"

"He wanted to marry Tessie and be a great fox hunter," says Jim.

Jim brings his cap filled with water and pours it on Whirly's hot face. Whirly begins to squirm like a snake on th' ground.

"Where am I plugged?" says Whirly.

"You ain't plugged Whirly," says Jim, "you've been scint on th' temple. Come nigh as a pea gettin' you though. If th' bullet had cut in a quarter o' a inch closer you'd a-been a dead man."

I get Whirly by one shoulder. Jim gets 'im by th' other. We hobble over to th' Three-Mile house with Whirly. When we get in th' house Whirly falls on his knees. Of all th' pitiful prayers you ever heard a sinner pray Whirly prays it. It is to save us from th' Hewletts. I hang th' lantern on a nail. Jim builds a fire from some old boards in th' house. I take a white handkerchief from my pocket and bandage Whirly's head when he finishes his prayer.

PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREEN

"Do you feel all right now," says Jim.

"I feel a lot better," says Whirly.

"We're safe in this house Whirly," I says.

"How about a little poker boys?" says Jim.

"It suits me," I says, "while Whirly's gettin' all right and we're waitin' for th' dogs!"

"I don't mind a little poker," says Whirly.

I'll declare if Whirly doesn't sit right here by th' fire with a blood-soaked bandage around his head and lose twenty-seven dollars and fifteen cents. Jim takes it. Old Whirly tries to be a good sport. Jim takes th' last dime I have.

"How about puttin' in this seventeen jeweled Elgin watch that stands railroad inspection," says Whirly, "at twenty dollars, and winner of this hand takes th' pile."

"Suits me," says Jim, "I'll play you twenty dollars against it."

Whirly's watch is th' prettiest turnip you ever laid two peepers on. It has Tessie's picture in it too. Jim's eyes get big as he looks at the watch. When Jim pulls his card from the hold he has four aces. He takes th' watch.

"I've had bad luck," says Whirly, "but I can take it. I can take it on th' chin."

"You can't tell what'll happen before th' night is over," says Jim. "Th' Hewletts are a sneakin' bunch o' people. They won't come to this house but they're liable to be hid in th' brush waitin'."

It is three o'clock in th' mornin'. We leave th' Three-Mile house. When we walk outside Jim whirls a rock over our heads. It buzzes through th' air. Whirly starts like a shot out'n a gun. Right down th' Old Line Special wagon road that leads back to town.

Jim says: "It's th' damned Hewletts again. Let's be off men! Let's be off."

"Pow-pow-pow!"

"Damned funny," says Whirly runnin' in th' January wind without a coat.

He is thirty yards ahead of us. I am stiff from th' run we've just had.

"Any damned fellar," says Jim, "that would pray to God Almighty then set down and play poker ought to be shot."

He turns th' pistol towards Whirly. He empties it. Whirly beats it down th' road toward town. He is hollerin' every jump. Jim just burns the wind close to Whirly.

"Don't want to kill 'im," says Jim, "but just want to make 'im think he's shot."

We turn up past the Three-Mile graveyard to th' road that leads us home.

"If he ever comes again," says Jim, "I'll feed 'im th' genuine hot lead."

"A shame," I says, "we did not get to hear more o' th' chase. They've done their runnin' tonight around Buzzard Roost."

"A hunt lost," Jim says, "but I'll get Tessie. I don't think Tessie 'll turn me down when I show 'er Whirly's watch with 'er picture in it. Whirly give it to me because he'd found out he didn't love 'er."

"Yes," says I, "it's a shame he's got a girl so much prettier in town. He ought not to have come out here and made love to 'er."

We walk slowly home through the early morning mists. Jim has a smile on his sleepy face. ⌗

Mariage de Convenance

Mates are selected according to age, pedigree and temper, and it's very good form for cousins to intermarry

by ILES BRODY

• SPORTS •

One often wonders what makes people decide on a profession. Not long ago I went to Virginia—because it is somewhat nearer to New York than Kentucky—and at last found out the method by which one becomes a breeder of horses.

We were sitting in the living room of a well-known local horseman in this second horsiest state of America, and as the hour advanced—it was nearly midnight—a darky filled up our enormous glasses with still another Scotch and soda. I felt that the time for confidences had come and the moment was opportune to ask my host how he first thought of taking up the breeding of horses.

"Ten years ago I was a transport pilot in the Air Corps," said the squire as he started to relate his story, and his tone became warm and reminiscent, "and in the course of service I flew over this beautiful rolling country twice a week. Every time I was passing over Virginia I descended to a low altitude to look at the many tiny horses grazing in its fields. I always adored horses. One day I spotted a small estate and decided that it would be mine. The longing for the horses and the house in Virginia became an obsession and in two months I was out of the Corps. I retired, came here as a pedestrian for the first time in my life, bought the house, and two mares. These two original nags grew to forty head, and now I may call myself a full-fledged horsebreeder: last year I netted seven thousand dollars on my horses!"

The former transport pilot breeds hunters and polo ponies, and these two branches of horsebreeding are still profitable today, in our machine age. Of course, racehorse breeding can be even more profitable, but it requires much larger capital and elaborate establishments. Unless the prospective breeder has plenty of fine upland grass and lots of ready money, he should not think of breeding racehorses.

Horsebreeding is one of the most beautiful occupations I know of. First of all, one leads a nice and agreeable country life, far removed from the confusing and terrible events which affect the city man to such a great extent today. Really: notwithstanding the radio, the automobile, and all the other modern inventions of our epoch, the horsebreeder still lives in the horse and buggy days. He does not reach eagerly and with trembling fingers for the morning paper; in fact, he does not reach for it at all! Last week's paper—when he gets around to it—is just as satisfactory. And even the Veterinary Manual falls out of his hand after five minutes' sleepy perusal in bed.

This peaceful existence, however, may not mean a thing to the horsebreeder; he cannot appreciate it, because he is in it. He probably longs for something else, as we all do. Compensation is offered to him by the great joy, satisfaction and excitement that is his as the spiritual father of so many horses. He is the matchmaker, bringing together the finest and the most outstanding of the species, and he is far more concerned and agitated than a real father when he is called to the stables to watch the birth of a foal. ("Dropping of the foal," in proper horsy language.) He is generally at the stall a few hours before the actual birth occurs, for mares give ample notice of the forthcoming happy event. The mare is immediately taken in from the paddock, or moved over from a small box to a large and comfortable one, usually near the stud-groom's living quarters, so that in case of emergency the groom may offer assistance. But if there are no complications, no one may go near the mare: she does not like the company of humans at this time and even the breeder stands at a respectful distance.

There is something infinitely touching about the looks of a new born foal. Their muzzles are unformed as yet; they have soft features, and helpless little lips pressed together like the smoothest, most gentle velvet. Their faces really look like the faces of babies, but are even sweeter and more appealing to a male spectator.

The legs are incredibly out of proportion, being way too long for the rest of the body, and they tremble under the weak, but bravely erect little fellows. A tail, a joke of a tail, that induces you to smile, is flung quickly from side to side, in instinctive protection against the as yet invisible flies, even before the baby searches for its first taste of milk.

The paterfamilias, our breeder, stands there and—if everything goes all right—affects a Napoleonic pose, and is moved deeply by fatherly feelings and the mysteries of creation. The real father, the stallion, is nowhere; he is completely out of the picture. (In several European countries the stallion never appears, not even at the time of conception, which is done artificially; mares, hundreds of miles away, can be gotten with foal by the aid of a phial containing the necessary serous fluid kept at body temperature.) But in case something goes wrong and the mother dies in the delivery, the orphan foal is fed on cow's milk, to which a little sugar and water is added, for cow's milk is too thick and not sweet enough in comparison to horse's milk. If the foal faints or shows lifelessness, it is slapped with a wet towel, its nostrils are tickled with a feather, and its body is massaged with dry straw.

As to the selection of mates, that is a difficult job in the horse world: all pedigreed horses are related to one another; and I must admit, are extremely incestuous. Breeding in-and-in is harmful to humans, and both divine and human law forbids it; but a gregarious animal like the horse in his wild state, retains his daughters and granddaughters until he is deprived of his harem by a stronger and younger stallion. Therefore the breeder concludes that he must raise his stock according to the laws of nature, and hence the modern throughbred is the result of extremely close inbreeding.

The pairing of relatives continues constantly and an absolute freedom of relationship will never be found in horses. In fact, it is good for the strain to marry cousins or second cousins in the horse world, but the intermarriage must not go on continuously; it must be varied by "out-crossing." Even in those instances where the breeder is persuaded that he is pairing two entire strangers, if he would take the trouble to find out everything about the horses' pedigrees, he would probably discover that the relationship exists five or six degrees off.

One of the parents should be of mature age; preferably the stallion. If both are very young or very old the offspring will turn out to be small and weak. The general rule is to mate the mare first when she is three years old—never when she is only two!—with a stallion whose age is about ten. Stallions however, go on producing excellent stock even at the age of twenty-five, and it can be said that the male age combined with female youth assures the success of a stud. Of course, in mating, various good points of the stallion and different good points of the mare must be taken into consideration. This is not an easy job either; for it is not much use to select a mare which does not bear any resemblance in her points to the stallion's outstanding qualities. Thus, if a very fast stallion is bred to a beautiful but slow and lazy mare, the chances are that the offspring will not be very fast. But the second or third generation *may be* faster. In horsebreeding there is one general, very important, and simple rule: like produces like.

The horse's ancestry must be taken into consideration too, naturally. And it is a very noble ancestry and history, indeed. The horse is first mentioned in the Bible when the Israelites arrived in Egypt; Jacob speaks of the "horse and its rider" on his deathbed, and Pharaoh pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea in "six hundred chariots and all the horses." But these early mentions in the Old Testament—centuries before Christ—are not clear and lack details. We learn much more about the early horse from the Greek, Xenophon, the first great horseman in history. Then, too, Julius Caesar's cavalry fought on large Gallic horses, and when the Romans invaded England they found horses already there. How they got there nobody knows, and the whole history of the British horse is very vague until the time of the Stuarts when the inhabitants of the island first thought of improving the breed.

The horse was only used as a beast of burden or in warfare until 680 B.C. It was in that year horses made their first official appearance as racers in the games of the twenty-third Olympiad, where they were ridden over a four mile course. Hannibal rode across the Alps on a magnificent white charger; no doubt a Lipizzan; only at that time they were known as "the horse from the Northern rim of Africa." For Lipizza horses only became known by that name when the long evolution of these *very finest* of white or gray half-bloods was finally perfected in Austria-Hungary over two hundred years ago by the crossing of Spaniards—Africans—with Neapolitans and Arabs.

I am sentimental about white horses not only because I owned one—named Juliette—when I was a boy, but also because later in life I knew so well these splendid Lipizzans. Besides there is a saying in Central European countries that "there is always something good in a white horse." It seems that Mrs. John Hay Whitney has heard of this proverb too, because she buys nearly every fine white horse she ever sees, and keeps about sixty of them in her stables in the South. In all our modern breeds the Arab plays a most important part. They "made" the English thoroughbred—which word is merely a general term. Actually, there is no "thoroughbred," absolutely pure-blood horse today, aside from some Arabs, perhaps. The term thoroughbred was manufactured in the 18th century and applied to the modern racehorse, which is a mixture of the Spanish, Barb, Arab, Turk and old English horse.

But let me tell you something about these Arabs which had such great influence over our modern horse. There are seven distinct types. The first is named the "Dgelfe." They are very fast and possess a fiery temperament, and yet are submissive and gentle to their masters. The "Seclaoni" are almost as good as the Dgelfe. The "Fridi" breed is fast and enduring but very hard to manage. The "Sabi," "Nejdi," and "Mefki" types are also excellent and wonderful to look at. But the "Koheilan" is probably the best of the seven. The writer rode several Koheilans in Hungary where they are bred in the government stud; their brand mark is two swords crossed, and although small—standing less than fifteen hands—they are marvelous jumpers.

The Koheilans descend from the stud of Mohammed, the Prophet, who is responsible not only for the Koran but also for starting to keep book on the Arabian horses. The story goes that when the wise prophet wished to select mares to establish his stud he had to choose from about forty animals. So in order to test them, he had them all locked up in their stables for two days without a bit of food or water. When they nearly brought down the roof of the stables with their kicks on account of their terrible thirst, the stable doors were opened and the mares galloped furiously towards a river. But just before they reached the bank, Mohammed had his war trumpets sounded in the opposite direction. Thirty-five of the horses continued their mad gallop to the water, but five whirled about and raced to the spot where the troops were gathering. These five mares, which cherished the excitement of war more than their almost insupportable thirst—these horses showing so much unselfishness and sense of duty—were chosen by the prophet as broodmares, and they became the foundation of the Koheilan breed. Horses, in general, have little more loyalty to man than the cat. They do not crave affection, nor do they have the blind, hypnotized adoration for humans that dogs have. But the Arab is an exception. They possess much more than ordinary equine intelligence. Most of them are very docile, and there are many stories which testify to their faithful qualities. If an Arab is cruelly treated, however, his extremely sensitive nervous system rebels and he fights to the death. Such a "spoilt" Arab is very vicious and almost unmanageable, until a man who has a way with horses comes along and handles the animal rightly when it will respond and show as much gratitude and loyalty and affection as any horse is capable of. But he won't wag his tail in acknowledgment of a pat on the neck; he is proud; he is a horse! The head of the Arab is remarkable for the width across the forehead, which indicates courage and brains. The eye is full and soft and sparkles with animation at the slightest excitement. The ears are small and beautifully pricked. When the horse's lungs are in full play, after a speedy gallop, for instance, the nostrils expand greatly and the membrane shows scarlet as though it were on fire. His frame is light, his legs are wiry—he really looks like a horse out of the Thousand and One Nights.

Still it is not wise for a starting breeder to occupy his time with pure Arabs, despite their wonderful qualities and beautiful appearance. Aside from the great expense, they are not suitable for all occasions. On the other hand, the thoroughbred or the half-bred performs equally well on the turf as on the hunting or polo field, on the bridle path as in the army. Recently I went to Front Royal, the army's remount depot down South, and Colonel Whitside, the commanding officer, a true southern gentleman and a foremost expert, was kind enough to show me around. It seems that the army breeds mostly thoroughbreds and registered half-breds and purchases racehorses for breeding purposes from the tracks. (It often takes about three months of careful reconditioning at the depot to get all the "dope" out of a racer from an unscrupulous owner!)

The experts at the Front Royal remount depot—there are three remount depots in the U. S. all founded in 1920—know that it costs just as much to breed good horses as plugs. So they breed good horses. The army knows that despite mechanized warfare, horses will play an important part in any struggle: they can go where even the finest tanks cannot; they are essential in pursuing the enemy (who wants to think of retreat?); and in reconnoitering. I may say that the "manufacture" of horses goes on just as feverishly at Front Royal as the construction of airplanes in other parts of the country. According to statistics, there are over eleven million horses in the U. S., while Germany has only three and a half.

A thoroughbred stallion may be had from the remount depots by any responsible person for breeding purposes, and at present there are about seven hundred of them scattered all over the country. The lessee, getting his stallion free from the army, may charge the owner of the mare a ten-dollar mating fee—the sum going for the upkeep of the stallion—but not a penny more. Some of the stallions, of course, remain at the depot. Front Royal produces about fifty foals a year, but buys horses all the time from civilians, and in turn sends them to the cavalry and artillery troops.

The depot also keeps some distinguished horses in retirement. I had the honor of seeing "Jeff," aged 28, and "Kidron," aged 29, General Pershing's pensioned mounts which the commander-in-chief used overseas during the World War. They are retired with laurels at Front Royal and everyone treats them with great respect. Jeff and Kidron are getting quite fat and they stand silently in their boxes, the deepest animal philosophy reflected on their big old faces. Jeff was an expensive horse, costing at the time, fifteen thousand dollars! He is half Percheron—half thoroughbred, and the breeder from whom he was purchased by a patriotic institution which presented the horse to the general, would have parted with him for eight thousand. But the boys did not want to buy the general a "cheap" horse, and besides, they had fifteen thousand dollars allotted for the purpose . . .

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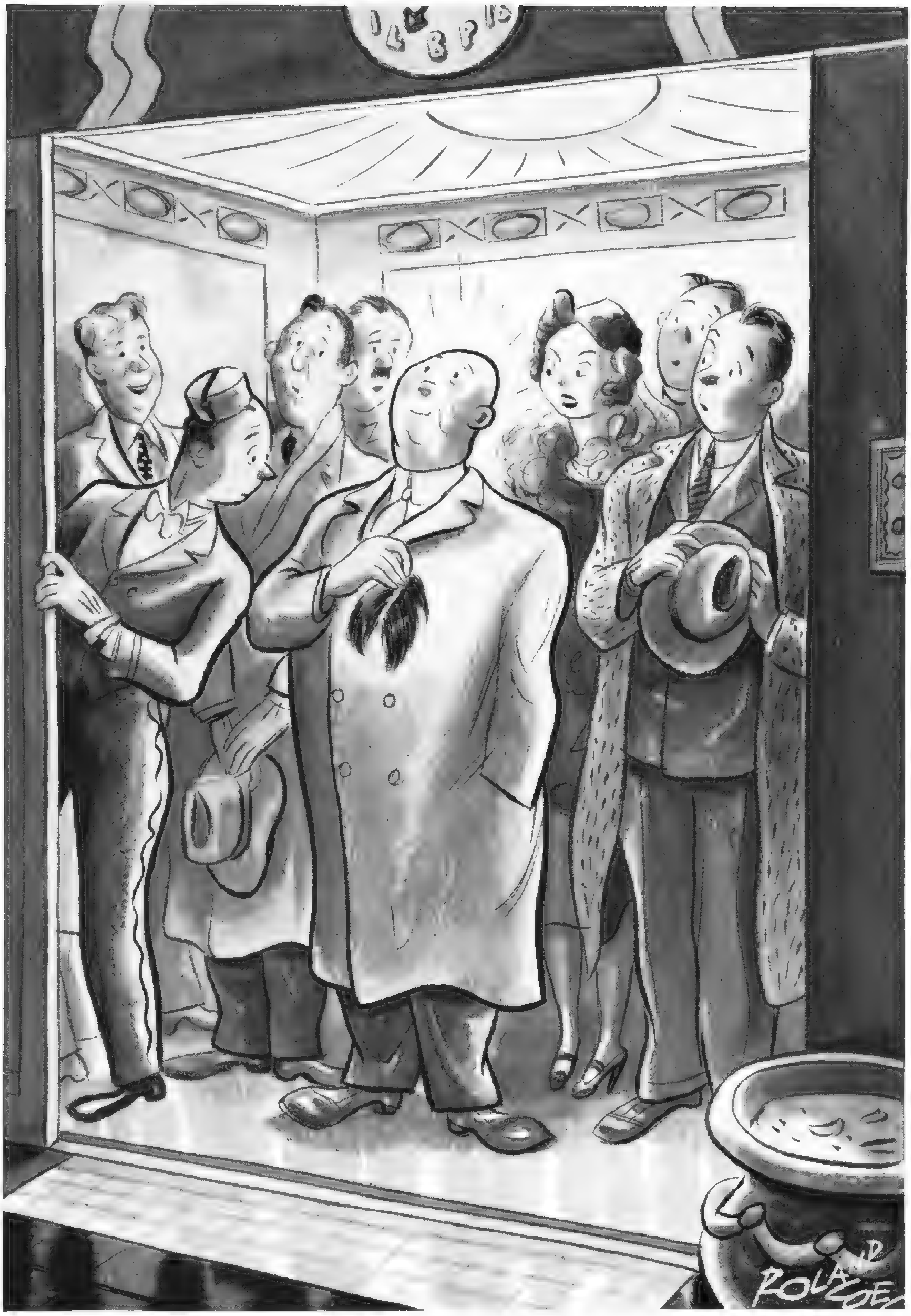
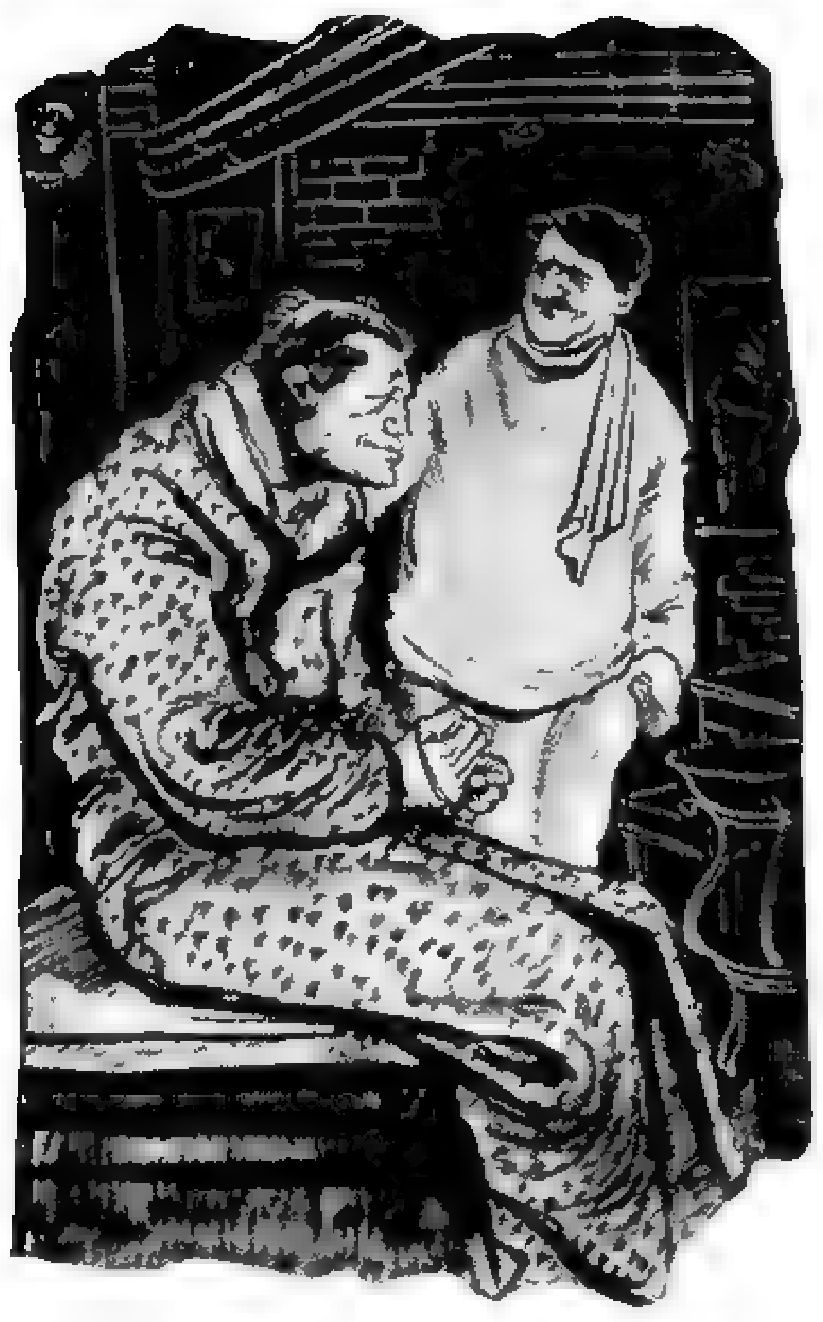

ROLAND COE

Everything in the Fifth

Beaten, she knew that her husband might return to her, yet she scarcely knew whether to wish him victory or defeat

by MAXENCE VAN DER MEERSCH

FICTION



Frédéric Hallemart, all alone, looked at the little basement room where, before him, so many actors, strolling players, clowns, athletes, and animal trainers had lived in expectation, before offering themselves to the crowd. It was a low nook, arched, a kind of kennel, between enormous brick posts which had to support all the accumulation of benches in circus. A washstand, two iron chairs, two armchairs, a divan where Hallemart was stretching out his naked, hairy, and muscular legs, and in a corner, under a mirror lighted by an electric light, a dainty dressing table, a small piece of slender furniture, loaded with pots, tubes, sticks, tufts and brushes, all the effeminate paraphernalia which is usually used by actresses, and which had not been moved. A red carpet with big flowers hid the pavement of uneven bricks.

On the ceiling ran large tubes, conduits of water, steam, or gas, like the bundles of arteries of the gigantic building whose growling murmur Hallemart could hear above him.

The crowd filled the sides of the stone structure. Exhibition matches, the "hors d'oeuvres," attempted to distract its impatience while waiting for the single match that it wanted: Kid Brown vs. Hallemart.

The narrow little door, with its glass peephole, gently opened. Sulton appeared, smooth-faced, his hair gray, and showing his gold teeth in a vast smile.

"Everything all right? You're ready to fight? How's your legs? Your stomach? You want anything to drink or eat?"

"Come in," said Hallemart. "No, nothing,"

The manager came in, and sat down on the edge of the divan.

"I've thought it all out. Give everything you've got about the fifth round, Freddy . . . Your breathing, hey? You know it's your weak point . . . Later would be too long . . . You would lose your power . . . Everything in the fifth . . ."

"Don't worry," said Hallemart.

"It's going to be all right?"

"It has to be all right. It's our big chance . . . Money, engagements, America, the championship. Everything depends on today, you know it well enough."

"Yes . . . But what a business! If we win the land of the dollars! The press for us! Contracts! The movies! Everything . . . . . Everything . . . . . My boy, I'm telling you! If you can knock him down in the fifth round, and look out for his left . . ."

"Come in," said Hallemart.

Someone had just knocked at the door. It opened. A young, blonde woman, her hair curled on her forehead halo style, very slender in a long coat of white ermine, appeared and stopped, smiling.

"Can I come in?"

Sulton was scowling.

"Of course," said Hallemart.

"I've come to bring you courage."

"You're sweet . . . thanks . . . it's nice of you."

"To tell you we all count with all our hearts on this victory! You understand?"

"Yes . . . Yes . . . I have to . . . I understand . . . You're going, Sulton?"

"I'll leave you," growled Sulton, going out.

The door slammed behind him.

"He's like that," explained Hallemart. "More nervous than I am."

"You know all your friends are counting on your triumph?"

"Yes. Yes."

"I want this victory for you!"

"I hope too that . . ."

"Think of the future it will assure you."

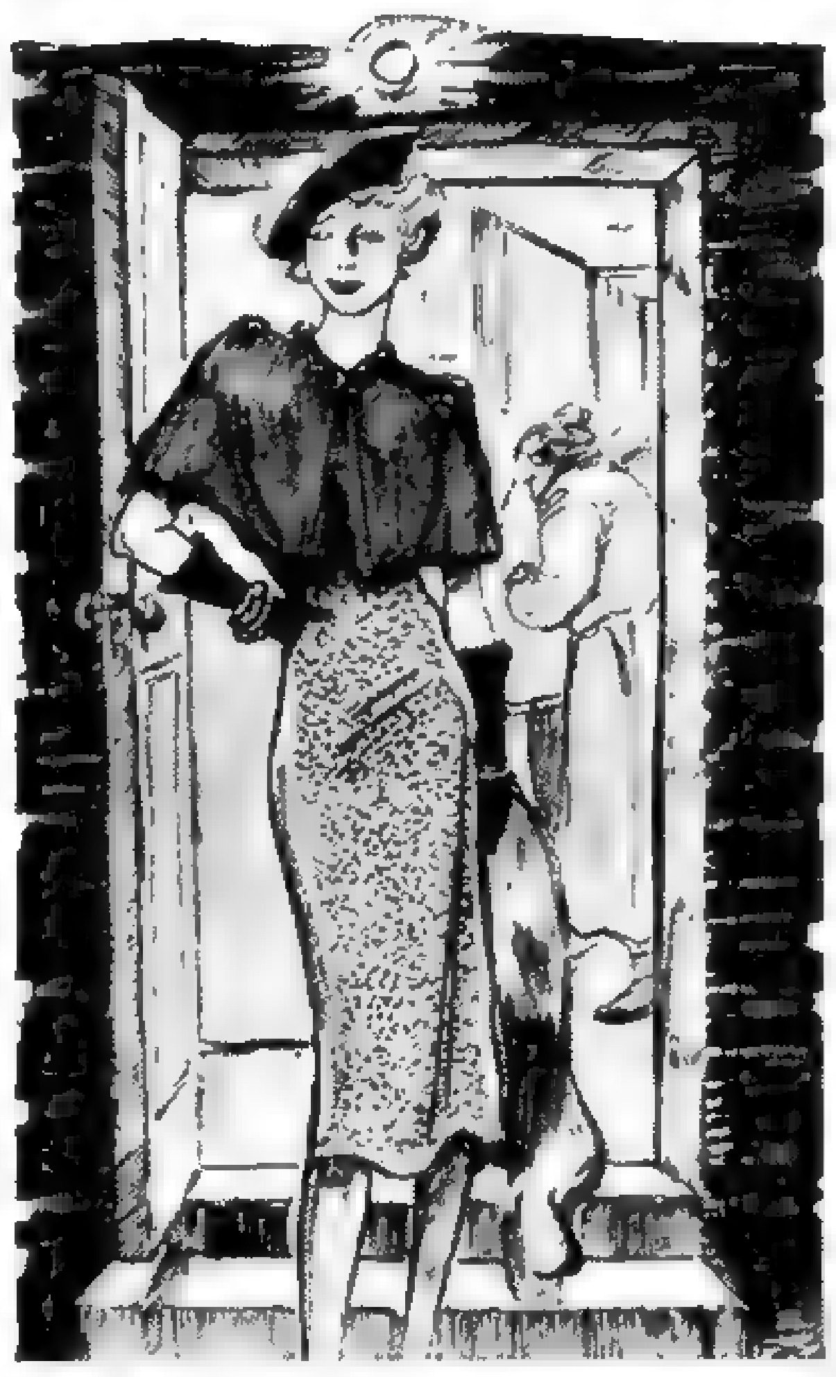
She looked at him. She wore a strange half smile.

"America, glory, fortune! a beautiful dream to live!"

"And that you promised to live with me, Paule."

She sat down beside him, in the place Sulton had left. Hallemart took her hand. She drew it away. Again she smiled.

"We'll see, we'll see . . . Today will decide . . . But I have lots of confidence. It will be you who will show me New York. Do you know that my cabin is engaged on the *Ile de France?*"



"Already?"

"Already! That's to say that I definitely count on this victory. I must have it."

"And I'll bring it to you this evening!" said Hallemart.

She got up. He wanted to hold her.

"So soon, Paule? Just one minute."

But she evaded him and slipped outside. She opened the door. She blew him a kiss with her pink fingers.

"Tomorrow . . . Tomorrow."

And she disappeared.

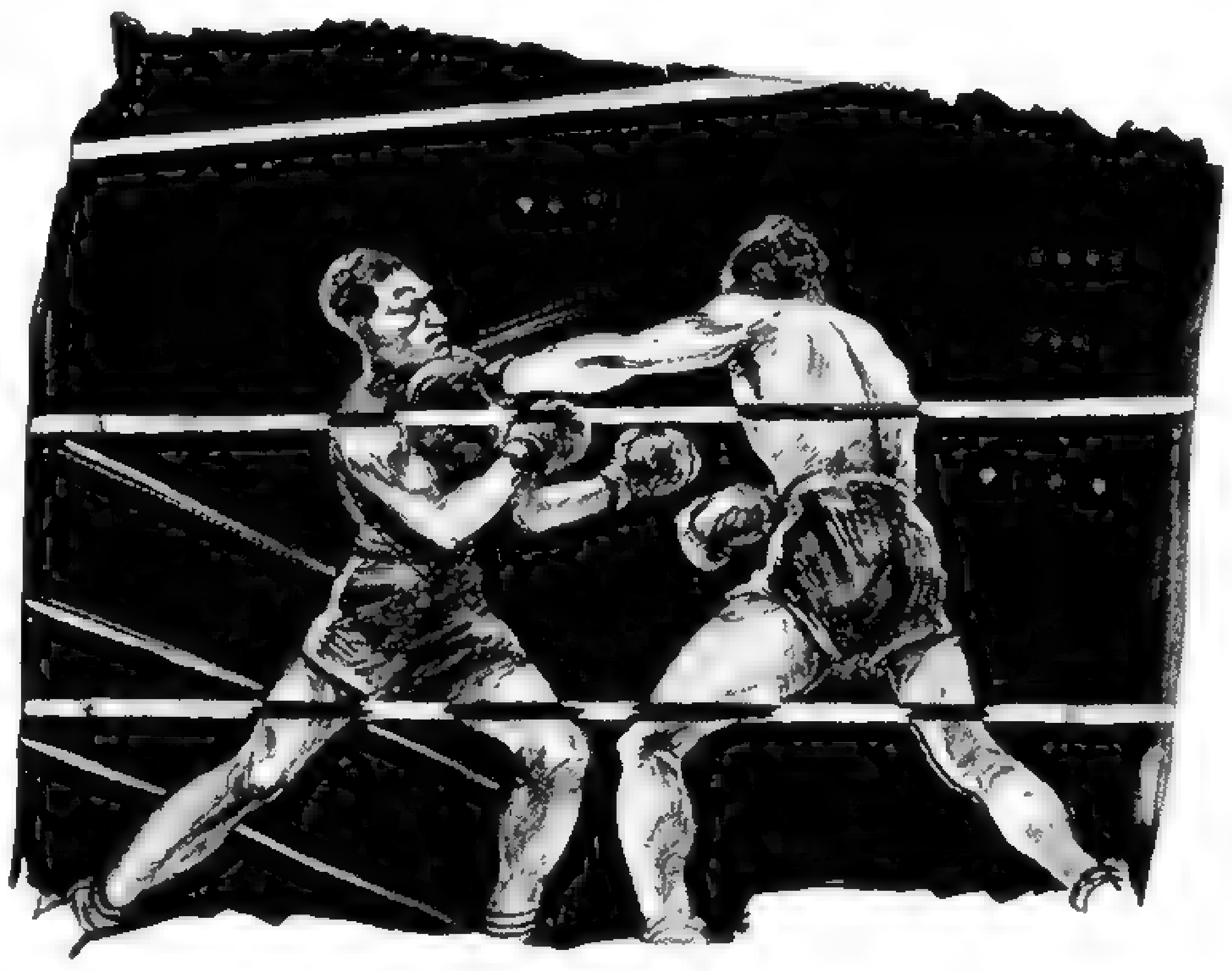
Hallemart sat down again. He sighed. He looked at his fists.

He opened and shut his hands, that massive joining of bone, tendons, and flesh, those hands that soon would win glory, money, love. America, escape, far from chains, his wife, his household . . . A new world, liberty for years . . . And Paule!

He had been married for ten years. Jeanne Hallemart, the companion of his early hours, had shared the anguish, the trials, the early privations with him. Hallemart looked at her only as a maternal friend, complaisant, attached to him like a faithful dog. He had nothing but a rather distant tenderness for her now, in which memories and pity entered more than love.

During the six months that he had known Paule Miserand, he had been bewilderingly smitten.

He did not know too much about this woman's past, a wife profitably divorced from a big English industrialist. She had overpowered him. Her elegance, her chic, her allure, her language, all the tricks of a woman who has known the world, and has acquired a dazzling polish, fascinated Hallemart. She herself, more than she would have wished, submitted to the ascendancy of this great fellow, simple, worn, taciturn, but who did not pass by unperceived, who represented all the same, in his sphere, an energy, a will, a force. And now two recent fights had caused to converge on Hallemart the projectors of reality, making him a star, the press shouting his name to all the echoes, putting him up as the future champion of the world. In this adventure Paule Miserand ended by being



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Stephen Etnier: Bad-Boy Artist

At snobbish Haverford, he drew covers for school magazines, and got an awful kick out of Maxfield Parrish paintings

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Stephen Etnier is another one of those painter fellows. His life, however, is full of incidents and emotions not entirely related to the problems of art, so that you can go ahead with this even if you don't give a damn about painters and painting. That's a promise. Etnier has had a checkered career and the sands in his hourglass have not yet run out. The satisfaction he gets from making a good picture is great, but next to it is the thrill that comes from the single-handed sailing of a schooner out of a storm. He has been a sailor, boy and man, longer than he has been an artist, longer even than he has wished to be an artist, and should art ever default on its emotional dividends life would not be barren so long as there was a schooner, or a cutter, to ride, a sea to ride it on and a wind to ride it by. The joy of sailing resides in the fact of sailing, but after a sustained stretch of painting, a man like Etnier has to establish contact with a kindred spirit, a John Carroll preferably, in order to dispel that treacherous fog of doubt that settles down upon him, touching the value of painting generally and of his specifically.

Etnier is young and he is handsome, strong and sensitive. He knows how to live and he knows how to work. He has a decent respect for the amenities of cosmopolitan life. No one seeing him stripped to the waist and pulling rocks out of the soil of his Maine island could ever guess that this was the champagne-drinking, tea dansant dandy who used to come down to New York from Yale with his silver-topped cane concealed in his overcoat. Even today he has a face and figure that would flutter the dovecote of any young ladies' seminary. He looks positively charming but he has proved irresistible also in his intractable decision to be an artist, against the weight of ponderable paternal authority. He has the distinction of having been a freshman at more alleged institutions of learning (without graduating from any one of them) than any youth who grew up to be merely a remittance man. He has given the factitious appearance of being a good-for-nothing, an idler, a dilettante, a purposeless aesthete, a futile scribbler, a romantic prig and a self-indulgent coxcomb—by which he has proved simply that a square peg rebels at being shoved into a round hole—and that aforementioned peg can be made quite reasonable and happy by transfer to a square hole. Whereupon Stephen Etnier became a respectable (well, fairly respectable) paterfamilias, an artist who sold a picture now and then and got his name into print occasionally, one who, on the whole, reflected credit rather than discredit on the family name. When a young man goes to work and with his own hands helps build a house and a pier, you can't call him aesthete and dilettante any longer.

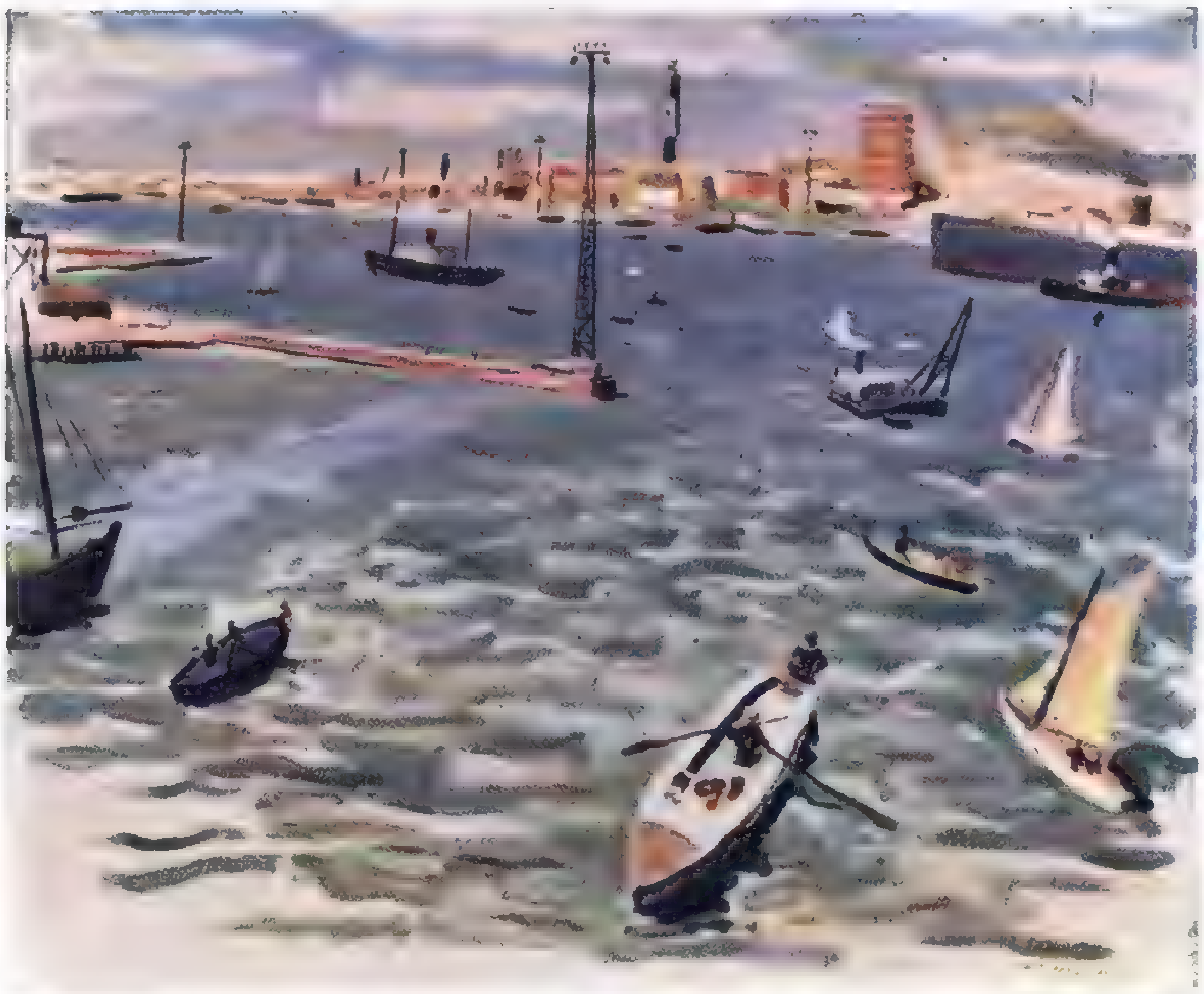
Even were it not to be mentioned by name, the silver spoon would be implicit in the life story of Etnier. He owes much to the silver spoon—opportunities for good living, education and travel, years of experimentation in art and the practically absolute liberation from bread and butter considerations. But for the silver spoon he could not have been Stephen Etnier. Were it to be wrenched from him today he would continue to be benefiting from the patina of leisure and cultivation with which, in the meantime, it had polished the processes of daily living. His masculine pride compels him to minimize the quality of his silver spoon, but it was obviously not of pewter. There have been many times he has wished there had been no silver spoon, so that other painters, and the art world generally, would give him credit for his work instead of enviously sneering it off as the playtime expression of an advantaged idler. He is a good painter. Were he also a poor man, certain circles would get behind him and push, not on the ground of his quality, but merely on that of his poverty, which, strictly speaking, has nothing to do with art. But there are people who regard the purchase of pictures as the exercise of a modified form of charity, and from the benefit of such circles Etnier must be rigidly excluded, because he doesn't need the money, although he could use the prestige. But he has no cause for complaint, on one ground, for the silver spoon, as he knows and acknowledges, opened gallery doors a little sooner than they might have opened had the artist been no less genteel, but shabby. The silver spoon, I suspect, has put its patina of polished elegance even on Mr. Etnier's canvases.

The silver spoon, with all its advantages, imposes responsibilities. In this case, at least, it chafingly bound the present to the past. From the silver spoon sometimes are forged silver manacles and silver anklets which circumscribe freedom of movement and freedom of choice. There is that powerful imponderable called family tradition and prejudice. Who will carry on if son becomes one of those unsexed creatures, an artist? Where there is no silver spoon there is none to bind you, none to consult. The underprivileged don't have to win family permission for personal decisions. Where there is no silver spoon you don't spend years and years attempting to reconcile personal ambition and inclination with family tradition and expectation. A good deal of Etnier's story is taken up with time-wasting rebellions and maladjustments because he was *destined* for one thing and he wanted something entirely different. And the artist's final victory resulted not only from a stubborn incapacity to mold himself into a pattern paternally premeditated; it came also from the presentation of evidence, in the person of the illustrator Harvey Dunn, that one could be an artist and masculine, an artist and successful. To the governors of Stephen Etnier's world the word artist was a euphemism for effeminate; Harvey Dunn and also the illustrator, N. C. Wyeth, another man's man, were satisfactory living exhibits to the effect that art could have other connotations and, at long last, Stephen Etnier received the paternal blessing on his ambition.

When Stephen was born in York, Pennsylvania, thirty-six years ago, a job was waiting for him. Few people are so fortunate these days. His father was a manufacturer of turbines and Stephen was to succeed him. He would of course prepare himself by attending an engineering school. He would also graduate from a reputable college, preferably Penn State, in which his father had spent a year or two and since which time he had enjoyed the illusion that he would have made greater advances in business had he remained to graduate. Stephen was to suffer a good deal from this almost childlike faith in the magical properties of a college degree. At an early age Stephen's instinctive revulsion against the idea of working in an office should have given warning that he wasn't going to fill the schedule. "No matter who you are there's always a boss to tell you what to do and how to do it." Thus Stephen Etnier today, stating the justification for his rebellious attitude.

Stephen Etnier is probably the most complete contradiction to the theory that a man becomes educated by being subjected to educational procedure. He has been tutored, finished and educated to distraction and he is still a person, intelligent and cultivated, although uneducated. Even his educational procedure did not kill his living interest in the things in which he was always concerned—art and literature, sailing and the amenities of civilized living. For years nothing was denied to him except the essential, the privilege of abiding by his own instinctive choices. As a result of his training he knows as much about America's snob schools as the son of any railroad president. At eleven he was despatched to Haverford School. Three years later a cousin, who was attending the Hill School, at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, was found smoking a cigarette, or possessing a cigarette, and was sent to Haverford. Two Etniers being more than Haverford could handle, Stephen took his cousin's place at the Hill School. It was at Haverford that Stephen definitely became interested in art. He was drawing covers for the school magazine. Maxfield Parrish and Frederick Remington gave him a definite kick. He had seen the Far West and its sunsets and he himself was painting Western sunsets. He had already made up his mind to get out of engineering if he could. A sympathetic English teacher was pointing out to him the glories of early English poetry and of the manner in which it captured the beat of the sea. New horizons were opening.

The educational polishing process involves travel. At the age of fifteen Stephen went abroad with his mother—to Europe and to its museums and cathedrals. In London he remembers seeing the Turners. He enjoyed wandering around Paris but he was on an inexorable cultural schedule. The *Mona Lisa* and Napoleon's Tomb happened to be on the program for the same day. When he returned to the hotel he was questioned: Had he seen the *Mona Lisa* and Napoleon's Tomb? He could not tell a lie and out he went to see the painting and the stonework, so that they could be checked off. The quality of the seeing was another matter. There was a tutor and Stephen was tutored. Around this time, but without tutorial instruction, he began to learn about sex. He returned alone from Europe and was enrolled in the Roxbury School, which he describes as being full of railroad presidents' sons. The gilded youth, Lucius Beebe, was one of the high living crowd and Roxbury was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. To Roxbury Etnier owes much. The teachers treated as equals boys whose economic positions they probably envied. For the first time in his life Etnier heard symphony music. For the first time he was painting in oil. At Roxbury Stephen was to be prepared for Yale. Failing to make the class of 1925 he accompanied his mother and sister on a tour of South America, returning to the United States by way of Europe. The following year, 1923, he passed Yale's entrance examination. There he found Beebe, who was going to help make life interesting, if not scandalously exciting. For some it was just gin; for the Beebe crowd it was going to be absinthe, and Swinburne.



PORT SAID

This was the period of week-end escapes to New York with their silver-headed canes hidden in the sleeves of their overcoats so that New Haven wouldn't laugh at them. They worked harder running around New York drinking and dancing, with, among others, Connie Bennett, first flapper of the short skirt era, than they did at their studies. In emulation of Eric von Stroheim, who, in a picture called *The Foolish Virgin*, entertained a group of worldly fellows in striped trousers with a champagne breakfast during which heaps of caviare were taken out of bowls hidden in ice swans, Beebe and Etnier gave such a party in New Haven. Everyone was dressed in striped trousers and champagne flowed, but there was neither an ice swan nor caviare, so that cans of sardines in a large cake of ice had to do duty.

When Etnier wasn't dissipating, he was painting, still faithful to Western sunsets. There was a man around the campus by the name of York. He happened to be a hockey coach who was interested in art. Having heard that Etnier was painting, the Yorks invited Etnier over to their place for tea and they talked to him about art. They gently urged the claims of modern art, of Van Gogh, against the saccharine drivel which Etnier was imitating. They suggested that the young man transfer to the Yale Art School, since he seemed to show no fitness for the academic life. To the art school he did transfer, not so much for love of art as for fear that he would be bounced from the college proper at the end of the year—his marks were terrible—and what would Pater say then?

From Etnier's account the Yale Art School was a place in which one could learn to detest art. He was set to work in front of a white wooden brick. The most daring object he was permitted to draw was a Holland gin bottle. Better a Western sunset. Then he came under the spell of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, that romantic misrepresentation of the life of Gauguin. The boredom of the wooden brick coupled with the clarion summons to far horizons set Etnier a-dreaming. He confided to Beebe that he was running off to South America to paint, not really meaning to do so. In a spirit of mischievousness, Beebe took him at his word and arranged a farewell party—and Etnier had to go. All of Yale's literary lights came down to see him off. Beebe gave him a derringer in case he got into any trouble. The party moved from New Haven to New York, and on to the boat, allowing Etnier no means of escape.

His college allowance being insufficient for long-range romantic adventure, he had solved his money problem by ordering two suits from each of five tailors, his father receiving from each tailor a bill for three suits, the price of the third suit in each case being advanced to Stephen in cash. This was his most complicated financial maneuver to date. He had offered his sailboat for the cost of passage but the line had rejected the barter arrangement. By the time the elder Etnier received bills for fifteen suits his son was far out to sea. For the first five days of his passage he did not speak to a soul. He was remote and aloof in his ivory tower of contemplation. He confesses that he must have acted like a damned affected literary prig, and he probably was.

After five days of silence, one of the passengers was delegated to speak to the handsome solitary. The spokesman happened to be a Yale man. Etnier let it be known that he had run away from college. A collection was organized and someone spoke to the captain about taking Etnier back on the return trip. The young man bound for romance scorned the money and refused to go back. As if the confession were being drawn from him, he let it be known that he was going to paint. That set up flutter upon flutter. How utterly thrilling! At Rio de Janeiro many passengers debarked and, with them, Etnier. He was everybody's pet. Everybody treated him. For weeks he was living on the fat of the land —and painting nothing. Resources ebbed. He wouldn't write to his family, his father refused to communicate with him. He moved to a cheaper hotel and then to a pension where he paid a dollar a day. He wrote to Beebe and Beebe sent him a loan, with which he paid his bills at the hotels from which he had moved. He was feeling lonesome and began to paint.

But the paintings were no good. He tried to make his things look like those he saw in the museums, but he couldn't. He was miserable for two months when he received a call from the chief officer of the boat on which he had visited South America some years before with his mother and sister. Etnier was offered a job on the return trip to America. The proud artist said that he was planning to stay on indefinitely. The boat was going on to Buenos Aires, but by the time it had docked at Rio again for the trip to the north Etnier was so thoroughly fed up that he accepted the job of assistant purser—which he knew was a dodge to salve his pride, for his duties were so light that he spent most of the time aboard writing a novel based on his experiences. At New York his father and Beebe met him and the three had one of those strained relations luncheons, for the elder Etnier thought Beebe was a bad influence. The law was laid down: either Stephen went to study with a tutor at Princeton, New Jersey, or it was Don't darken my door again! Stephen went to the tutor.

Him he was able to stand two or three months, and on grounds which must have been sufficient to others, Stephen left him to return to the Roxbury School, which again prepared him for the Yale entrance exams and again, as a member of the 1927 class, Etnier became a Yale freshman. This time he was definitely booted out for not being able to keep up with his studies and this time his family decided to put him to work, to start him at the bottom of the engineering ladder. They sent him down to a small town in Georgia, a company town where a dam was being built, a town of four hundred Negroes and four white men,

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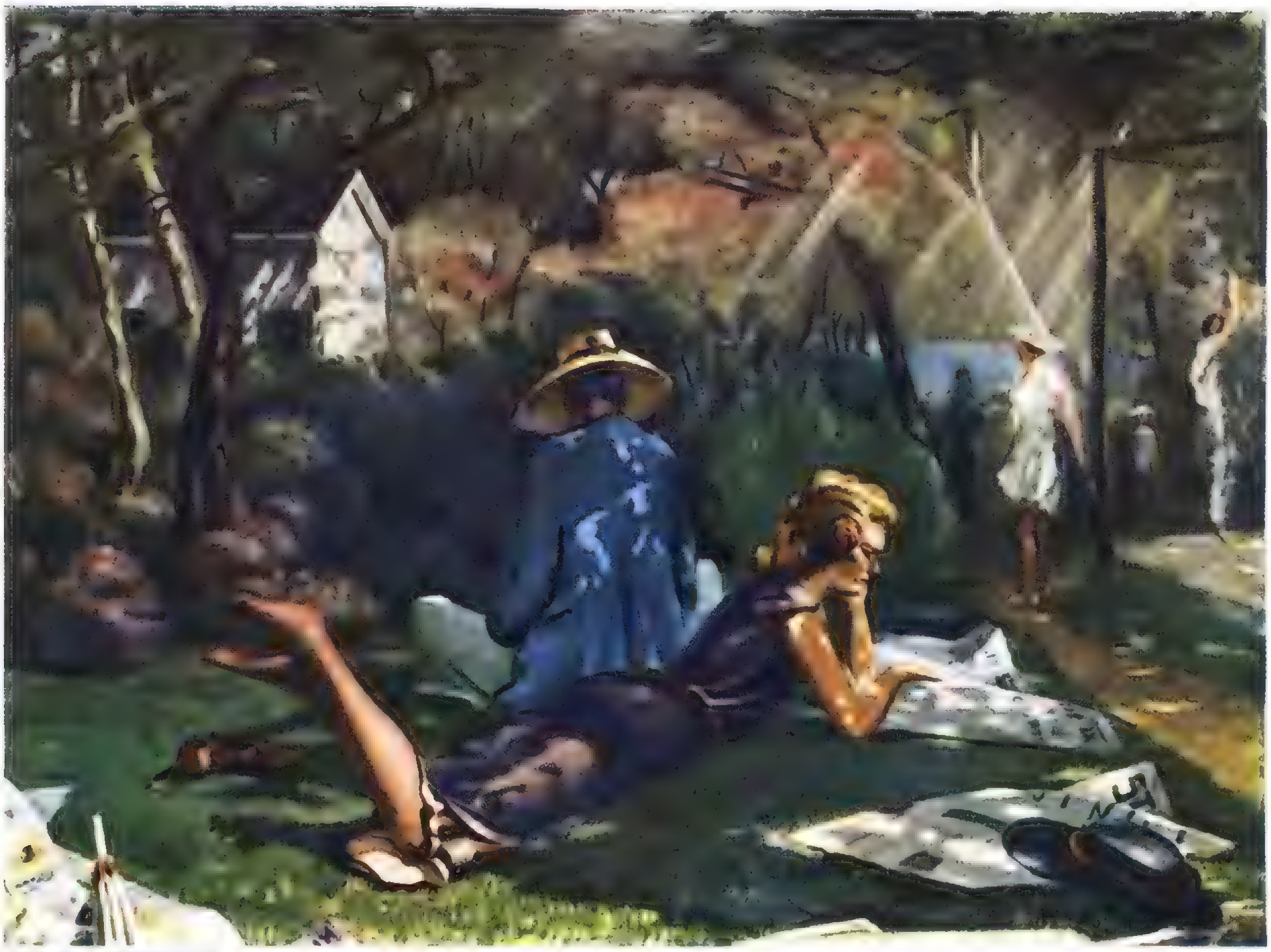
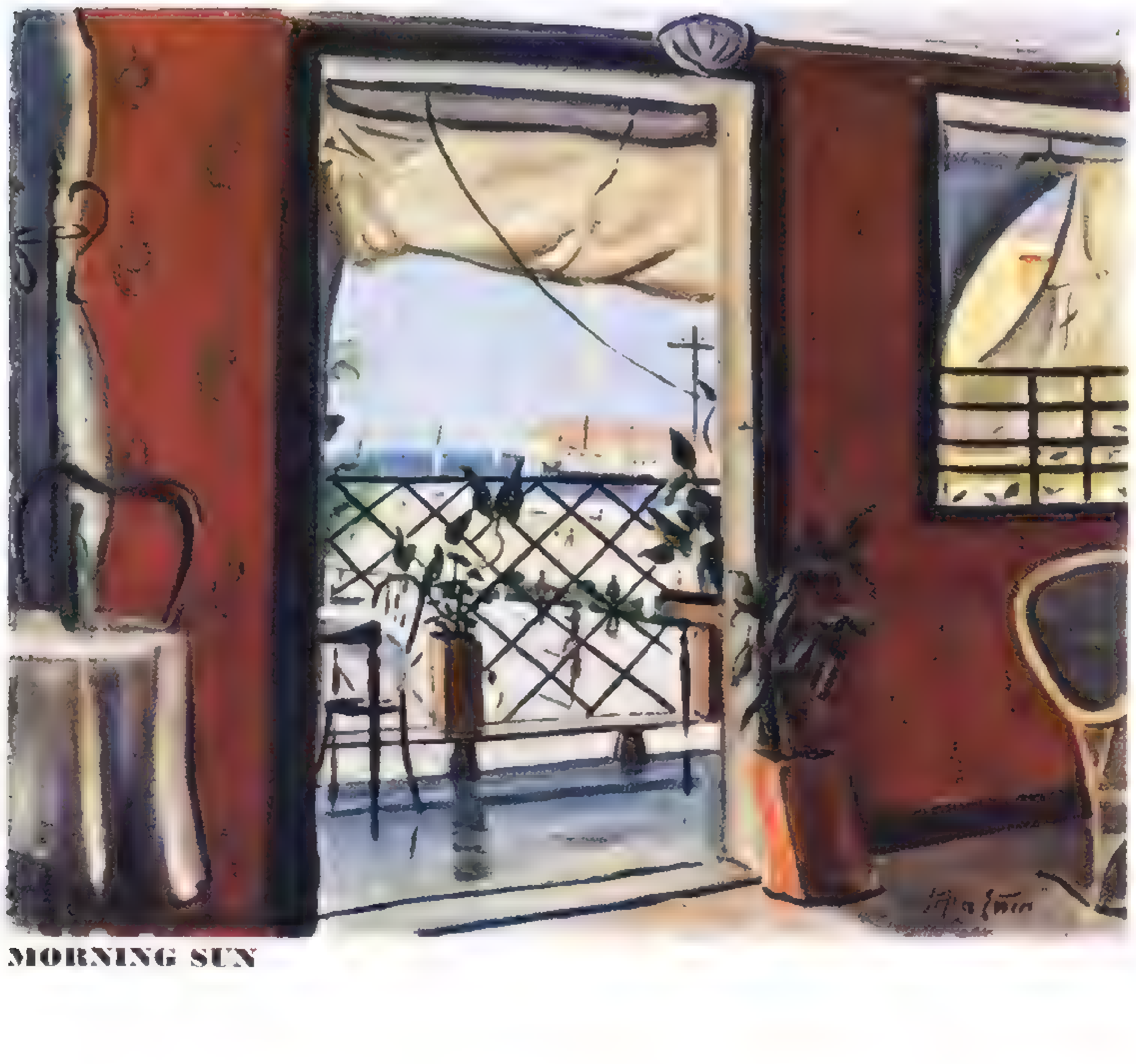


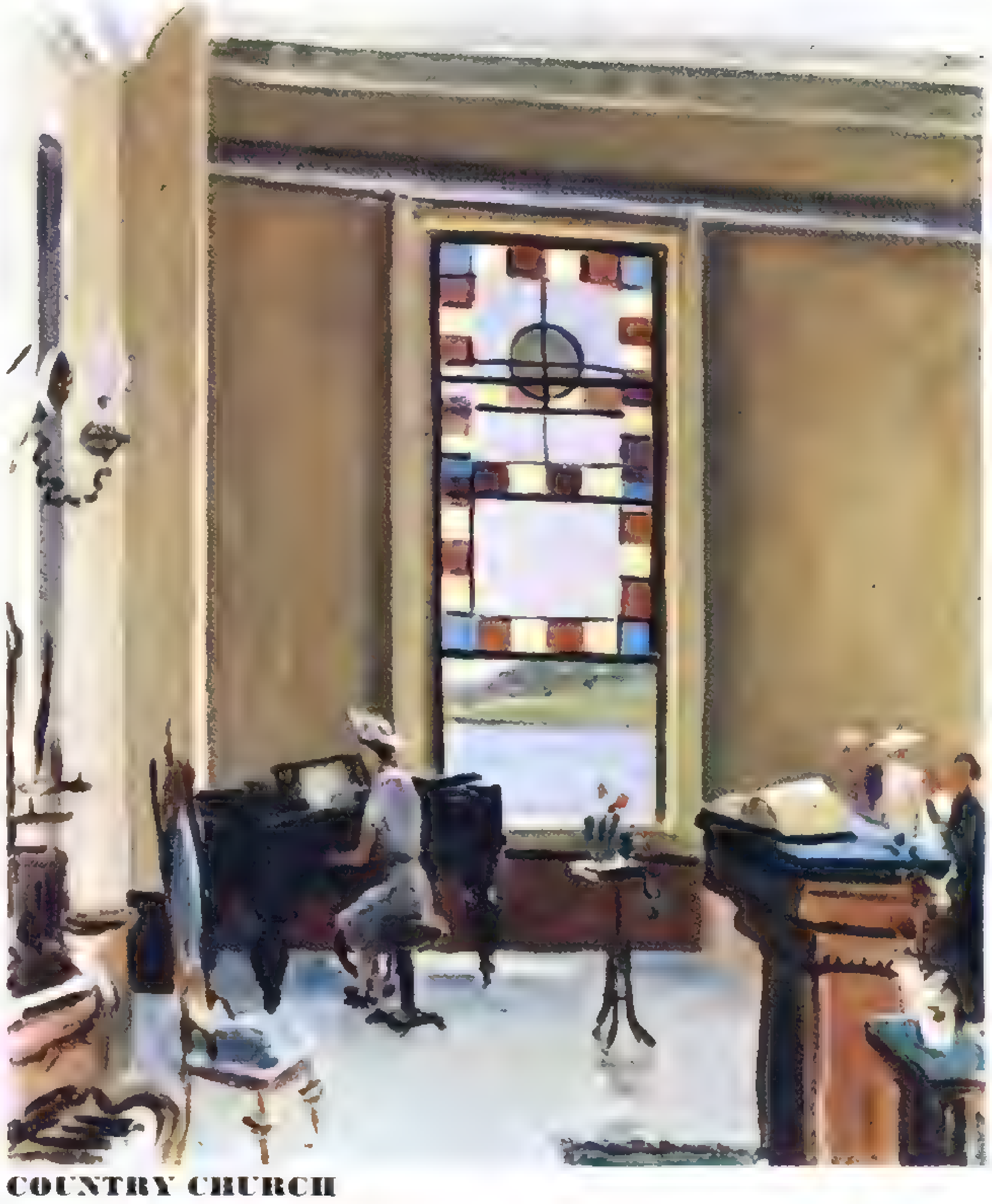
SUNDAY MORNING

A Collection of Seven Paintings

by STEPHEN ETNIER

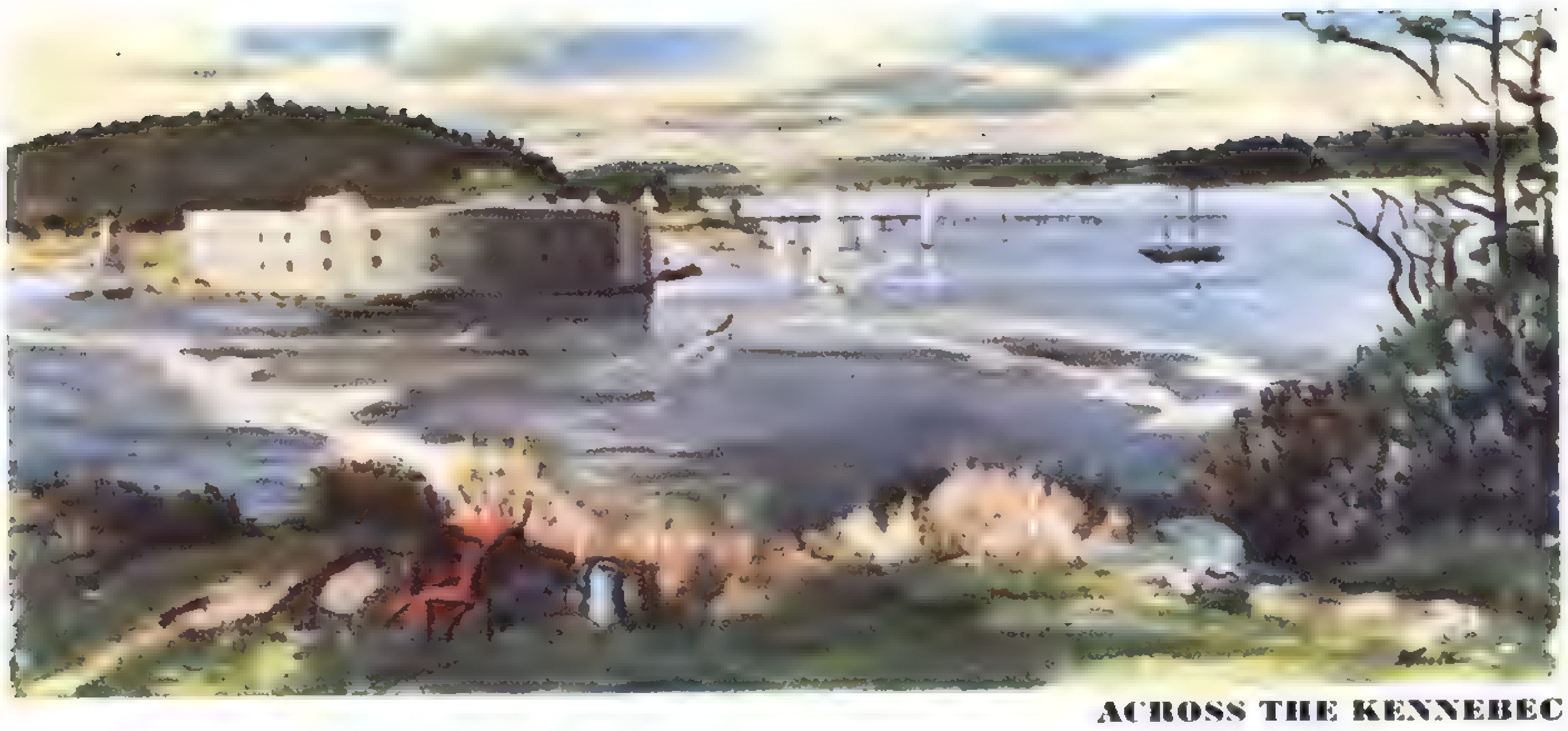


MORNING SUN

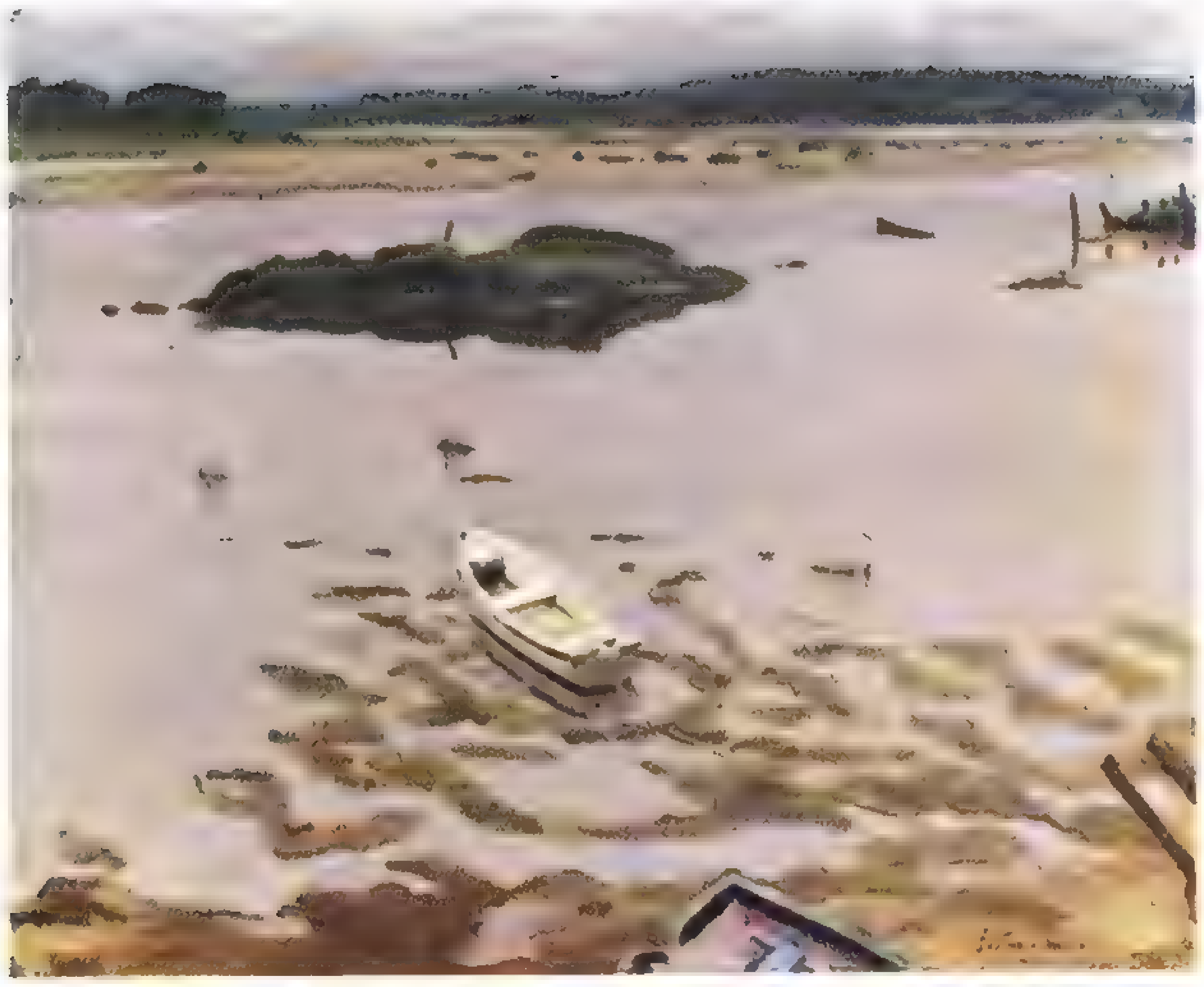


COUNTRY CHURCH

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Milch Gallery, 108 West 57th Street, New York City. "The Pearl" is from the collection of John E. Parsons.

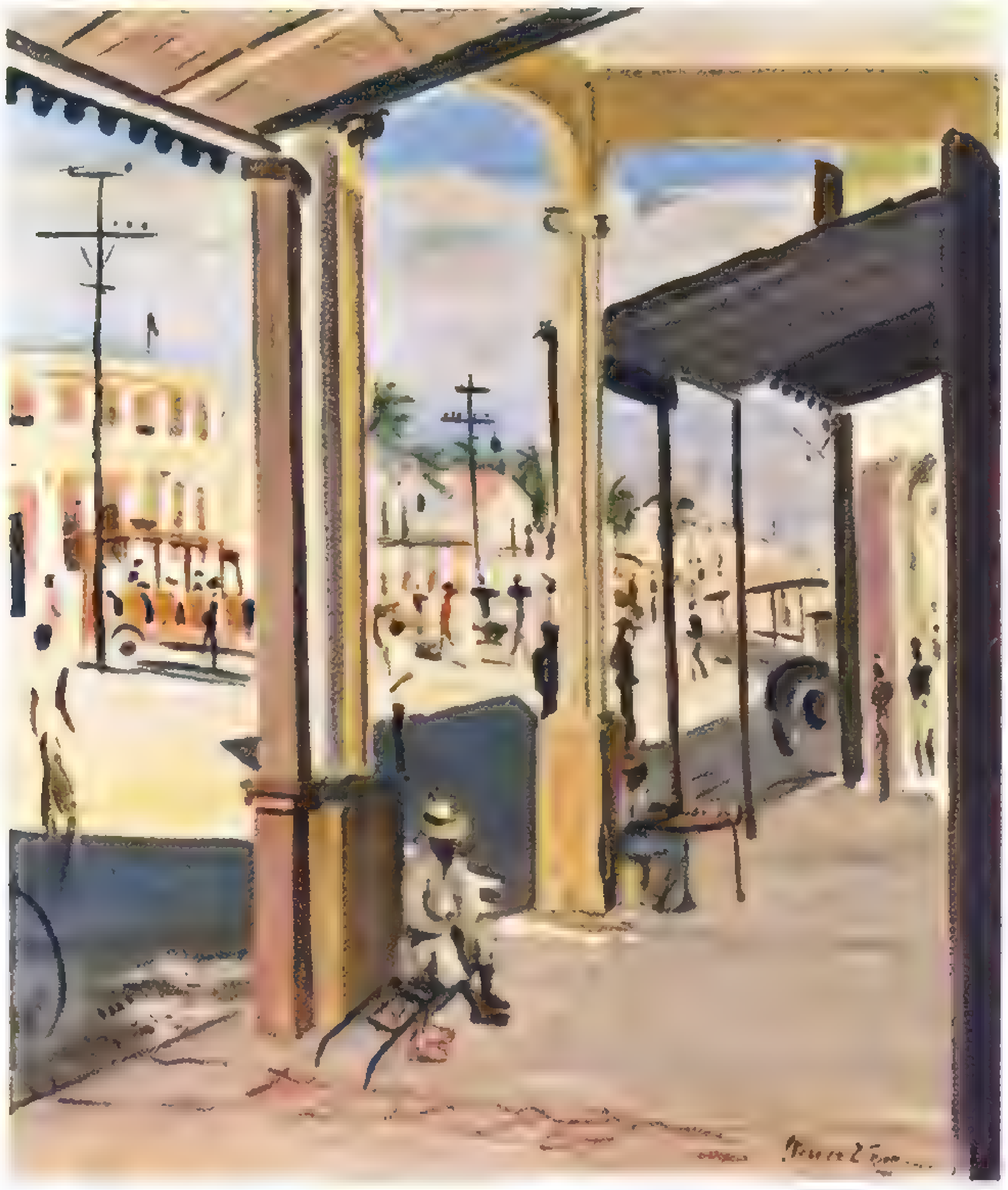


ACROSS THE KENNEBEC

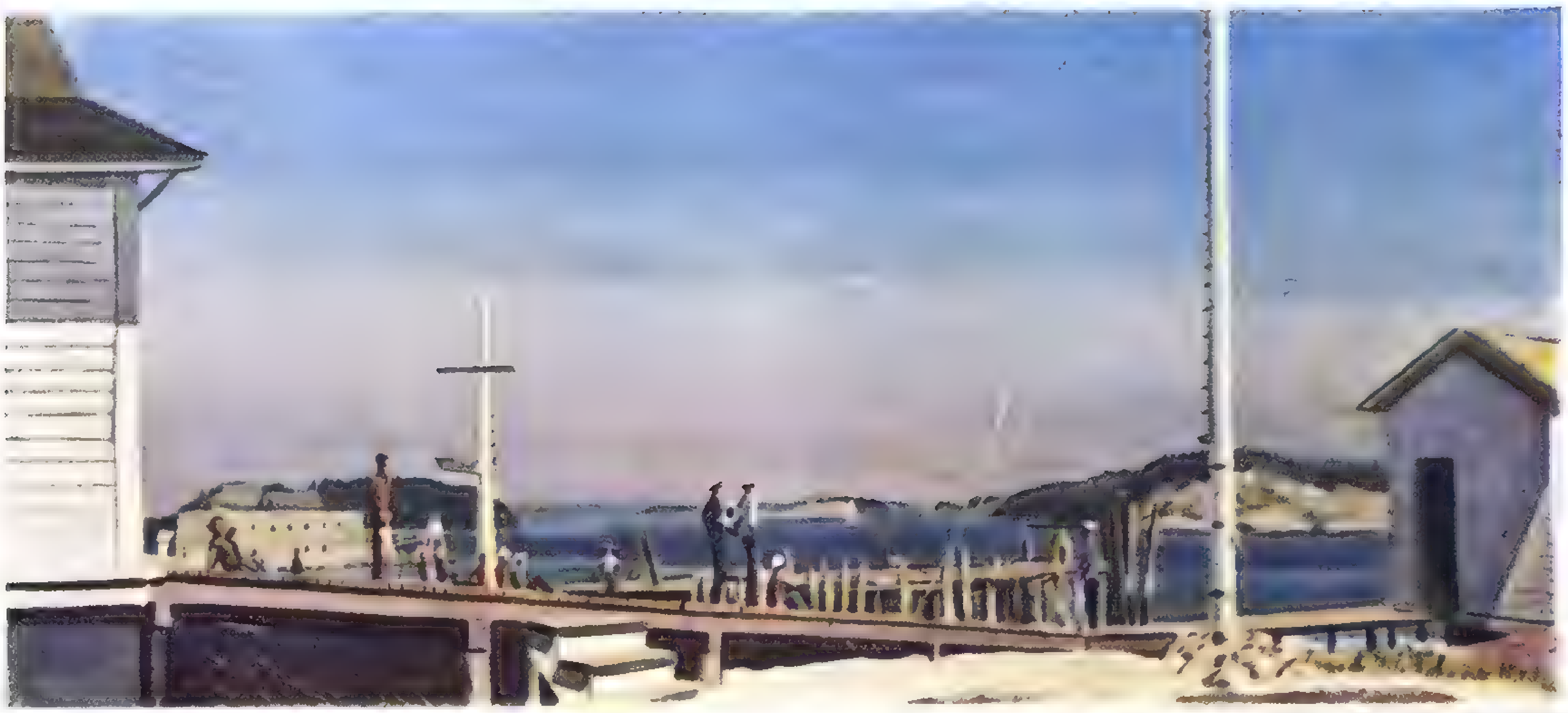


COLL. OF JOHN E. PARSONS

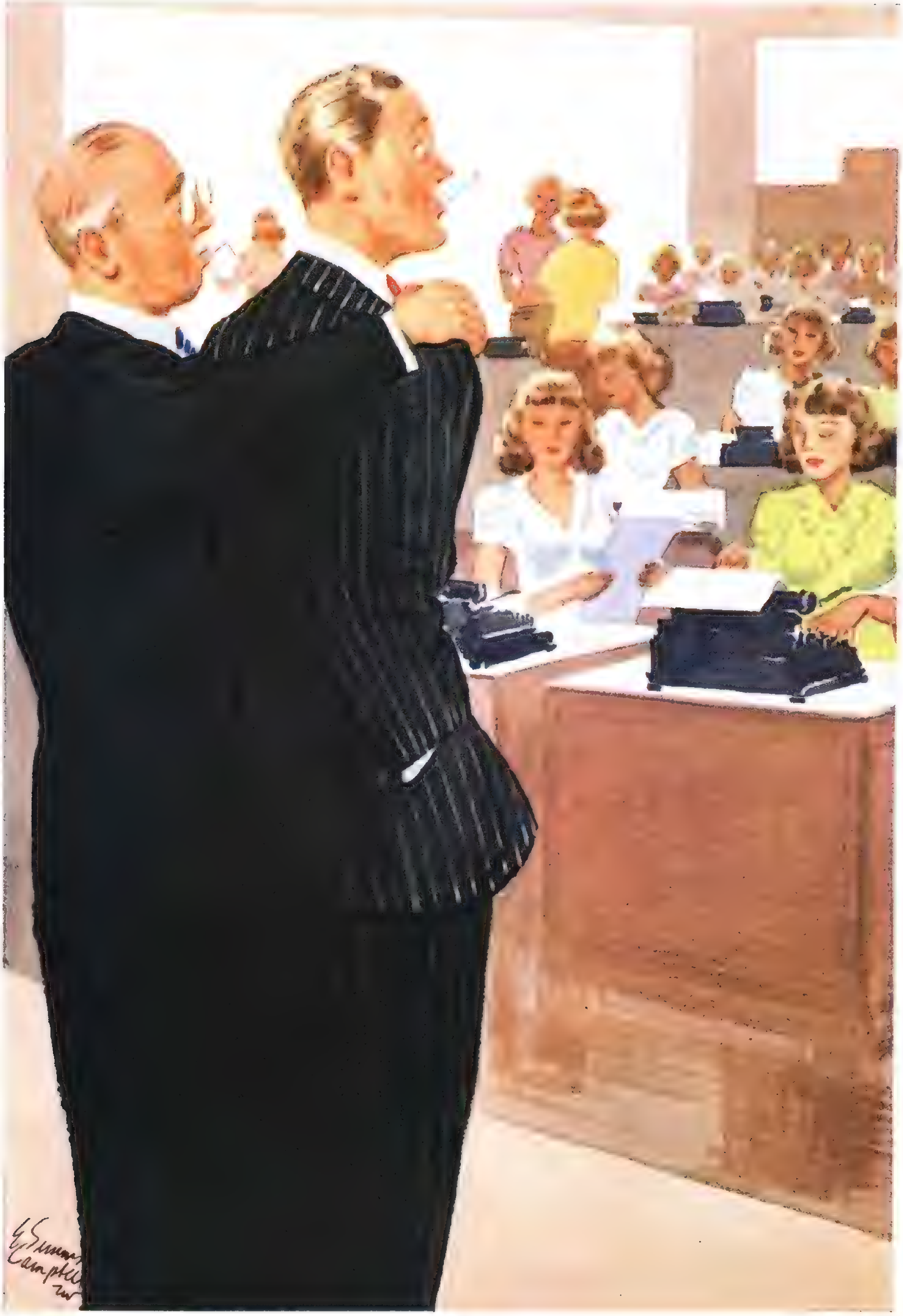
THE PEARL



STREET SCENE—HAITI



THE COAST GUARD


E. Simms Campbell

"I'm getting old, son—in a few more years all this will be yours"

A Job for Walter

Things had never gone right for him, perhaps because he was too kind, too friendly, because he couldn't say no

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

THEY said that he didn't amount to anything, that he never had amounted to anything, and never would. Well, maybe they were right. At sixty you would hardly call Walter Gordon a successful man. Not from his clothes or the boarding house where he lived, or his annual income.

But wait a minute. He wasn't down and out. And every once in a while he made good dough. He'd make some tomorrow. Fifty dollars for an afternoon's work. That wasn't hay. There weren't so many people who could do that, when you came right down to it. The trouble was that you couldn't do it every day —or even every week. Sometimes there were long waits between. Of course sometimes it was even more than fifty, but other times— well, not as much as that. Anyhow, he didn't have any income tax to pay. That was one blessing of not having much of an income.

Different from his brothers. They both had to pay plenty of taxes. They were both in the chips. And good brothers, too. A little contemptuous, sometimes, of Walter, but every once in a while they helped him over the rough spots. They could afford to. They never missed the money they gave him. Charity in a way, but after all he'd done quite a lot for them when they were younger, he being the oldest. Given them advice, coached them in sports, taken care of them when they were sick, all that sort of thing.

Funny how little family resemblance there was between the three boys. Walter was easily the handsomest. Carl, who'd had a dozen successful plays on Broadway, was a stoop-shouldered, pallid fellow with a retreating chin, and a cigarette always lazily drooping from his mouth. You'd never figure him as an author who'd go to the mat with producers and directors and actors at the drop of a hat, always ready to fight for a good cut of the royalties, always insisting that his plays were directed as he wanted them directed, always squabbling with the actors to make sure they read his lines the way he was certain they should be read. Perhaps it exacted its toll from his health and showed in his appearance, but, after all, he got what he wanted. Plenty of fame, plenty of money.

Henry was different from Walter, too. Frankly a horrible-looking man with coarse features, beetling eyebrows—a fellow who looked more like a broken-down heavyweight than the president of Firth Motors. Henry's full-dress had cost him two hundred dollars, but when he entered dining rooms of swank hotels, the waiters looked dubious and contemplated calling the manager—unless they happened to know who he was. Unaccompanied ladies shuddered when he passed them on the street at night, and little children screamed at the sight of him. It would have taken only a very little touching-up by one of Carl's make-up men to make him into a perfect Frankenstein.

But Henry should worry. Like Carl, he had the dough, and he had the respect of many. Henry had the stuff. He knew figures. He knew industrial production from the ground up. And he could make men do what he wanted them to. He wasn't afraid of anybody on earth.

But, like Carl, he was kind to Walter. He never chided him for being frequently out of funds. Several times he had tried to get Walter a permanent job—without success.

Somehow things had never gone really right for Walter. Perhaps it was because he was too kind, too friendly. That was the charitable way of putting it. Less charitably, he couldn't stand conflict, he hated to make decisions, to say no. There are lots of men like Walter. Sometimes the world calls them weak. But after all, it was not fair to condemn him too harshly. His mind didn't work like his brothers'. It was hard for him to think quickly, to recognize fine distinctions, to sense opportunity when it beckoned. Most of all it was hard for him to concentrate.

The three brothers, each of them a year apart, had been in prep school together, and, almost from the start, Walter had lagged behind. His subjects came hard for him. There was so much to learn, and it took so long. He had some natural athletic ability and a good build for football, but he never made the team like Henry. He couldn't tackle well enough. The coaches drilled him and drilled him, but it did no good. He hated the idea of smashing into other boys. Of course Carl wasn't on the team either, but Carl didn't try out for it. He was too busy winning dramatic and literary prizes. Henry not only became captain, but earned a little change by managing the school paper. Merchants seldom turned him down when he solicited them for advertising. It wasn't that Henry's looks at that period of his life intimidated them, but simply that something in his approach always enabled him to get what he wanted.

Walter managed—barely—to get into college, but he didn't stay there long.

There were too many distractions. It was too hard to concentrate on studies when there were always fellows who wanted you to go to the theatre with them, or girls who wanted you to take them dancing. The trouble was that Walter liked most of them. It was too hard to say no. What was the use of antagonizing them? You would have thought, though, that Walter would have made a fraternity, but somehow or other he didn't. Carl and Henry both had plenty of enemies in college, but they joined the best outfit on the campus and had bids from a lot of others. After all, they were big men in the college.

Walter flunked out in his sophomore year, and looked for a job. He became a house-to-house salesman of kitchen utensils. This wasn't the particular sort of a job he would have wished, but a friend of the family found him an opening, and Walter felt that it would have been bad taste to intimate that he wasn't interested in such a position. What was the sense in offending an old friend of the family? But things didn't go so well, and Walter found that—like a great many other people—he wasn't cut out to be a salesman. He couldn't work himself into the spirit. If a housewife meets you at the door and says she doesn't need kitchen utensils, why insist that she does? Why annoy her, and take up her valuable time? Moreover, why urge her to buy when it may be that she cannot afford the purchases? He gave up the job inside of a month.

But shortly afterwards, thanks in part to his father's influence, Walter landed a position at the local bank. At first he did pretty well. He was good enough at simple figures, and his first job demanded little contact with people. Things looked good, and finally Walter was promoted to one of the cashiers' windows. Of course he was told that he should advance cash only to people whose identity was indisputable and whose checks were good beyond any reasonable doubt. But this was easier than it sounded. It's no

Continued in center of page 204

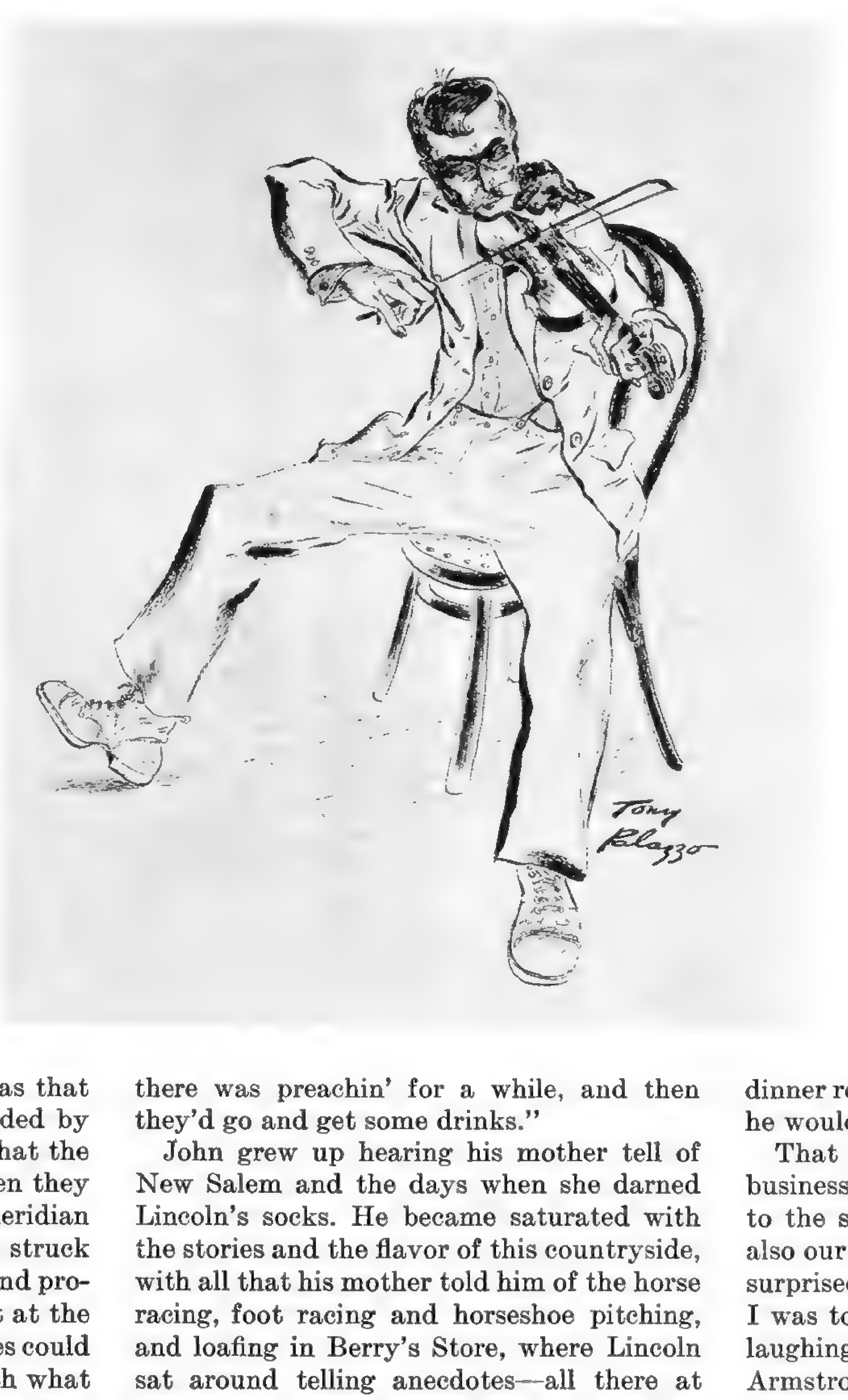
Dreiser at Spoon River

John Armstrong obliged the writin' man with stories of Lincoln's day and fiddlin' *Turkey in the Straw*

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

One time when Dreiser was in Chicago gathering material for a novel, our talks day by day ranged the country, and it came about that I told him of the fiddler John Armstrong, who was famous in central Illinois for his stories and his fiddling, and as the son of Hannah Armstrong, Lincoln's friend and landlady. Armstrong lived in the village of Oakford, about eight miles north of New Salem Hill, where Lincoln was postmaster in his young manhood; he had lived near Oakford all his sixty-seven years. At this time I had never seen Armstrong; I had often planned to visit him. I wanted to hear him play the fiddle and to tell stories about Menard County and New Salem, about his people and the country of Lincoln's day. Some of these racy stories had been passed on to me by people who had come in contact with Armstrong. But that was not like hearing him tell them and interlard his words with oaths. So I had been informed; and somewhat to my surprise Dreiser became greatly interested in Armstrong, and when I told him that I had to be in Springfield the next day, only twenty miles from Oakford, and thought of going on to pay the long deferred visit to Armstrong, Dreiser said that he would go too, if he could manage his engagements. The result was that I went to Springfield, and there awaited a telegram from Dreiser, while I attended to some business in the Illinois capital.



John Armstrong belonged to the Lincoln history; not only was he the son of that Hannah Armstrong who had boarded Lincoln in his New Salem days but his father was that Jack Armstrong who was the wrestler, who had wrestled with Lincoln. His brother was that Duff Armstrong who had been defended by Lincoln, using an almanac to prove that the witnesses had misstated the facts when they testified that the moon was at the meridian at the moment that Duff Armstrong struck his victim Metzger with a neck yoke and produced his death. If the moon was not at the meridian, but was setting, the witnesses could not have seen the blow struck, or with what it was struck. That was the point of the almanac, which proved that the moon was setting.

After John's father died one summer of what John called "the lung fever," his words for pneumonia, long after Lincoln left New Salem Village for Springfield, John with his mother Hannah lived in various parts of the county of Menard in which Oakford is situated. Sometimes he lived with his mother and Duff in what is called Sandridge Precinct, and then near the Sangamon River, just across from Mason County. Here there were camp meetings and rowdy dances where the fiddlers came and the platform dancers performed under the spell of many drinks. It was at a camp meeting that Duff Armstrong killed Metzger. John told me that at this camp meeting "they would sit around where there was preachin' for a while, and then they'd go and get some drinks."

John grew up hearing his mother tell of New Salem and the days when she darned Lincoln's socks. He became saturated with the stories and the flavor of this countryside, with all that his mother told him of the horse racing, foot racing and horseshoe pitching, and loafing in Berry's Store, where Lincoln sat around telling anecdotes—all there at New Salem twenty years before John was born. At last, a good while after Lincoln's death, Hannah died, and John married a daughter of "Fiddler" Jones, and carried on the art of the country fiddler. For many years by the time of my visit with Dreiser to see him at Oakford he had lived there, where he ran a grain elevator, and kept open house to his friends, where his wife Aunt Caroline delighted guests with her bountiful table, and where John entertained them with fiddling and storytelling. He was supposed to have many souvenirs of the Lincoln days; but in point of fact, as it turned out, he had nothing but a picture of his mother and one of Duff, a picture of some of the jurymen who tried Duff, and a book containing Lincoln's autograph. But John as the survivor of a time that was passed was of far greater interest than such things as these. I wanted to see him in order to know just what kind of people it was that Lincoln had lived with in his youth; and above that to hear John talk and play the fiddle. Finally when I was ready to leave for Springfield, Dreiser could not accompany me. He said, however, that he would telegraph me the next day, if he could come then.

When I got to Springfield I told my father about Dreiser. As he did not read novels to any extent, but only law books and the like, he did not know Dreiser's work. He tried to get me to set off that very afternoon for Oakford, saying that John might die any time, and I would miss the chance of seeing him. Why wait for Dreiser? As a New York novelist Dreiser would not be interested in John, and would not appreciate him. What would he care for John's fiddling? However, I did not go to Oakford that afternoon. And the next morning a telegram came from Dreiser saying that he would be down from Chicago on the afternoon train. My father prepared to go with us. He telephoned John, who sent back a hearty welcome to all of us, saying that his wife would have the best dinner ready that she could prepare, and that he would meet us at the depot.

That afternoon my father got engaged in business so that he could not go. I went down to the station to meet Dreiser, from which also our train for Oakford departed. I was as surprised to see Dreiser get off the train, as I was to get his telegram. But there he was laughing and repeating some of the jokes of Armstrong that I had told him. He was in lively spirits. We boarded the Oakford train and soon were on our way. Dreiser looked out of the window studying the country. It was not greatly different from the Indiana landscape with which he was identified as a boy and young man. But at the edge of Springfield there were a lot of Italians repairing the

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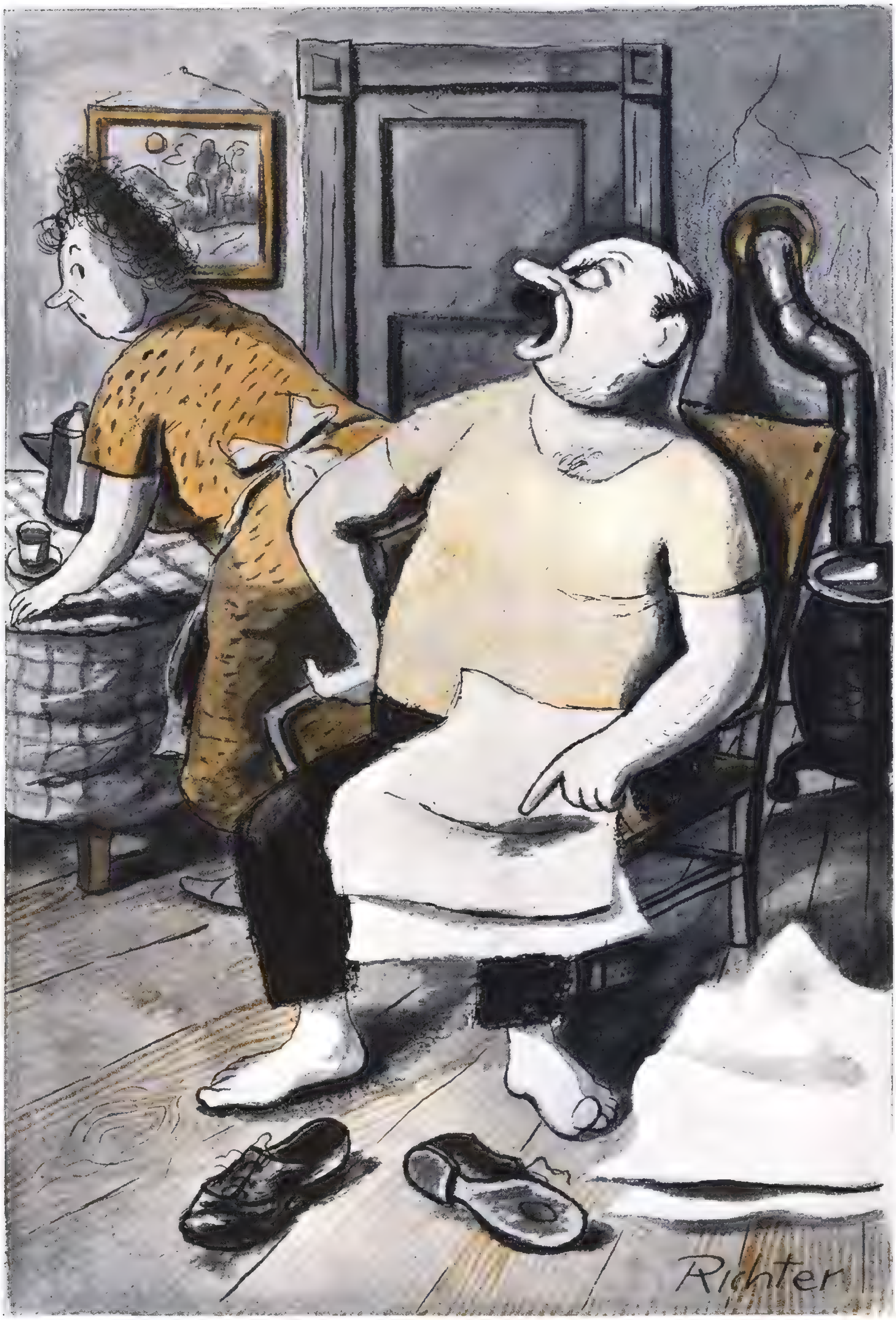


"Who tore out the society page!"

An Easter in Spain

The old monk longed to take his crucifix from the Roman captain but he held his peace and waited

by MANUEL KOMROFF

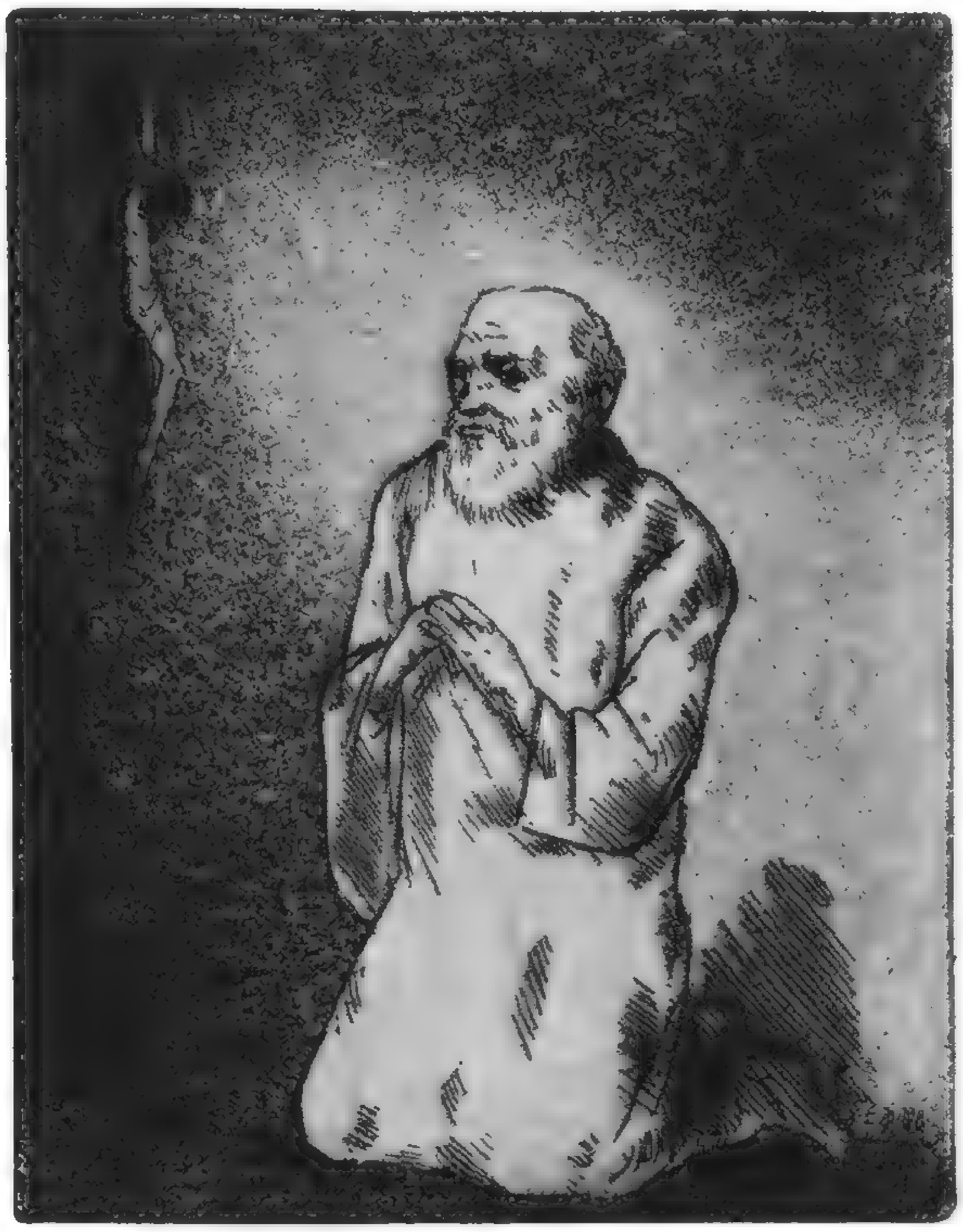
▪ FICTION ▪

On Sunday morning, seven days before Easter, an army plane flying quite low dropped a single bomb on the little church and then roared on with the rest of its load toward the retreating lines. The church on the coast of Spain had long been a landmark for those army planes that came across from the island of Majorca.

The little town for some time had been in the hands of the Rebels and the simple natives were resigned to the presence of foreign troops in the streets. For a whole year they had imagined themselves quite safe. But the explosion on Sunday morning came without warning and it disturbed the natives as well as several Italians, stationed for military reasons at this point on the Spanish coast. Surely this bomb fell accidentally.

As for the church, it was damaged very slightly. The heavy masonry withstood the shock. The stained glass window facing the garden was shattered and the little hut of the old monk was blown out of existence but no greater damage was done. The priest and three choir boys were in the church at the time but they ran out uninjured. And at first it was believed that the only casualty was the poor old monk, Andrew, who was over eighty years old. For over half a century he had lived beside the little flowers in the inner garden. But no. He too was safe.

A crowd soon gathered and as they were searching the ruins and picking up bits of colored glass, parts of a lock, an old iron key and anything at all that the wreckage could offer, the old monk suddenly appeared on this desolate scene and sank to his knees in prayer. Earlier that morning, after Mass, the sun seemed warm and spring was in the air, Andrew had taken a square of soap and a towel and had gone to a secluded spot along the coast to wash his snow white hair in the sea. It was just seven days before Easter.



With half-closed eyes he prayed at the edge of this great hole while boys and several foreign soldiers kicked at the piles of twisted wreckage and picked up little odd bits that they took away as souvenirs. Soon the priest came forward and put his arm around the white-haired monk and raised him up.

"Praised be the Lord for this miracle," chanted the priest.

The lips of the old man moved but his words were not audible. His few little possessions were gone and also gone were the flowers and shrubs in the garden that he had cared for so tenderly and now, this very week before Easter, were beginning to bud. A single bang and all was cleared from the surface of the earth.

The stout wife of the innkeeper had left off her work in the kitchen and came across the street briskly to take care of old Andrew.

"Come, Father," she said. "The soup is already on the table. And after dinner you can lie down and rest. There is a little place for you. It is a miracle. We thank the Lord. The Italians say it was all an accident or a mistake. They are upset about it."

The four Italian soldiers stationed here occupied four rooms of the inn on the first floor facing the water.

As the innkeeper's wife and the old monk were walking slowly toward the inn a street urchin brushed past them.

"You!" cried the woman. "What have you got under your jacket?"

The boy did not stop, but turning his head called back, "Nobody's business!" and ran on.

"That is Rubio, the tinsmith's boy," she said to the old monk. "I saw him raking in the ruins but now I think he has stolen something. A boy with a dirty face doesn't run for nothing."

She brought the old man into the safety of her kitchen and here she poured for him a tumbler of wine and from the big copper pot on the stove she filled a bowl of thick soup. But old Andrew with his glistening white hair merely sat and gazed before him.

Suddenly Captain Gellespi came into the kitchen. He was a short, trim officer. His uniform was tight and he wore polished black leather puttees on his legs. A single medal hung on his coat. As he spoke he removed his black kid gloves.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that the plane was not one of ours. We know this for certain. It was a German bomber. My men saw it coming over the water and she was on schedule. I have just been out and paced off the distance. It is barely one hundred and fifty paces from this hotel where we are stationed. Think of it! We are making out a report to send at once to our commanders. This must not happen again."

"It surely was an accident," the old man said softly.

"No, Father. This was no accident." He turned sharply and with quick little steps left the room.

Later in the afternoon Captain Gellespi sent for the old monk.

"Come in," said the Captain sharply. "I am making out a report and I want to include . . . Sit down."

On the Captain's desk and leaning against the wall was a large ebony crucifix on which was mounted a finely carved ivory image. The figure itself was almost a foot long. The monk's eyes saw this and to himself he whispered: "Praise be! . . . At least this is not destroyed."

"Sit down," said the Captain. "In this report I might also include something of the extent of the damage. Except for the windows and some cracked roof tiles the church was not damaged, but . . ."

"The garden," said the old man.

"Yes, the garden. Just the flowers and plants. That's nothing. But the little house where you lived beside the garden, what did it contain?"

The old monk looked at the crucifix and he wanted to point his finger at it and say, "That is what it contained." But he merely shook his head.

"Nothing?" asked the Captain.

"Nothing."

"But certainly there must have been some things. Describe them."

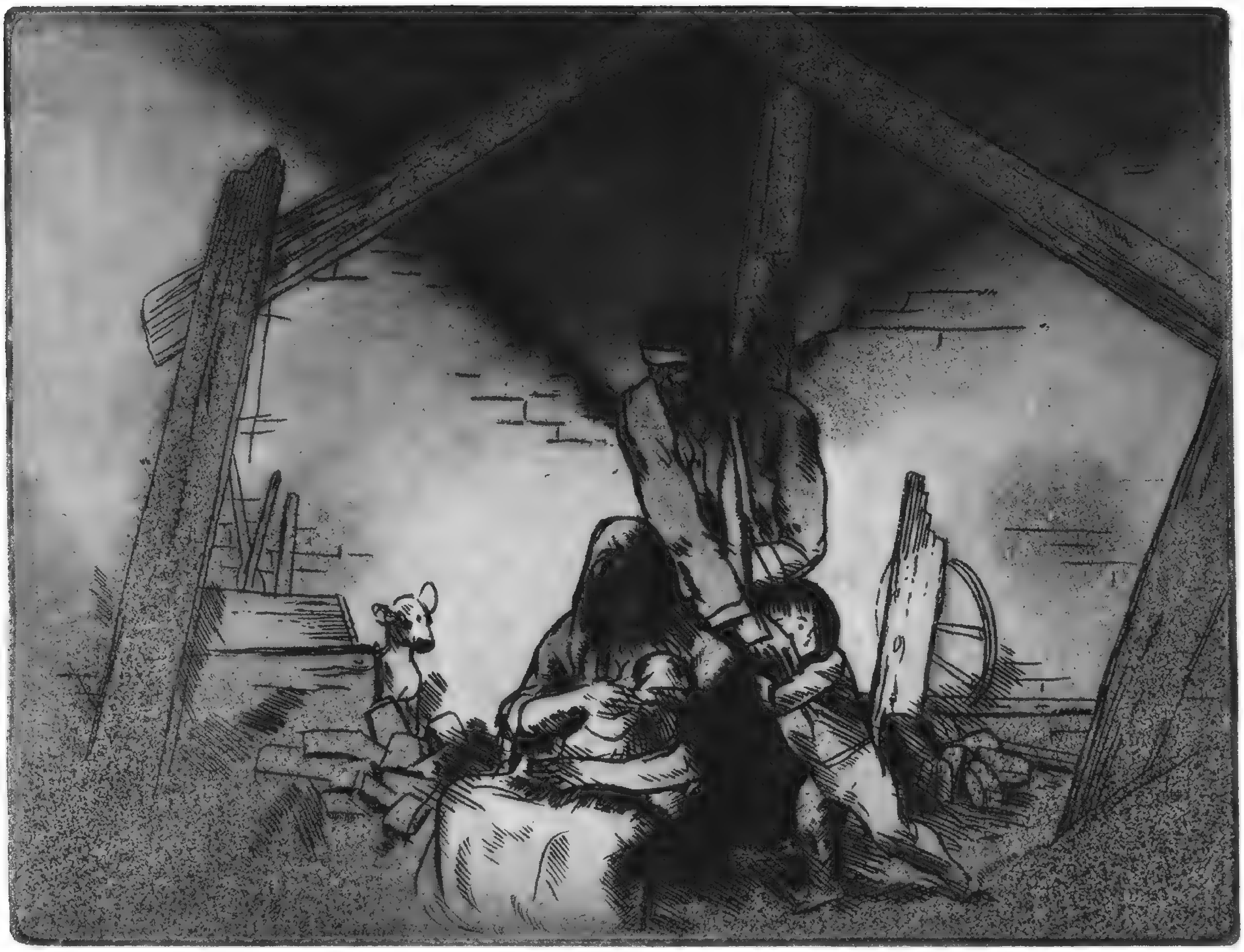
"Simple things, not worth anything."

"No matter what the value. I must name them in the report. Now you must have had a bed?"

"Yes."

"And a chair and a table?"

"Yes. One chair and one little table and a book. Very old—the book once belonged to



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Brother David."

"Yes, I'll make note of that. Where is Brother David now, dead?"

"Yes. Over fifty years. And he had the book from a Cardinal as a gift. The Cardinal could heal the sick and he once visited here on this coast."

"I'll make a note of that also." He scribbled on a pad and repeated, "The Cardinal . . . fifty years ago he gave Brother David a book."

"No, my friend. It is fifty years since Brother David died and the Cardinal gave him the book when David was a young man."

"How long ago would that be?"

"Almost a hundred years."

"And did the Cardinal give him anything else?"

"A crucifix."

"A small one, I suppose."

"No. Quite large."

The Captain coughed. "By the bye," he said rather casually pointing to the image over his desk, "this was found in the ruins by a small boy. He sold it to me for a Mexican silver dollar which I have been carrying in my pocket for luck. Of course, I did not know its lawful owner and . . . If you could identify it and prove to me . . . then of course I would be willing to . . . Very odd, isn't it, how so frail a thing could escape the power of the explosion?"

"Yes, Captain. It is more than odd. It is perhaps even a miracle."

"True. But let us get back to the report. You had some clothes?"

"A hat and a coat belonged to me."

"I'll make note of that. And an extra cassock and shoes, I suppose."

"No. I have only the ones I am now wearing."

"Well, something else."

"Very little, sir. A basin and a water pail. A bowl and an old bread knife. Some garden tools and that is about all."

When he said "that is about all" his eyes rested on the ivory image above the desk. This had hung for fifty years beside his bed and now having miraculously survived the explosion it was sold by a wretched youth for a silver Mexican dollar. His arms wanted to reach out and take hold of it and he wanted to cry out, "Fifty years! Fifty years! And you cannot take it from me." But he held his peace and sat in silence.

"Well. One thing more. As I already told you, I do not believe it was an accident. It was one of their planes and they, as you know, are against the Church. I had a letter from a colonel in Majorca only last week saying that these pilots were tired of the whole business and were homesick and they blamed the Church for prolonging the war so long. At home they have, in the past year or so, developed a new religion that is purely national and therefore they consider all other religions as enemies. That is why I say it was no accident. But this thing must not happen again. They will hear about it from our officers and they will be disciplined for it. Think of it! Only one hundred and fifty paces away! . . . Well, thank you. That is all. If I need you again I will send for you."

The old man went back to the kitchen and after a long silence he asked the woman working over her pots, "How much is a silver Mexican dollar worth in our money?"

"Who could tell a thing like that? If it is a dollar that comes from America then it must be worth its weight in gold."

The report that Captain Gellespi had written was very important. Or rather, he wanted it to be important and that is why he made it as complete as possible. He was a little worried about his easy job in this quiet coast town and there had already been hints that he and the other three men would be brought into more active service and several of the convalescent officers sent to take their places. The report therefore was written to remind his superiors of the important charts that recorded the time when planes reached the Spanish coast. This was his work. And regarding the bombing that morning, a week before Easter, all possible details of the incident were recorded, even the name of Brother David, now dead fifty years, and the book and even the garden tools, in fact everything was included—everything except the ivory figure carved of clean elephant tusk with delicate and sensitive craftsmanship.

As soon as the report was sent off the Captain took the crucifix in his hands and examined it carefully. The polished surface of the old ivory had, with age, taken on a warm yellow tone. Here and there could be seen fine little streaks showing the compact grain of the ivory. In parts the warm yellow was almost brown. The figure was held securely to the ebony cross by three silver nails the heads of which were black with tarnish.

One of the soldiers came into the Captain's

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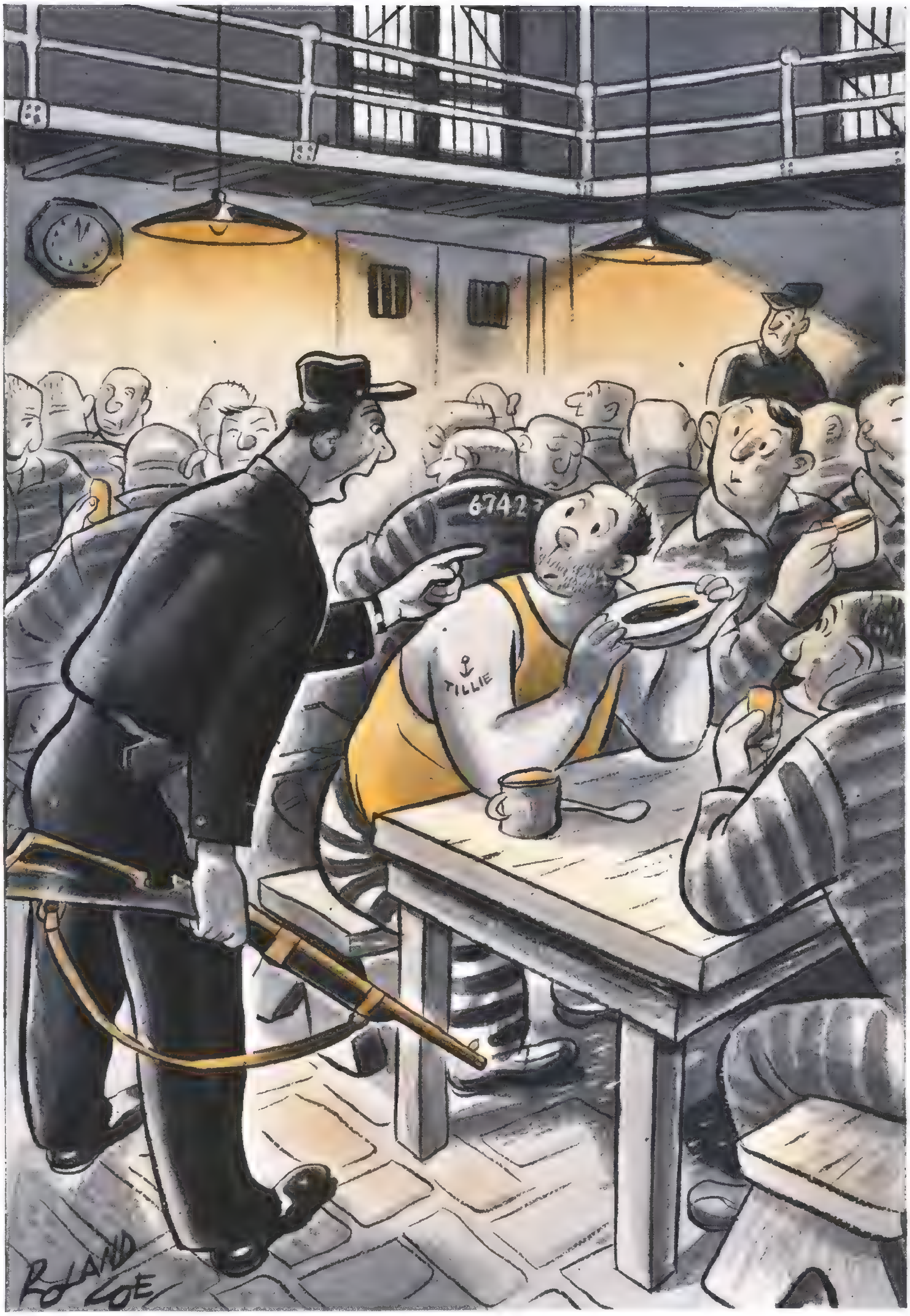

6742
TILLIE
ROLAND COE

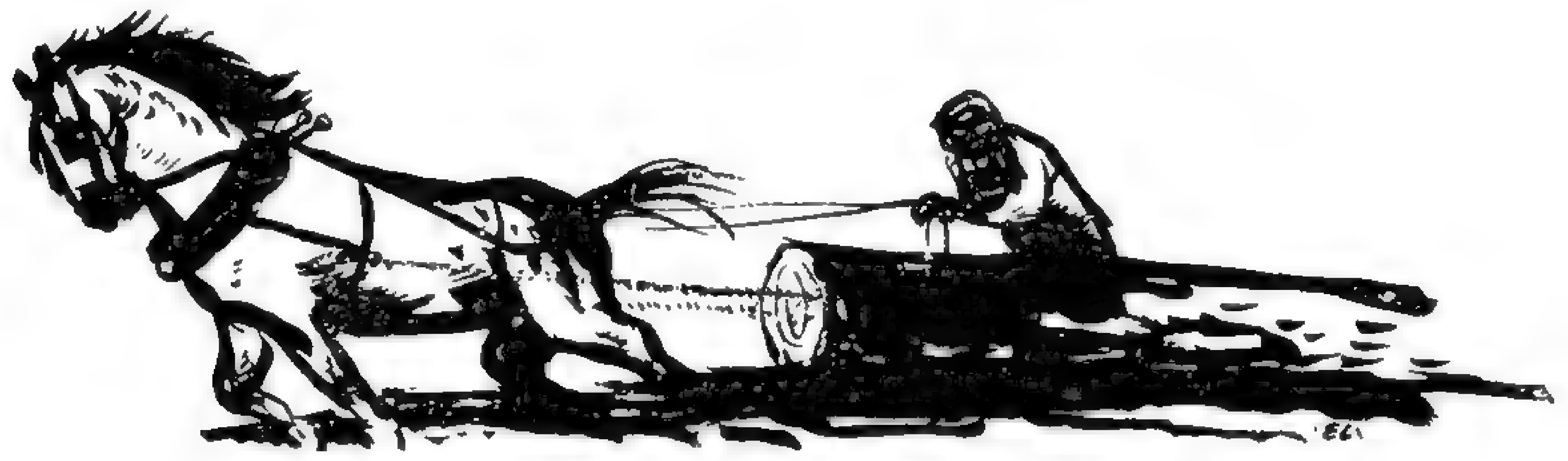
"We dress for dinner here, my friend!"

Paul Bunyan Discovers 1939

The first sugar doughnut, near the turn of the century, marked a steady improvement in the life of a logger

by CHARLES MORROW WILSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪



They call the game lumberjack tag. You don't exactly play it. You merely suffer while others play.

You are walking along when all at once a roll of what looks like ten-dollar bills frolics in front of you. You stoop down to pick up the wealth, and just as you stoop—chain lightning from behind. Virtual assassination with a thick board paddle.

That was our landing party—lots of fun for everybody but ourselves. We had flown into Maine's water-splotched wilderness of big woods. Flying's the surest way in. For Paul Bunyan is getting more and more like the moose and caribou. You must get far back in order to find him.

After a cruise over vast bluish coils of the Allegash Basin, we circled down. At around four thousand feet we could see the logging camp well, the white axles of roads which led from a black infinity of woods to a dark gray hub of board shacks. Earl Crabb dipped for a free field of snow, observing that he would be blamed glad when weather and water got right for straight pontoon landing. In flying the big woods, every plane is a hydroplane; pontoon landings on open ponds and rivers in summer; ski landings in winter.

"Hold everything!" Broad runners slapped to thin snow. The pilot nosed the propeller high and closed the hand throttle. The landing gear was taking a terrific spanking from terra firma, and so were we all. The right gear careened dangerously on a covered log, but Earl swung in time to save a turnover.

We climbed down the foot ladder in profound relief. A crowd of lumberjacks in faded dungaree was tramping out to meet us, and to give us a hearty welcome, not to mention a most unexpected part in this gay little game of squat tag.

Uncle Carl Nelson came out to give us the welcome of the camp. Carl (the full name is Carl Gustav George Washington Frederick Harold Nelson, I.F.R., meaning I Forget the Rest) is a bull and camp boss as well—the true Paul Bunyan à la 1939—he who actually drops, tops, and stacks the timber. As camp boss, Carl is responsible for cutting, hiring, firing and feeding during the big fall chop. Then for the rest of the year he is merely a bull — free to scout, snake, and spud —as Mother Necessity directs and as Carl damned well pleases.

Carl said the cook had already laid us a hot snack and not to mind the boys because they merely got rambunctious. Big snows slow up the chopping, and late winter becomes a matter of choosing and holding in camp an idle crew until the creeks and rivers get right for carrying timber. "Idleness yust changes 'em to mule colts. But when they bane at work, they quiet down, yeah."

We propped our elbows upon an unadorned table of magnificent rare meats, mealy potatoes, tarts and cakes, and butter rolls; fresh vegetables, spiced ham, and apple tarts; frosted, double-story pies, colossal doughnuts and black coffee.

We ate while Carl talked. He said that logging camp grub is the real story of American timbering. Paul Bunyan was raised on rough fare and rougher lodging. In the old days brown bread, beans, salt pork and sorghum were logging camp standbys; the first two frequently weevilly, the pork maggoty, and the sorghum sour. No place for perishable foods in the woods. Fresh meat and vegetables would usually spoil during the slow, tedious haul to camp kitchen. Or if they didn't rot, they would freeze.

Cooks were bad and quarters worse. Board bunks without mattresses, dirty blankets, no running water, laundry, baths, or mirrors. On Sundays, a jack could wash out his socks with lye soap and de-louse his blankets with kerosene. A man worked from dawn till dark in the woods, then shivered at night upon cold bare boards. It was a bitter, hard life, the roughest known to men.

The old boys could take it. The new ones can't, or anyhow they won't. With the birth of sugar doughnuts, logging camps began to improve.

This to the immortal glory of old Bid Byington of the Kennebec. Around the turn of the century Bid, a tramp cookee, devised and mastered a recipe for sugar doughnuts. Wherever Bid Byington went, sugar doughnuts came. Logging camps scrambled and fought for Bid's services. Even ace pollywoggers and river drivers quit good camps just to follow the trails of Bid's doughnuts. Now old Bid has kneaded, punched, and fried his way to glory. But a logging mess without sugar doughnuts is still lacking in status and stature.

Doughnuts led to pies and pastries. Desserts led to fresh meats, followed eventually by fresh vegetables. Better grub led to better camps.

Nowadays, the more permanent logging camps have cold storages which enable cooks and cookees to cram mess lockers with fresh beef and eggs, dressed poultry, butter and cheese. Now there's cream for the coffee and iced tea with ice in it. Carl Nelson figures that Paul Bunyan may turn out to be a tea hound yet.

"Tea with blawsted crumpets, doncha know, ole chappy!" Carl seemed happily surprised at his own prowess as a mimic. "And a scented bawth, with breakfust in bed."

He topped the chocolate pie with an invitation to come and have a look at the camp. We made the rounds through the twelve clean barracks, each one with eight spring cots, and real mattresses with clean linen, laundered blankets, and real pillows. He showed us the kitchen, a credit to any city restaurant; the two bath houses, a cold storage plant, a laundry, and the recreation hall with its writing tables, magazine shelves, and master radio.

Uncle Carl puffed at his pipe. "Gott, but the wurreld do change." Carl should know.

He was a typical lumberjack in 1910. He is a still better bull today, and master of a logging camp in the Piscataquis — wildest stretch of Maine's five thousand square miles of big lonesome woods.

He is fifty-seven now, with forty years in the woods. His father, also a lumberjack, was a Swede. His mother was daughter of an old-school Yankee farmer who went far back into the woods, cleared a farm to raise and sell hay, potatoes, apples and other staples to the far-back lumber camps.

Carl went into the woods when he was seventeen as cookee (assistant cook) for a logging camp. Next he became a bushwhacker—a day laborer who clears roads or trails to chopping locations. At twenty-three he became a full-fledged jack, six foot two and around two hundred stripped, worked in a "contract" camp in North Maine, wearied of the fare of beans and molasses, and the bed of bare boards, went to the Oregon woods where the fare was better and the work hours shorter. (In the more conservative Northeast, lumberjack hours are from daylight to dark.) The Oregon camps offered the most magnificent fare Carl had ever laid eyes on. Mess tables had top shelves loaded with a dozen different kinds of pies and cakes. But the I.W.W.'s closed the camps because of "bad grub."

Carl was too stubborn a Yankee individualist to like the I.W.W. He liked the machines even less. For the lumberman or logger of the fir country has gotten to be a timber

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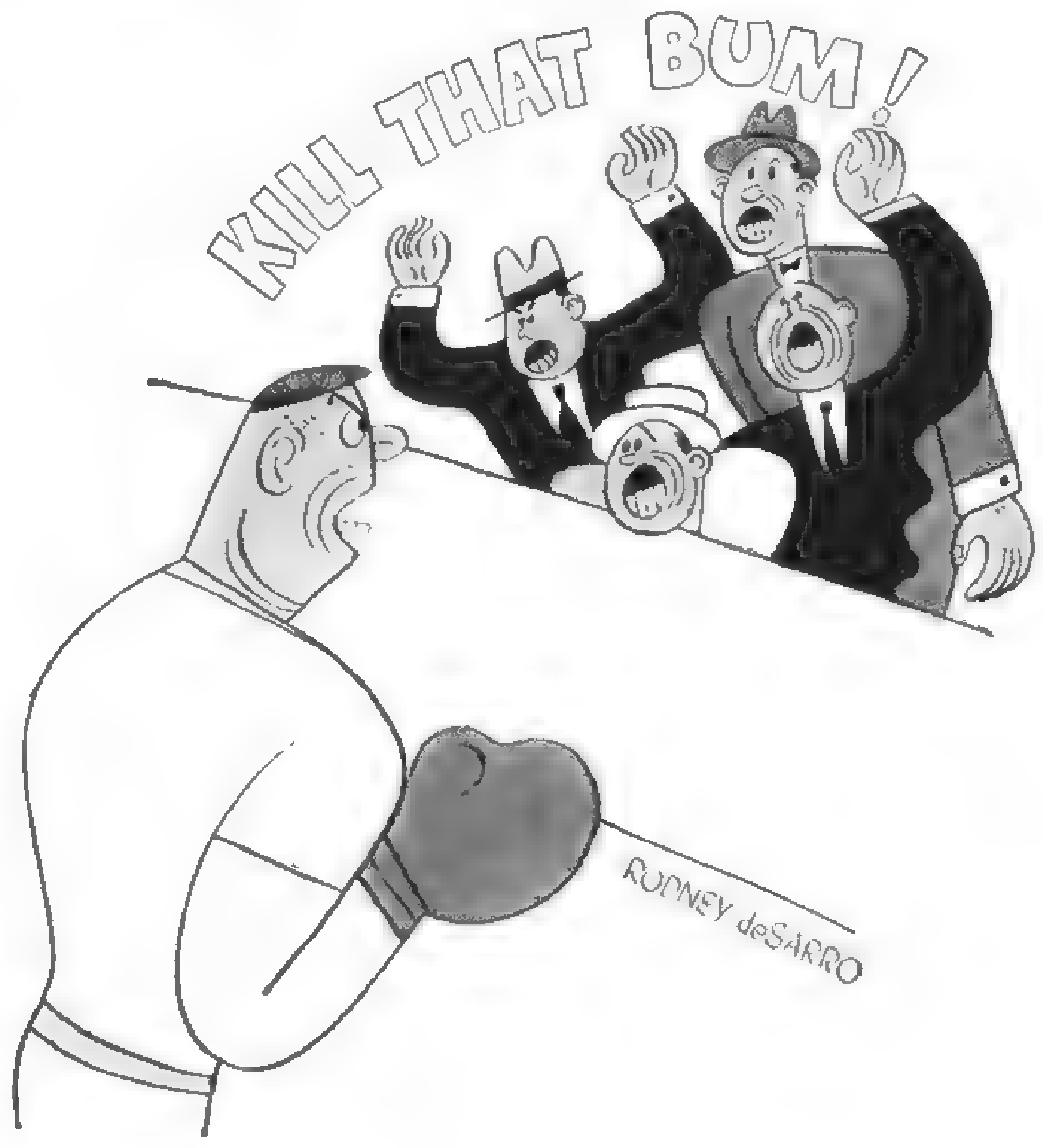
The People's Choice

The cheering of fans has helped problem-child Walker more than any amount of Hell from Cochrane

by McNEILL VEREEN BELL

SPORTS



In 1934 the Detroit Tigers, a sparkling, aggressive baseball team that had been lifted from listlessness by the fire of Mickey Cochrane, were fighting for their first pennant in years. In a game against St. Louis they were trailing by one run. They wanted that game bad. In the eighth inning, Greenberg, the first man up, started a rally by hitting a whistling single. Gerald Walker followed by walking. With a man on first and second, and none out, it looked like a pretty good spot for the Tigers.

As the pitcher started to work on the next batter, Walker, the Tiger's problem child, took a man-sized lead off the base. The batter tried to bunt, and missed. Immediately the catcher whipped the ball to first, and Walker found himself some twenty feet from the bag and wishing he were elsewhere. The second baseman moved in to close the trap. Greenberg broke for third in an effort to save Walker. The Brown first baseman rifled the ball to third and Greenberg was tagged out. Walker took second on the throw, amid the happy jeers of the St. Louis fans.

"Yoo hoo, Rock Head," they shouted.

In the dugout, Manager Mickey Cochrane of the Tigers tightened his jaw ominously and said nothing. The batter came back into the box. Walker took his lead. Abruptly the pitcher turned and threw to second—and Walker was caught off base again! He was tagged out, making him responsible for two unnecessary outs to break up a promising rally. The batter dispiritedly flied out.

And Black Mike Cochrane was indeed black. The players watched him uneasily. From the grandstand the glee of the spectators still made a muffled roar, but in the dugout it was dangerously quiet, quiet enough to hear the occasional little movements of spikes on the wooden floor. Finally somebody got up enough nerve to ask Cochrane what would happen to Walker.

"I don't care what happens to him!" Cochrane exploded. "Just keep him out of my sight!"

"Going to sell him?"

"Sure I'll sell him. I'll take the first good offer I get," Cochrane said. "I'm tired of trying to help Walker. He's tossed away his last game for us."

When Walker came in, Cochrane said, "You're heading back to Detroit."

Walker pushed at a blade of grass with his foot, spat from his ever-present cud of tobacco and looked up. "All right," he said slowly. There was something of regret in his eyes, but also a tiny reckless gleam like that in the eyes of an outlaw mustang. "When does the next train leave?"

Later that night, when he swung his hundred and ninety pounds onto the train, he knew there was trouble ahead, probably more than he'd ever seen—and few players have had more intimate contact with it.

During the next week the question of what would happen to Walker became the most discussed topic in Detroit, a town that takes its baseball pretty seriously. Not that the fans liked Walker. They didn't like him, and Walker hadn't gone out of his way to make them like him. The year before he had spent much of his outfield time bickering with the bleacher customers, often too busy at it to notice fly balls that came his way. "You might as well start liking me," he yelled one day. "I'm going to be around here a long time!"

But after the St. Louis episode that seemed improbable. In fact there was indication that the chute was being iced to toboggan Gerald Walker clear out of the major leagues. Hornsby, though, declined to participate, stubbornly preferring to pay the $7,500 waiver price and take Walker himself. That put a stop to the process. The Detroit club gave Walker a ten-day suspension, and when that was over, grimly benched him. But they kept him on the team.

Walker isn't on the team any more. But he left as a star, not as a bonehead reject. The Detroit fans were crazy about him. In 1936 he ended the season with a batting average of .353, which made him the Tiger's second batter, just .001 behind the leader. He had the best average for runs driven in, and led in stolen bases. Although he was out part of the season, he hit fifty-five doubles, three less than his teammate, Charlie Gehringer, who led the American League.

Gee started the 1937 season by "hitting the cycle," which means getting a single, double, triple, and home run in four times at bat, a feat so mathematically improbable that it has occurred in the American League only fourteen times. He hit a home run with the bases loaded, something else that interests the statisticians. He hit safely in the first twenty-seven games. He ended the season with an average of .336; he drove in 110 runs, and he was one of the best gate attractions in big-time baseball.

Off-base outs? Walker quit making them. And when he went to the plate with orders to bunt, he bunted, instead of doing any of several other things that might have occurred to him in the old days. In other words, Walker's a changed man.

Naturally there's a reason for his metamorphosis. But anybody who guesses that discipline caused the change doesn't know Walker.

If Walker had been a young man who cared what the higher-ups thought, he probably would have never hoboed a freight train, and therefore might have never become a ball player at all. In 1926 he and one of his brothers rode a boxcar from their home in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, to New Orleans for the purpose of seeing the Yankees play an exhibition game with New Orleans. They swept out the stadium, in return for which they were given a bag of peanuts and two bleacher seats. It was the first time they'd seen a major league team in action. When the game was over, Gee came out hot-eyed and excited. He knew he wanted to be a ball player.

He went to the University of Mississippi and played just about every sport they'd let him go out for. He did pretty well at them, too. At track he was a ten-second man. In football he might have become an All-American if he hadn't considered it more fun to run smash into tacklers than to avoid them.

In baseball he was not only good enough to star on the college team, but to play pro ball in the summer under the name of Wel-

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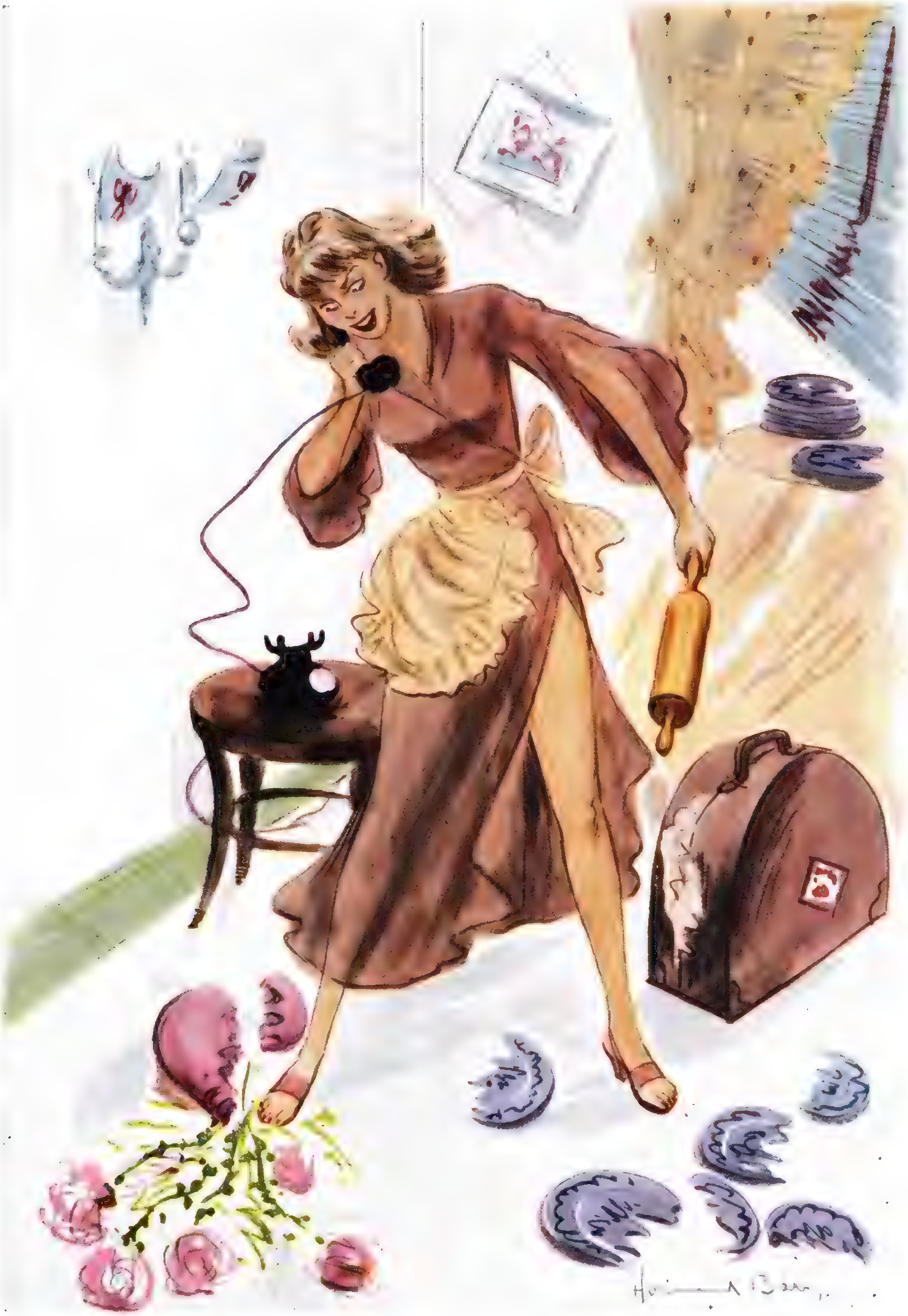
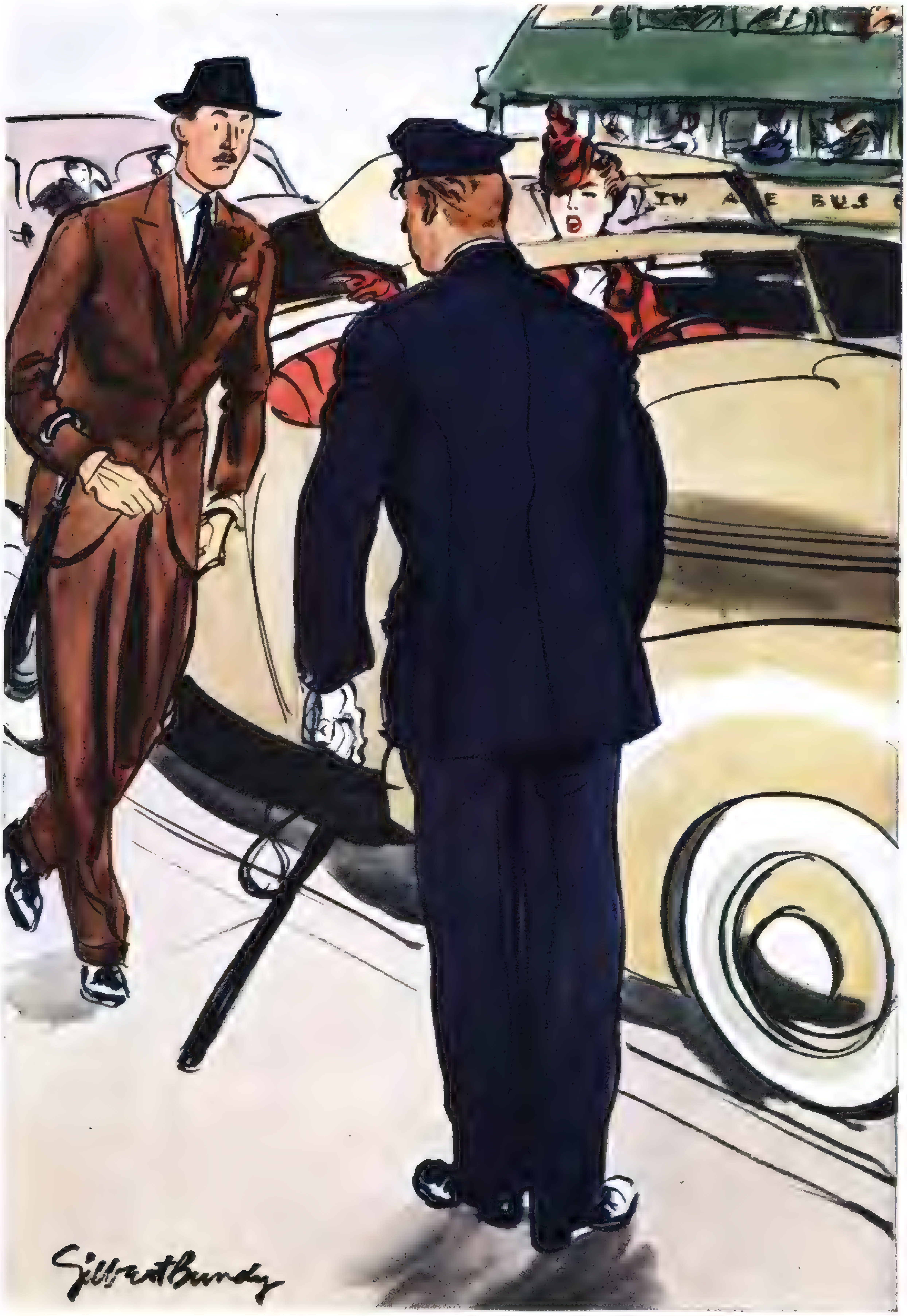


"Hello Ma! Hello Pa! It was a great fight . . . I'll be home soon!"


GilbertBundy

"Officer, this man has been annoying me for the last ten blocks!"

How Music Gets Hot

Speaking again of Swing: few tunes deserve its name till they've been "kicked around" by good performers

by B. S. ROGERS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Improvisation from the heart can't be completely captured and set down on paper. How can the musician, after he has cooled off, recall in every detail his extraordinary hot licks? How can he remember exactly the way he sustained this note or shortened that one? The way he ornamented a written phrase with portamenti? The way he graced certain notes? The way he put in some notes and skipped others altogether? The way he paused here and there to create tension and suspense and break the rhythm? He can't. Given the conditions in which he first improvised, he will be able to play something that closely resembles his original performance. The repetition may be just as good or better or not so good, but whatever it is, it isn't absolutely identical with the first effort. If you want to find out for yourself, next time you are listening to a top hot outfit ask the leader to repeat a number they have just played. Better still, compare Bix Beiderbecke's trumpet solos in the Memorial Album issued by Victor with the original releases of the same numbers. The critical pamphlet by Warren Scholl which accompanies the album explains the unusual situation: "It was quite common in 1928 (when most of the records under discussion were made) to make several masters of every number, the orchestra playing its selection several different times and each performance being taken down on wax from which masters were manufactured. Then, if anything happened to the first choice masters, there would always be two or three others from which to pick a second choice. Where straight dance or symphony music was concerned, the two versions of the same selection were practically identical, but in the case of extemporaneous hot music the story was a bit different because stars like 'Bix' and Tram (Trumbauer) created *something new* every time they improvised around a given theme. Therefore, the release of a record pressed from an unused master is comparable to the issuing of a brand new record . . . With a few exceptions, every record in this album has been pressed up from a master other than the one used originally."

ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Obviously, jazz owes a great deal to the phonograph. In classical music a composition is made permanent by being written, and the performer's task is to interpret it as faithfully and intelligently as he can. In jazz the composition is the performance itself, so that the performer is everything. His work, his contribution to the musical idiom, can only be made permanent by the wax platter. The phonograph has enabled men to improve their own licks: I have seen musicians listening to a performance of their own, studying what was wrong or stale and what was right or fresh, so they could develop further variations in phrasing and produce a finer rendition of the particular piece. Moreover, I have seen young musicians (and older ones, too) play the records of the great instrumentalists over and over again to study what the latter did and how their stuff could be adapted to different styles. The phonograph has also enabled musicians to *imitate* the styles of their betters, and even to memorize complicated original licks—and there is a great deal to be said in favor of this practice, for a second-hand good job is better than a first-hand bad job. Without such imitation the achievements of the foremost improvisers could not have been absorbed into the necessary tradition of swing.

But I do not want to carry this thing too far. Mr. Scholl did, I think, in the passage quoted above. While it is true that a hot improvisation can't be *completely* recaptured, a competent musician can repeat himself closely enough so that the average listener won't be affected by what differences there may be between the two jobs. After all, such matters as the length of a pause and the shortening of a note are rather subtle, and only an experienced listener can detect and react to them. Sometimes, in fact, a melodic line is so simple in structure, so emphatic and clean-cut, that the musician can remember it perfectly, although his delivery may vary in intensity from one performance to the next. A striking, clearly outlined phrase can, indeed, be *written* quite satisfactorily; many popular tunes are based on such licks, as for example *Dipsey Doodle*, *After You*, *Satan Takes A Holiday*, *Boston Tea Party*, *Organ Grinder Swing*, *Christopher Columbus*, etc. These melodies, built on licks occurring in improvisations created out of other melodies, are themselves improvised upon by musicians in performance. The jazz musician gets no pleasure out of playing straight; on the contrary, he gets bored, and if permitted to do so will inevitably toy with the score. This is aside from his natural desire to express his own temperament, which moves him to play a tune the way he himself feels it, which is certain to be different from the way someone else feels it. Incidentally, good jazz musicians usually dislike the kind of tunes we are here discussing, regarding them as neither true melodies, which should have a gentle lilt and be pleasant to sing, nor true hot music, which should have the qualities of passion and spontaneity.

It is also worth noting at this point that a written score can direct and control improvisations. Indeed, the performance of a large band, containing something like three trumpets, two trombones, and three or four saxes,

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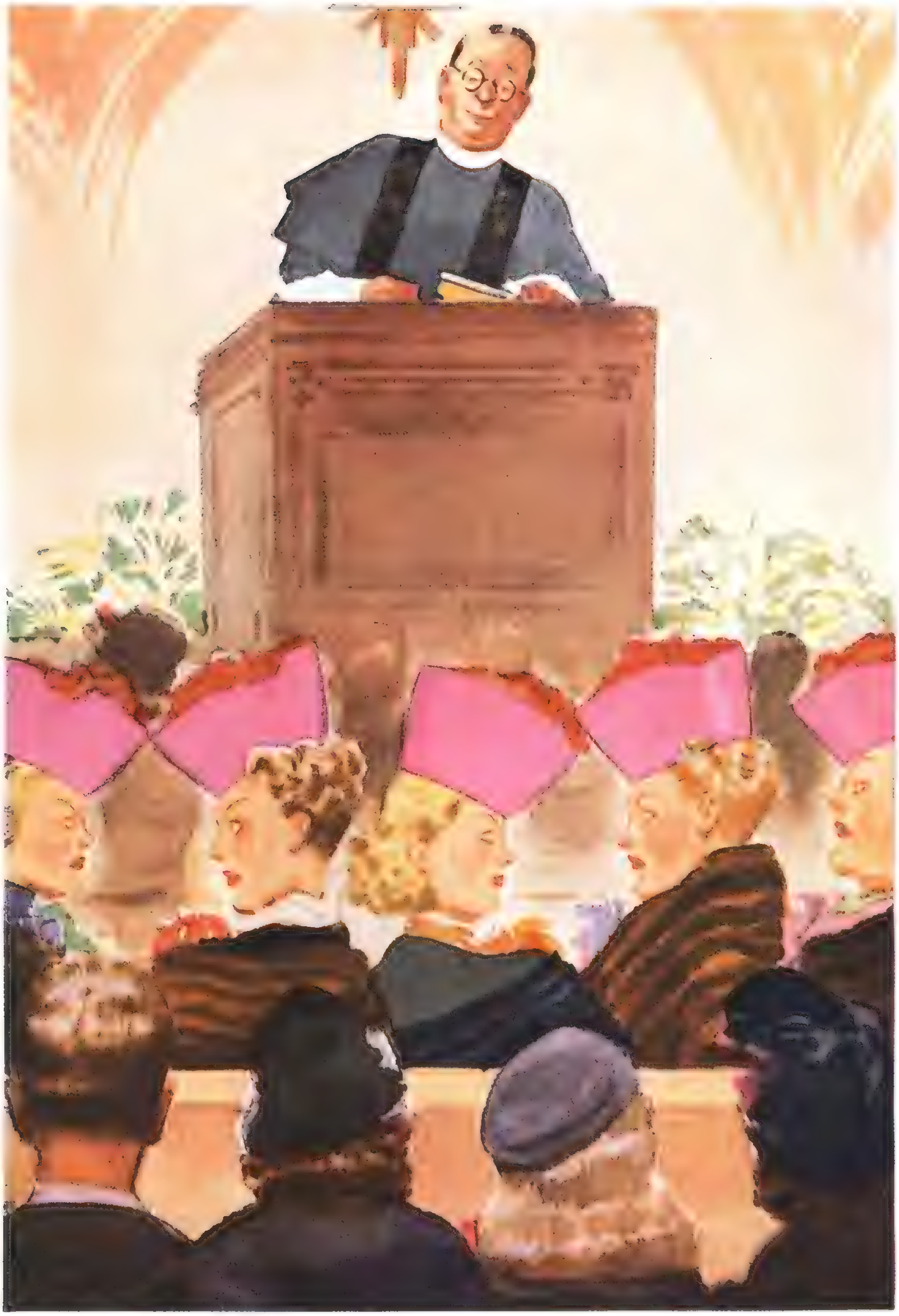


"Perhaps if the ladies in the third row would spread out among the congregation, they would all feel more comfortable"

Whispers Then—Traditions Now!

The Major claimed it was iron and the Colonel said leather, so they settled it according to the old Kentucky code

by FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

SATIRE

Everybody in town knew that Colonel Nathaniel Carter had come from Virginia, that he had been a courier on the staff of General Lee and that he was yet and would be eternally an unreconstructed rebel—he told the people so, himself! Other things were known about him, things he had not told—that he was a knife fighter, that he carried a bowie even when passing communion at the Southern Presbyterian Church, that he had cut an offending white tenant into doll rags and then fed the body to his hogs to cover up the deed.

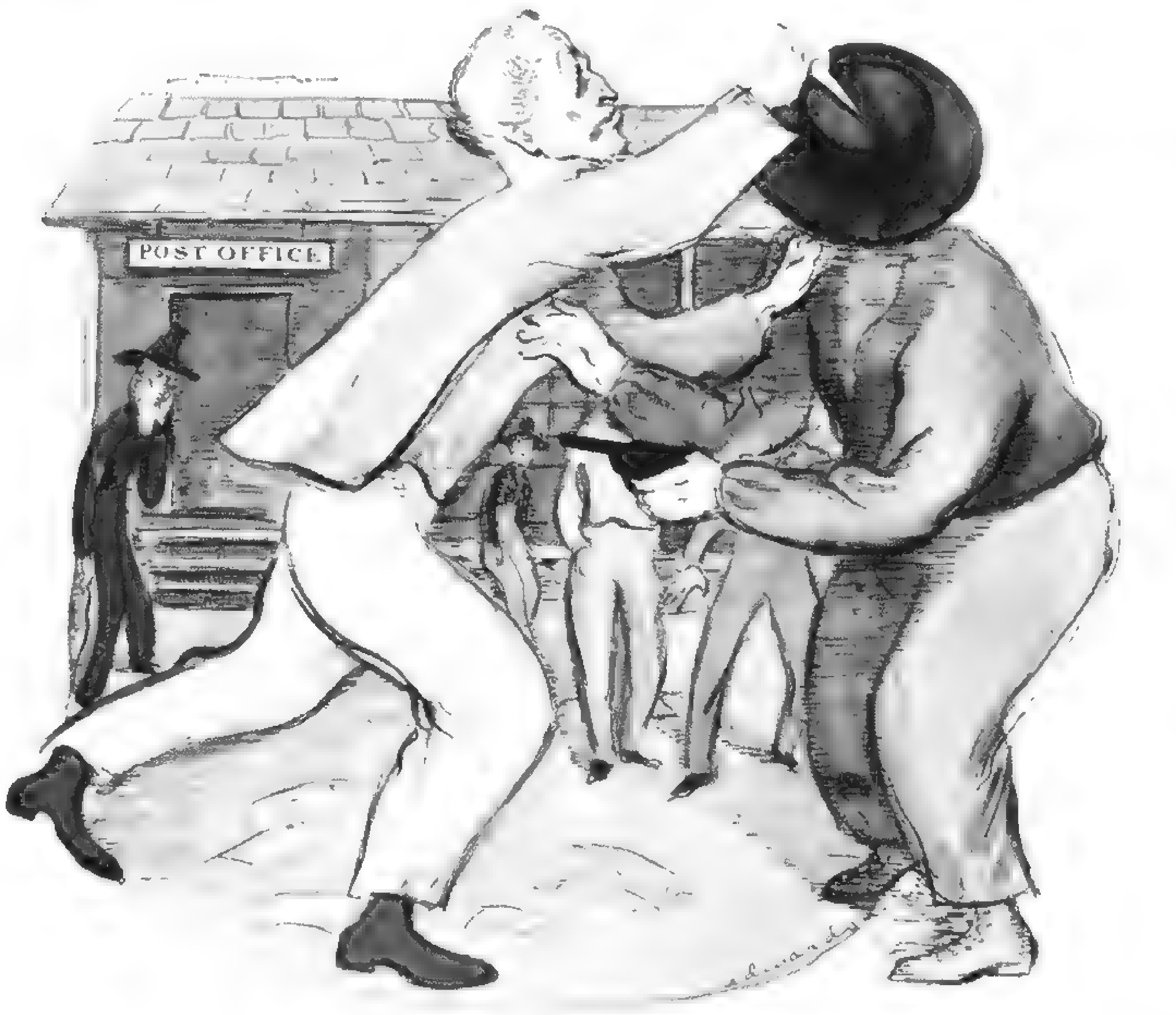
Major Ordson was an exile from Texas. At the beginning of the Civil War he had cast his lot with the Union and had been disowned, disinherited and doubly-damned by his impoverished, but proud, Southern family. After a year of Ohio and another of Indiana he had been defeated by nostalgia and compromised with himself on a residence in Kentucky. Colonel Carter frequently, and publicly, referred to him as "a goddamned carpetbagging sonofabitch." These aspersions contributed much to the viciousness of the bitter melancholia that engulfed him. He too was known to be a dangerous man, a gunfighter, and he was armed at all times with a small pocket-model Colt revolver.

Whatever else could have been, and probably was, said about these two gentlemen they were each esteemed for one quality possessed by both to a superlative degree—they were both most excellent judges of whisky, or connoisseurs of liquor as they would now be known.

Give either of them a bottle of unknown whisky and he would pour a little into the palm of his hand, rub the palms together rapidly, thereby heating and evaporating the whisky and giving rise to the aroma. He would shake the bottle and observe the quantity and quality of the "bead." He would sip and taste and taste and sip. In less than fifteen minutes either of these gentlemen could tell the age of the liquor, the quality of the corn from which it was made, whether it was made with spring or creek water and name the distillery if it was a Kentucky institution.

One morning the freight dray unloaded a barrel of very fine whisky in front of Judge Harper's Saloon. After the barrel had been opened Judge Harper invited Colonel Bates and Colonel Carter in for a drink, since he anticipated Colonel Carter would immediately brand it as the finest whisky in town. Colonel Carter "tested" about a pint and pronounced it unsatisfactory, remarking: "it tastes like leather."

Judge Harper had paid a great deal more than usual for the barrel and was greatly disappointed. After the departure of the unreconstructed rebel he sent a runner to summon Major Ordson. The Major arrived shortly and he applied his own unique rule-of-thumb measurements to the sample.



"It would be good whisky," he told Judge Harper, "but for the fact that it tastes like iron."

"Take that durned barrel straight downstairs," Judge Harper directed his bartender, "and put it in th' fur corner, it'll be a hell of a while before we'll ever need it."

"Colonel Carter said that whisky tasted to him like leather," Judge Harper informed Major Ordson.

"Carter! That goddamned fool!" Ordson sneered. "Why he wouldn't know whisky from owl's milk. Leather! Leather! Hell! That whisky has got iron in it, iron I tell you!"

In a few hours Major Ordson's opinion had been relayed to Colonel Carter.

"He don't like for me to mention *leather*," Colonel Carter remarked, "it reminds him too much of carpetbag trimmings."

The messenger returned to Ordson with Carter's comment.

The next morning Colonel Carter and Major Ordson met at the postoffice for the regular distribution of mail.

"Well you goddamned carpetbagger," Colonel Carter greeted his enemy, "I've heard what you've had to say about me!"

"And what are you going to do about it?" Major Ordson questioned.

"I'll do this!" Colonel Carter shouted, lunging toward the Major with his bowie coming up.

Major Ordson's hand was leaving his pocket clutching that Colt. They went into a clinch with Colonel Carter cutting and Major Ordson shooting. Before spectators could rush in and separate them both men fell to the floor—dead.

While the community was pausing over its drinks to speculate, Judge Harper went down under his saloon and with a helper knocked the head out of the barrel that had precipitated the duel fought according to the Kentucky code. They dipped out and bottled the liquor. He could not discover anything wrong.

He peered down into the barrel but could not find anything other than the usual charred interior.

Then he explored the interior very carefully with his fingers. He touched a little something and drew it forth.

"Well I'll be goddamned," he exclaimed as he held aloft a little leather-headed tack. ⧺

Night Was Made for Engine Trouble

The cousins were weary of chaperones and hoped an evening excursion would bring up something—some situation

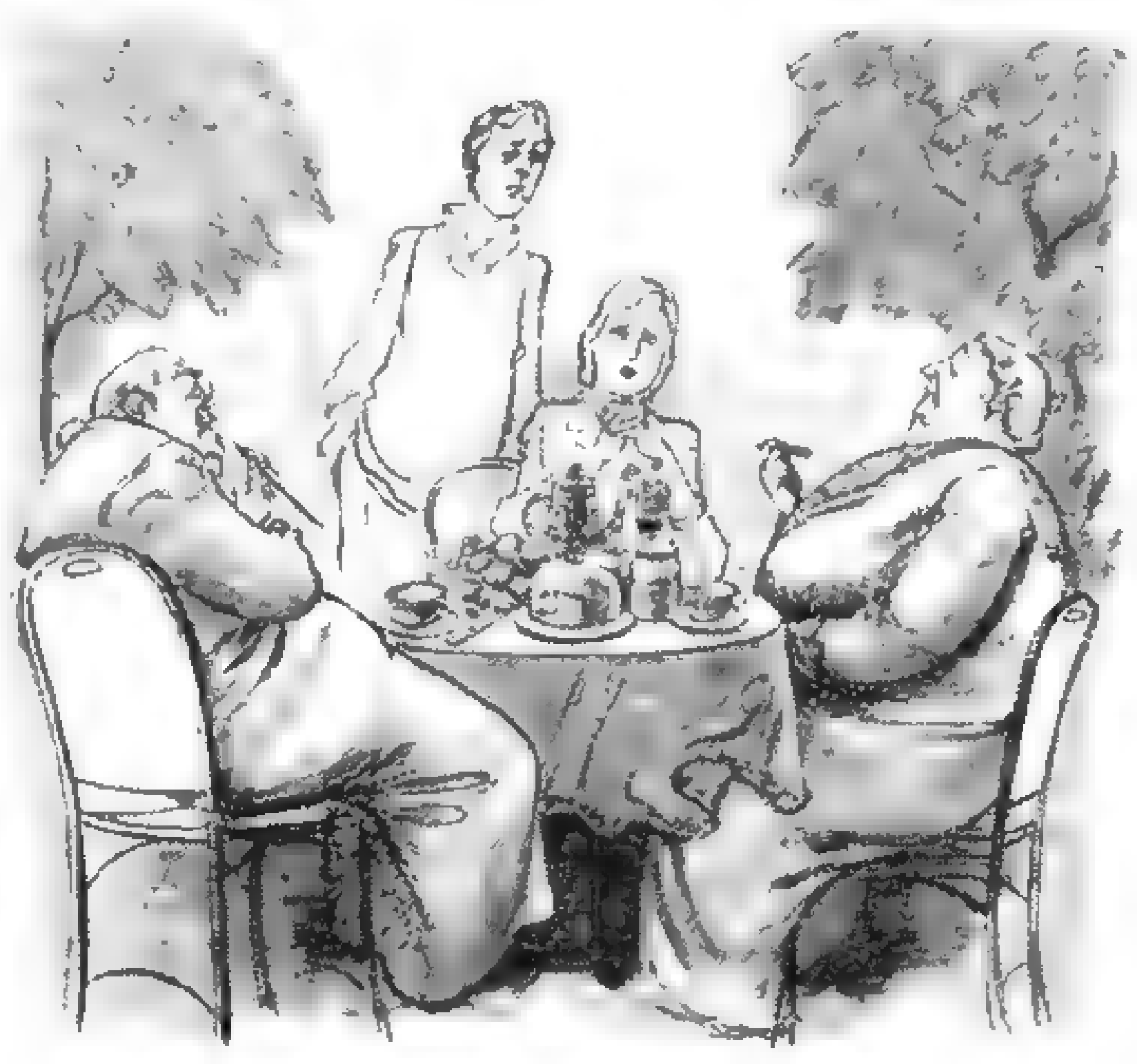
by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

▪ FICTION ▪

THEY felt very comfortable in the castle. There was just the family. In the summer when it gets hot and one doesn't feel like bothering about appearances, it feels good to be careless.

The table was set on the terrace—tablecloth and silver but colorful cheap porcelain. The master of the house appeared at the table with wet hair, in his bathrobe. With mock formality he said:

"Forgive me, ladies and gentlemen. Does anyone object to my toilet?"



Nobody did. The old count sat down, fat, wet, and pink-cheeked from the cold shower. The garden chair creaked under his one hundred and ten kilos.

Kitty, the daughter of the house, appeared in slacks and white shirt. Her mother, the countess, took the cigar out of her mouth, put on her spectacles, and inspected Kitty's attire.

"Put a skirt on, Kitty!"

Kitty protested:

"Why do you torment me, Mamma, when it's so divine like this?"

She crossed her legs coquettishly. She had beautiful ankles. They were slender and tanned.

"But someone may come," the countess reflected aloud through her cigar smoke.

Everybody looked toward the highway, across the flowerbeds of the garden. Butterflies dawdled languorously; the highway stretched motionless in its summer dust beyond the gate.

Kitty waved aside the suggestion:

"Who would come, I ask you? The telephone has been dead all day long. This is the home of the sleeping beauty."

The countess—she was an energetic lady—continued to ponder.

"What would happen if we went over to Lulu's for supper?"

This "Lulu's" was another castle in this Transdanubian countryside; a distance of thirty-four kilometers. A splendid road. They had made the trip in the coach many a time in two hours and a half. One could telephone. If they were to start at six they would just get there in time. By midnight the horses would be rested again. By three they could be in bed at home.

Kitty liked this idea. At Lulu's there were always guests. Perhaps a little dancing would be possible.

Even the fact that one might stay up until dawn had an enchantment all its own.

The countess, however, began to retreat. Five hours in the coach: a veritable expedition. And she was weighing in her mind whether a little intimate conversation with Lulu would be worth it all. Then she thought of bridge. She loved bridge. She sighed at the crossroads of the two possibilities.

Then a slender boy stood up from his verandah chair. He was carelessly dressed—shirt open at the throat; wrinkled, soiled slacks. Neglected, uncombed, but charming and as full of life as a pedigreed fox terrier pup.

"And how about me? Aunt Otti has forgotten that I have my car here. If I stepped on it, I could make thirty kilometers in a little over a half-hour."

The countess looked at the boy suspiciously. He was her nephew. Summer guest, or not quite. He belonged to the family, but still he was male enough for her to consider him as a potential menace to her daughter. The whole business had started when the count noticed something. The old gent wasn't indiscreet at all and he didn't want to make an "affair" of it. Rather, it was accidentally that he blurted out something once in his wife's presence:

"I have an idea, my dear, that there is something between these two kids. I think I saw them kissing this morning in the garden."

From that moment on, the loving aunt turned into a jealous dragon. She said nothing, because she considered that below her dignity for the time being. But she watched the two young ones with an eternal vigilance.

This was tough on the cousins. In the happy times before the countess' suspicion was born, they had been accustomed to meet in some secret place at least ten times a day to fondle and kiss. Now a secret meeting was impossible. The countess was constantly on the scent with her cigar and her sewing basket. Miss Boyd, the horsy English governess, was also a spy for the countess.

The young people could never exchange an intimate word. Every time they looked at each other they could see consternation in each other's eyes: What's happened? What shall we do? What does the future hold?

Well, an excursion like this might bring up something. Some situation. And the boy enthusiastically tried to peddle his car, which was an ancient Ford—coughing, tinny, and as high as an old collar.

Kitty joined him:

"I don't understand what you are afraid of, Mamma. Lutzi is a perfect chauffeur."

Lutzi announced with pride:

"I won two second prizes last year in the races."

The countess looked at the boy mistrustfully:

"You'll upset us in some ditch."

She pondered and said nothing, but in her imagination the magic shapes of the bridge cards began to appear with increasingly potent charm—the beautiful black spades and the lovely red hearts. The no-trump bid! Yes, it would be nice.

"Well, let's go if you want to." She turned to her husband:

"Are you coming?"

The old gentleman answered politely:

"I would much rather stay at home, my dear." And he thought with delight of an early retirement after the sour milk supper; of the crossword puzzle magazine; and of the fact that in this way he would escape dressing.

* * *

The trip was good. And so was the supper. There was dancing; there was bridge. But no matter what the cousins did, there just wasn't a chance for anything shady. The countess maintained a relentless watch even in the strange surroundings. With murderous persistence she compelled Lutzi to play bridge at the same table with her while Kitty was dancing to gramophone music in the dining room, where the grooms had rolled up the rugs from the parquet.

They started for home shortly after mid-

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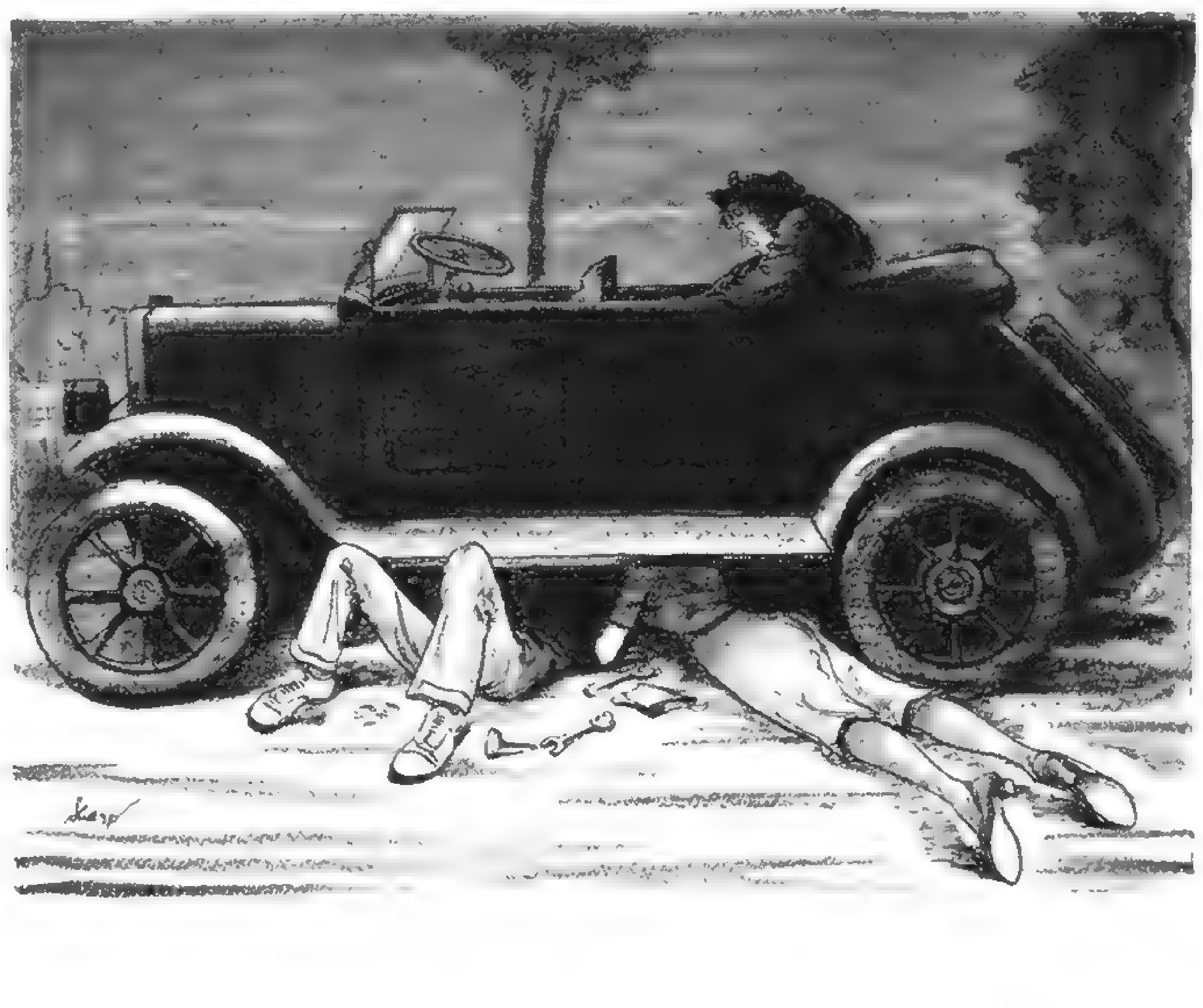
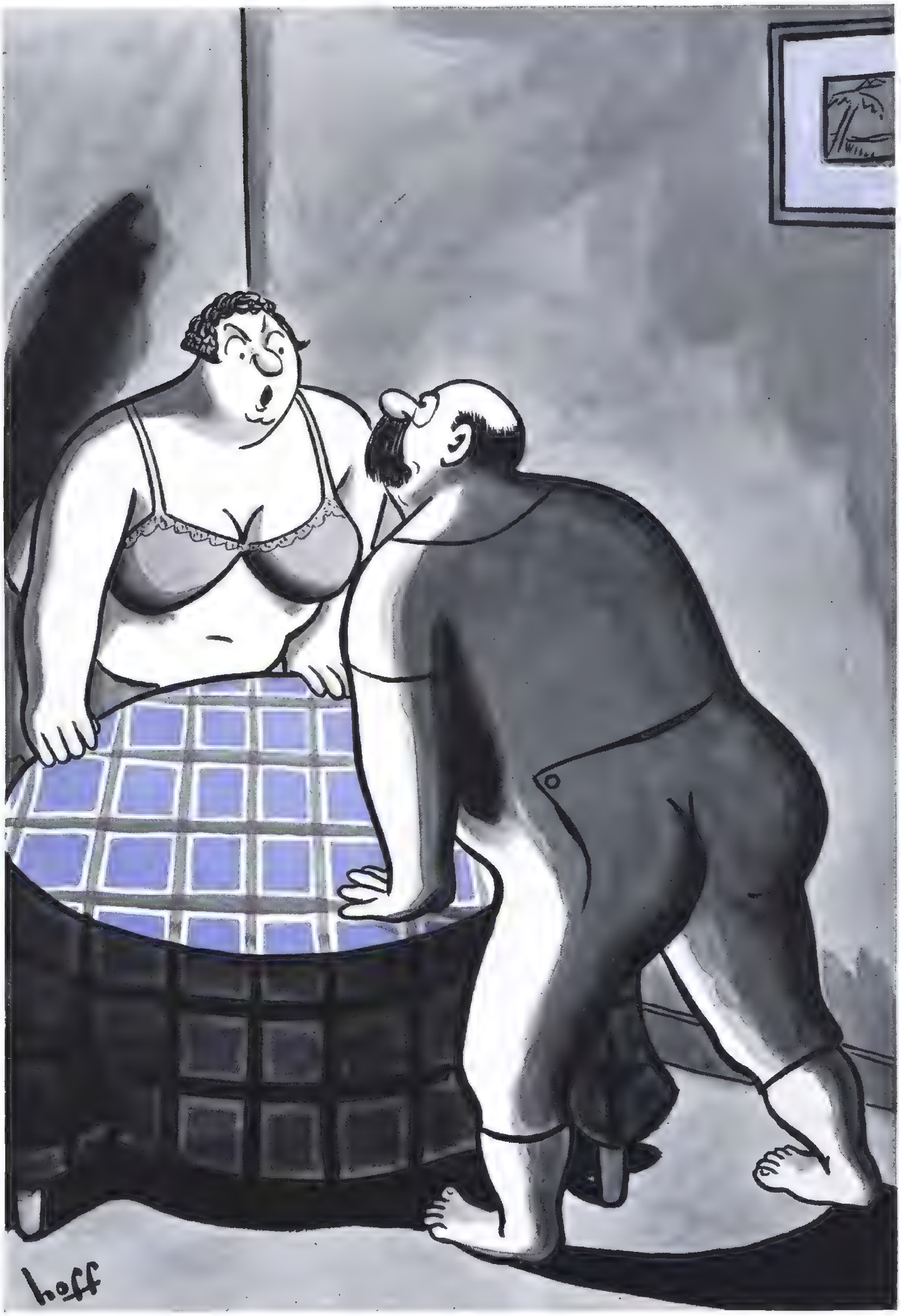
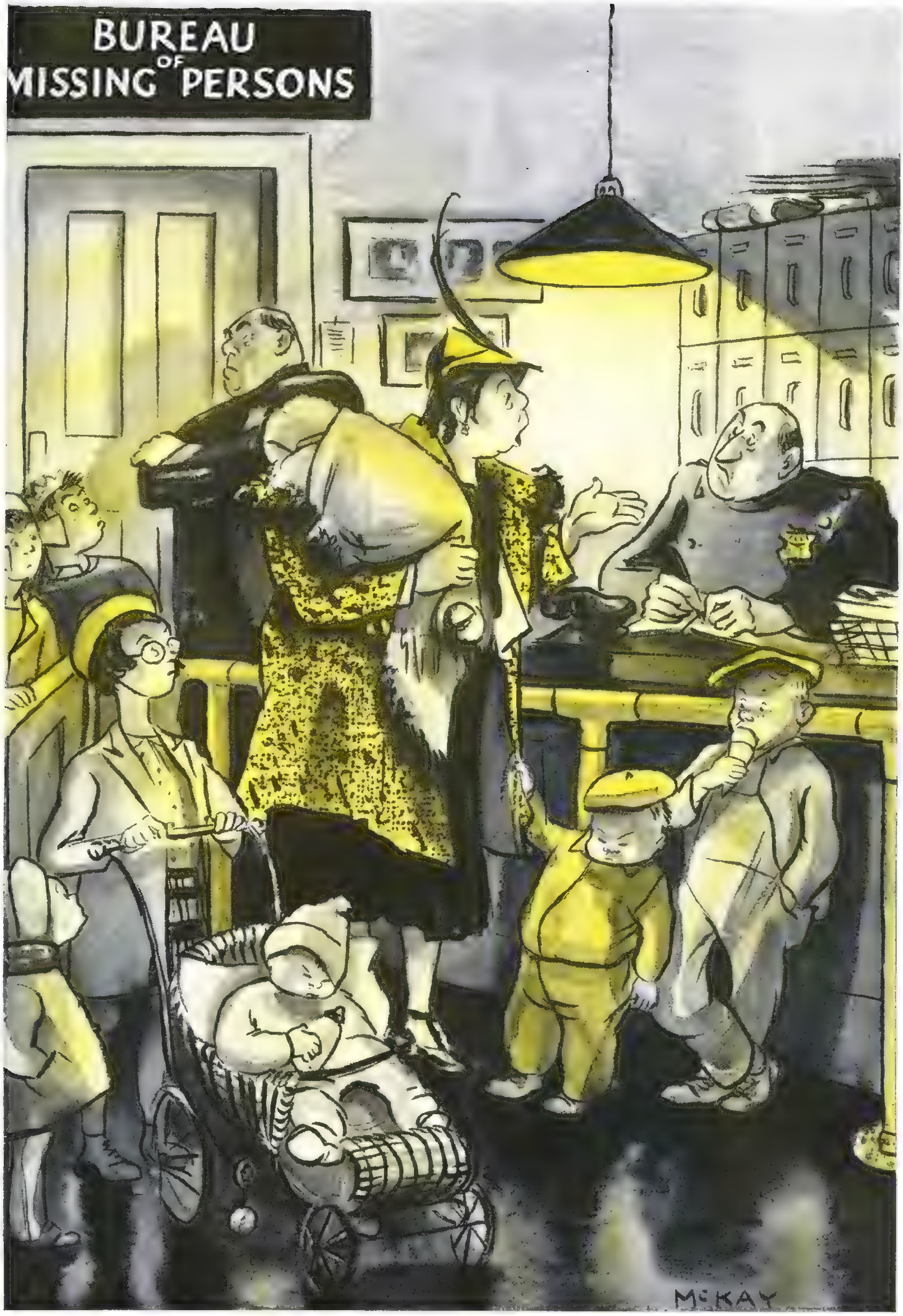




"Milton, come out of that amnesia—I'm Rebecca."


BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS
McKAY

"He's five feet, 3 inches, wears glasses—and has never been out all night before!"

I Knew They'd Never Make It

Mrs. Petterly saw that the new people didn't have a dull day, what with the minister, the Christmas Club and all

by ERIC KNIGHT

▪ SATIRE ▪

Mrs. Petterly put her head on one side and hugged herself, as if to keep her body still. Nevertheless it seemed to do an unmoving dance.

"You'll never guess," she said.

She enjoyed her moment, and then from under her coat she drew a magazine.

"Turn to page 37," she said.

Mrs. Coe wiped her hands slowly on her apron and took the magazine. She turned the pages and then stared.

"My lands," she said finally. "My lands!"

Mrs. Petterly's body danced its inward dance.

"It's him, all right, ain't it?"

"Mr. Maschwic," Mrs. Coe said, still staring at the picture. "Mr. Maschwic! My lands!"

As if lost in deep thought Mrs. Coe walked to the sitting room. She took her spectacles from the mantelpiece and set them on her broad face and then subsided into a chair by the window and read. Mrs. Petterly sat on the sofa, watching Mrs. Coe read.

"My lands," Mrs. Coe breathed again. She stared at the printing. "What's quantum theory?"

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Petterly, as if that settled it all. "But you notice where they're living. Says New York—New York City."

DRY POINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"So it does—I didn't think. I often wondered where they'd gone." She removed her glasses and settled back in the chair. "It always stayed in my mind it was funny the way they moved away from here."

"Funny!" Mrs. Petterly put her head on one side and tucked in her chin. "Well, personally, I always knew they'd never make it. I said as much to True Goodman that first day. Huh! Going to stay there all winter! I knew they'd never make it. But they were so set they were. Said they'd like it.

"Well, I said to her that first day I went up there, I says: 'You'll be lonesome way up here in this hill all winter. You've three miles to go to th' village for groceries. And this road is terrible. I've seen it go two months straight and not a car get up or down it.' And you know what she said? She said: 'Oh, but we'll like it. That's just why we came up here.'

"Well, I didn't say anything, but I thought to myself right then, I thought: 'Well, you might think you like being lonesome, but you ain't never tried one of our New England winters.' And it was right then that I said to myself that I bet they never make it."

"She were a pretty little thing," Mrs. Coe said slowly.

"Well, I like a woman with more git-up-and-git," Mrs. Petterly said, emphatically. "Every time I'd go up there, she'd be at a typewriter. Writin' up all these things for him. Doin' his work, it was. That kind of a man puts on a woman. He'd be upstairs in the bedroom."

"Making up this quantum thing, I suppose."

"I guess. Why, he had her scared to death of him, and that's my opinion. One time I dropped in and was talking, and he banged on the floor. Banged on the floor, mind you! Well, that was the limit. She began whispering almost. Well, I wasn't going to whisper for no man, but he had her scared. That was when I come to th' conclusion she needed to be sort of took out of herself.

"The idea! Going to live up there all winter, and keep house for him, and be secretary-like, and never seeing a soul. And not even a radio. I said to her one time: 'My lands, time for Seth Lord,' and she didn't even know who he was. Then when I told her she made out like she didn't care about the radio. 'But we don't like radio,' she says. Well, I thought, that's the way with us women, going without and tryin' to make out we like what we got. So I made up my mind right then I'd do my best to try and make things more homey-like for her.

"Well, they can say what they like, but nobody can ever say I didn't try.

"I told her. I says: 'I'm going to see you meet plenty of the folks round here, then it won't be so lonesome for you.' And scared-like she acted. 'Oh, I couldn't bother you,' she says. 'Truly we're quite comfortable.' Well, I thought to myself, that he may have her scared, but he didn't cut no ice with me. I just had to almost take her by force to get her down the Epworth League play. Then I had the minister call. She said: 'Oh, no. We're not very religious.' But that didn't put me off. I saw that he did call, and have a nice long talk with her. And I sent Lollie Peters up there to get 'em on the Christmas Club. I got Jane Lipway up there to see about having her on the Thursday Afternoon Group.

"It was just like I said to her once. I says: 'If you were just summer people, we wouldn't worry; but seeing you're going to stay up here all winter I'm going to see that you're one of us.' I say there's nothing like being neighborly.

"Well, nobody can say I didn't try. Why, by the end o' November I'll say that girl didn't have a dull day, what with th' minister and the Christmas Club and the Thursday Afternoons, and then I got the Wednesday Musicals going again. I just saw that they weren't left out of a single thing that goes on. He was a grump, though. I got Ed Cartwright to ask him to speak at the Home Study Circle and he hummed and hawed and said he didn't think he'd know what to say. But I told Ed, I said: 'You keep right after him. It's up to us to show them we can more than meet outside folks halfway.'

"And then I heard him playing violin one day, so I told young John Chalmers to go see him, because the Music Society's doing right nice now. They're good on dances, and getting on real well with classicals in addition. So I told Johnnie, I says: 'Now don't take no for an answer, and keep after him, because it's up to us to be neighborly and see they don't get lonesome.'

"Well, at least nobody could say I didn't do my part. But it was lonesome up there—

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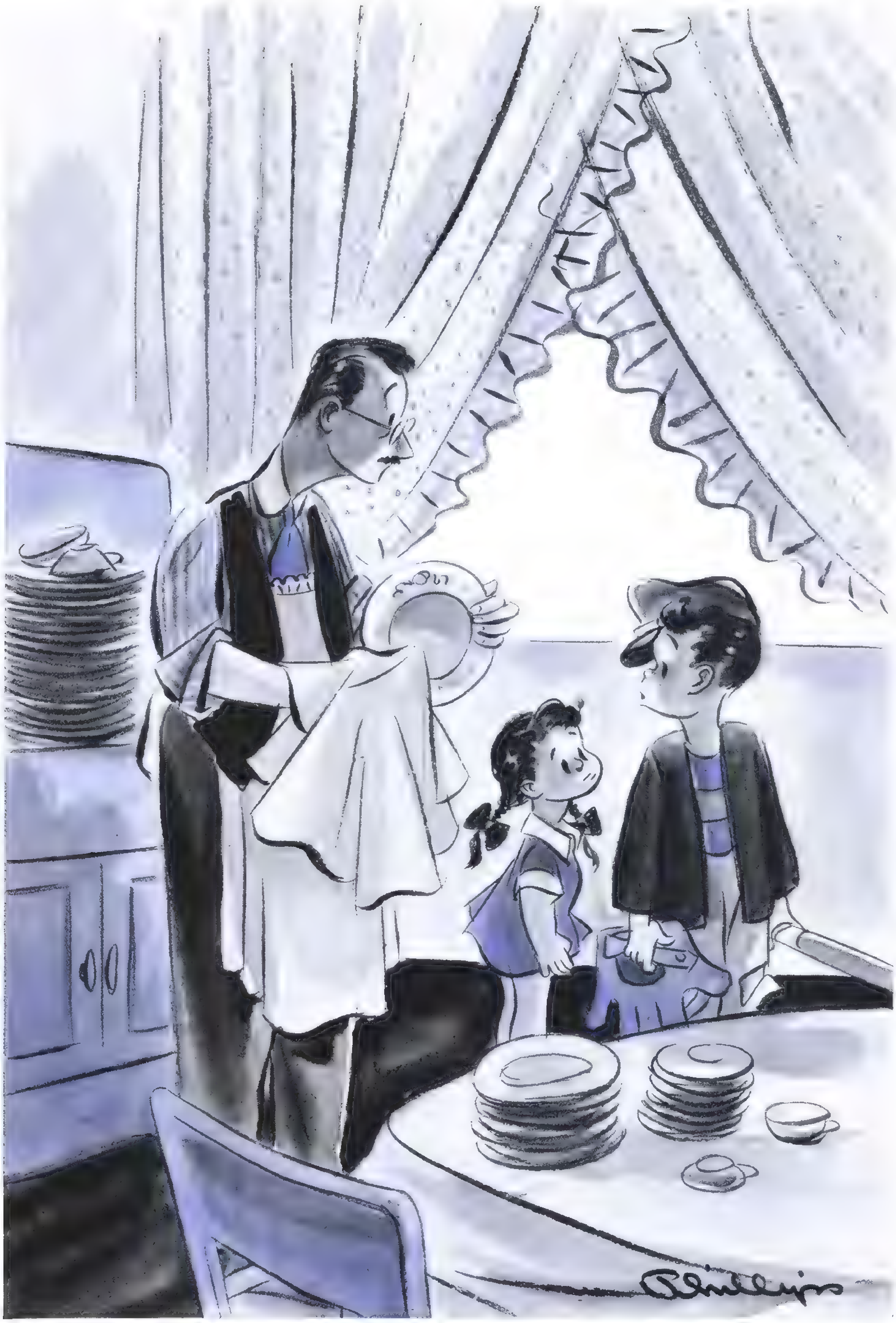


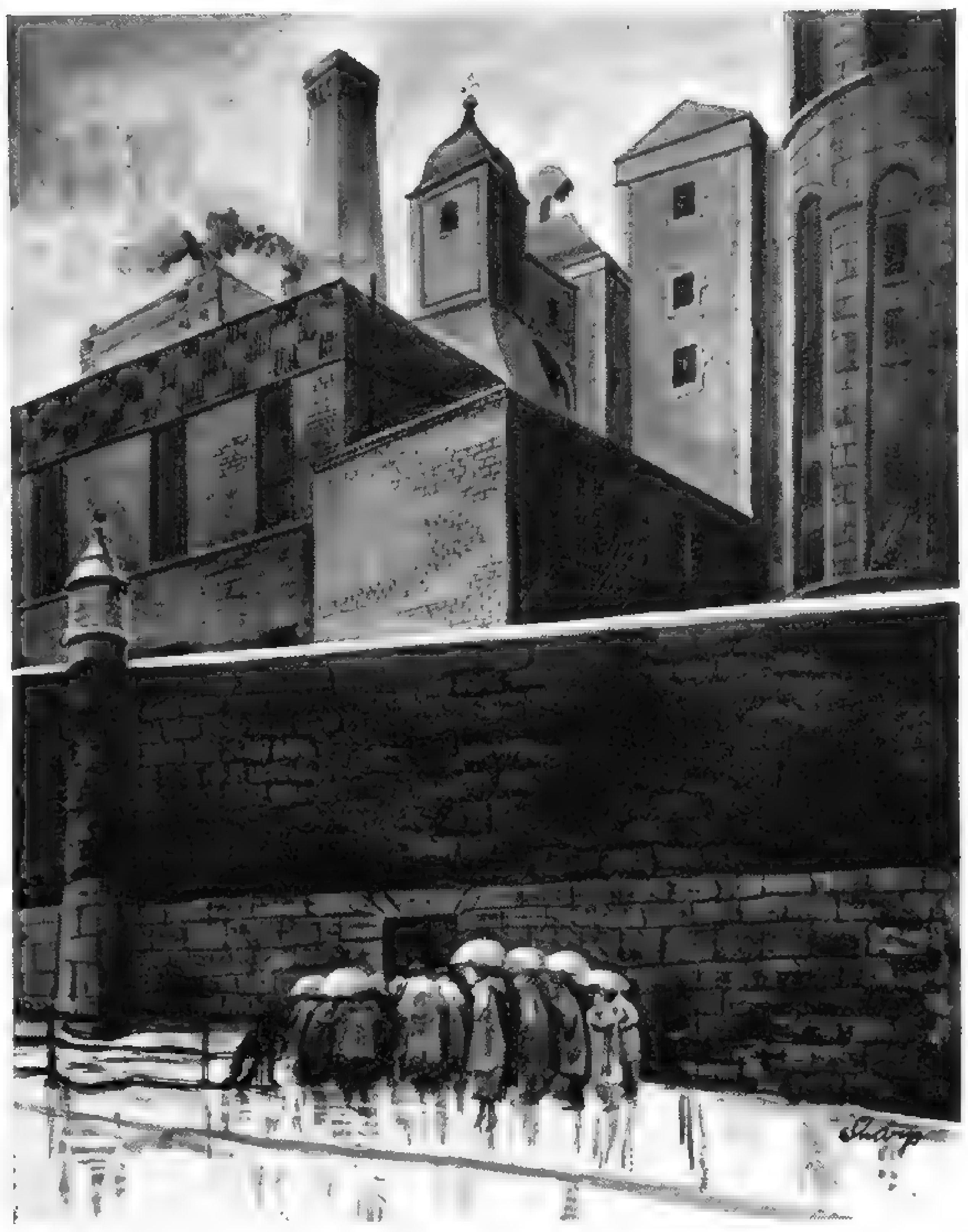
"This is your mother's pay day, children—run down and see that she gets past the corner cocktail bar all right"

Hicks, Fin de Siècle Pirate

His was the last public hanging in New York, and Bedloe's Island made an elegant setting for the affair

by JOHN KOBLER

ARTICLE



As a politico-social gathering the hanging of Albert H. Hicks was a notable success. Even as a simple hanging it was pretty good.

Nearly fifteen thousand New Yorkers, a considerable percentage of the city's total population, swarmed over the waters around Bedloe's Island, now Liberty Island, on steamboats, barges, sloops, yachts, rowboats, rafts, anything that would float. For the swankier folk from uptown there were excursion steamers fringed with scarlet awnings and equipped to serve iced refreshments. These were so burdened as to be in immediate danger of capsizing, but the passengers insouciantly sipped their lager beers, chatting about Edward VII's recent tour through the United States or the menace of a Southern confederacy. In the smaller, open crafts, ladies—"No," protests an outraged reporter from Mr. Greeley's *Tribune*, "females of some sort!"—protected their complexions with gaudy parasols, peering from beneath the tassels at the grisly instrument ahead.

It was United States Marshal Josiah Rynders, that redoubtable patron of the Five Points Gang and grandsire of boss politics, who had thoughtfully selected the island in order, as he informed his supporters, "to afford as many persons as possible an opportunity to witness the spectacle." The scaffold had been transplanted from the Tombs to the northeast side of the island, on the green sloping terrace forming the earthwork of the water battery. The site is currently swept by the skirts of the Statue of Liberty.

The occasion held a twofold interest for New Yorkers, an almost sentimental interest. While Hicks was not to be mentioned in the same breath with Kidd, Teach, Gibbs and other buccaneers, he was nevertheless the first bona fide pirate to be liquidated in some years and everybody there sensed rather nostalgically he would be the last. Piracy, after all, was a pretty archaic business. With the exception of Captain Nathaniel Gordon, an inconsequential slave runner hanged two years later, he was. Hicks was also distinguished as the last malefactor publicly hanged in New York, a recent law having confined future executions to state prisons. Thus threatened with the curtailment of a cherished entertainment the public wasn't going to miss a trick. Most of them had been waiting since dawn.

At ten minutes past eleven the steamer *Red Jacket*, chartered by city officials, hove grandly into view amid shouts of "Here she comes!" "Down in front!" and "Get out of the way!" Aboard were Marshal Rynders, resplendent in gilt regalia, a dozen plug-hatted deputy sheriffs, Father Duranquet, Tombs Chaplain, twenty physicians, privileged spectators and fifty reporters, real and bogus, with clipped chin whiskers and black beavers after the current fashion. A delay was occasioned by Marshal Rynders who first took his friends for a sight-seeing trip up the Hudson.

The prisoner was not immediately recognized as he was the only calm and unobtrusive individual present. When at length he was shoved forward a roar exploded in the crowd, scattering shrapnel of rude observations upon his parentage and personal habits.

He was allowed to proceed alone up the hillock to the gallows. He walked with firm step, but kept his eyes on the ground. He wore a frock coat of blue cottonade ornamented with rows of gilt navy buttons and needlework anchors and on his head a battered Kossuth hat. Lean, bony, slightly stoop-shouldered, with Uncle Sam whiskers, he resembled more Nast's caricature senators than a savage marauder of the high seas.

"Capital place," one spectator remarked, "the very place to hang a man where everybody can have a fair sight of him!"

And others agreed that every hanging should be on Bedloe's Island.

The Hickses lived at No. 129 Cedar Street, a miasmal tenement fringing on the city's underworld. Mrs. Hicks was a local product. She had borne one undersized son described as a "sore-eyed urchin." "Hicksey," as he was familiarly called, came originally from Gloucester, Rhode Island, where he had been a collier and altogether a reputable citizen. But in New York his almost pathological appetite for hot gin and oysters led him into the vocation of free-lance thief. He had been in turn a "diver" (pickpocket), "snaffler" (highwayman) and "screwsman" (second story artist).

On the morning of March 16, 1860, he was strolling the water front at the foot of Spring Street when he met Captain George Burr, a kindly, if somewhat simple-minded seafarer. Captain Burr was about to sail for Deep Creek, Virginia, with a cargo of oysters aboard his sloop, the *E. A. Johnson*. He had already hired two young brothers, Smith and Oliver Watts, but required a first mate. Hicks had heard through wharf-rat gossip that there were two thousand dollars in cash on the sloop. Presenting himself as "William Johnson," a seasoned tar, he offered his services and was promptly accepted.

They sailed next day. Captain Burr was so impressed with Hicks's personality and capabilities that he wrote to Mrs. Burr praising this priceless gem of a mate. Just off Staten Island, when darkness had fallen, "Hicksey" put into operation the little scheme, which for a more or less impromptu inspiration was overwhelmingly thorough. Gripping a capstan bar behind his back he approached Oliver Watts at the helm. "Ain't that Barnegat light?" he asked. Of course, it wasn't. But he didn't require an answer. With one powerful stroke he laid open the lad's skull, hacking at him again as he fell.

The thud brought Captain Burr scuttling out of his cabin where he was still congratulating himself upon finding the inimitable "Johnson." "It's nothing," Hicks assured him and repeated the sinister formula. When the good Captain turned, Hicks struck, this time with an axe, slicing through his neck. His body tumbled down the companionway.

There remained the older Watts, now reclining on his bunk, gaping in dismay at his headless employer who had rolled under his feet. Before he could stir Hicks was upon him, slashing with a precision born of practice. The boy was presently reduced to independent sections.

Hicks then tossed overboard the three corpses and the axe after them. He tried to swab the decks.

With an auger he bored a hole under the cabin

Continued in center of page 209

The Gay Dude Banditeer

After you master hip-shooting and the draw, you must know how to act when the enemy has the drop on you

by RICHARD TOOKER

• ARTICLE •

THE pleasures of playing cowboy on our romantic guest ranges, more intimately known as "dude ranches," are considerably enhanced by the laxity of the laws governing the exercise of deadly weapons. Even on a Hollywood horse-opera set, one would be restricted to blank cartridges. In the great open spaces, where the traditions of our vanishing frontier are religiously preserved, one is in danger only of shooting himself, a tragedy not unlikely for the novice banditeer who has not availed himself of competent instruction in the fine art of "fanning a six-shooter."

After one has established himself at a sagebrush and cactus hostelry, somewhere between El Paso and the Pacific Coast, and the excitement of forking a bronc or wrestling with a lariat has begun to pall, he turns inevitably to a more dangerous pastime, the ungentle legerdemain of pointing and pulling a cannonading forty-five, otherwise known as "hogleg," "smoke iron," "hardware," "stick," "war bag" and simply "six," to name only a few of the numerous hillbilly aptitudes.

As regards modern gun throwing, the phrase "fanning a six-shooter" is somewhat of a misnomer. The term "fanning" originated in the ancient days of the single-action pistol, when the hammer had to be pulled back each time one fired. Usually, then, in fast gun throwing, the trigger was entirely removed, and the gay bandit operated the hammer by pressing it back with the heel of one hand.

In modern times, he who emulates Billy the Kid, will probably use a double action gun, and only the pulling of the trigger will be necessary in the creation of thrilling gun thunder. In fact, the hammer thumb grip is sometimes filed off to avoid the possibility of catching it on the clothes in fast drawing, and tripping oneself on his own belt strap, so to speak.

On authority, notably recorded by Jack Tooker, veteran cowboy and lion hunter, hip shooting is not a theory of fiction writers. Nor is it necessary to be born with a six-shooter in each fist to master the trick passingly well. If one has the nerve and muscular coordination to play a good game of golf, he can learn to hit what he shoots at with a forty-five without aiming. In fact, aiming with a six-shooter is something of a handicap.

First and foremost don't: abjure the automatic. Leave your automatic at home with the wife so she can shoot herself with it after you become enamored of the rancher's daughter. Automatics on a dude ranch are equivalent to heresy under Hitler. He who can hip-shoot with an automatic is a gangster, and these lines are not intended to provide fodder for J. Edgar Hoover.

Granting that we are equipped with a modern double action frontier model (they are streamlined, too), our first step is the employment of an old-time gunsmith; there may be one on the ranch. Inform the smithy that you are sufficiently sophisticated to realize that manufacturers make guns as nearly fool-proof as possible, in other words almost impossible to fire unless one has the finger grip of a shot putter.

The trigger pull of the standard new pistol is absolutely inimical to fast and accurate gunplay, being several times too stiff. Have the gunsmith file down the trigger mechanism until it will pull to slight pressure of the finger, in short, the well-known hair trigger.

Do not begin to salt the all-enduring desert with evidence of a lead mine immediately. Practice snapping in at first, developing the important habit of not pointing the gun at anything that deserves to live. The object in this preliminary practice is to accustom the palm to the pistol grip, and the pistol grip that best fits our palm determines the weapon most suitable for us. For the art of hip-shooting successfully lies chiefly in substituting the pistol barrel for the forefinger of the shooting hand. If you have never tried it, by all means do so; point the finger at a nail head, and unless we have a hangover or St. Vitus dance, the finger will be perfectly aligned on the offending nail head. And when we can substitute a pistol barrel for that forefinger, we shall have graduated as a hip-shooting son of a buckaroo.

At first, the difficulty lies solely in learning to grip the gun always in the same way, without canting to right or left, nadir or zenith. Scoffers prove their pessimism with apparent ease, since it is just as difficult to grip a pistol properly as to drive a golf ball from a tee without duplicating the divot of a steam shovel. In the beginning, the unpracticed grip on the pistol results in a pointing stance precisely as if a broken forefinger had been set in infancy by a bad horse doctor. In short, it's crooked. We point at a garage door and the alignment is actually directed upon the ample anatomy of our next-door neighbor at work reducing in his garden.

After we have "snapped in" with our "hardware" until the gun no longer feels as if we had hold of a ravening grizzly's tail, we may order in an L. C. L. shipment of ammunition and sneak off into the desert, where the only living things likely to suffer from our bad marksmanship are lizards, buzzards and a few odd Mexicans or reservation Indians.

Begin by pointing at something not far away in order to see where the bullet strikes. At first we will probably jump more than the exploding pistol, but if our nerves are golf-trained, we overcome this in time, whereupon we probably discover that we are shooting high. This is due to the recoil of the pistol. Before the bullet is quite out of the barrel, the explosion of the powder causes the barrel to cant up ever so slightly. It cants up much more after the bullet leaves the barrel, but we are not concerned with that, for the trajectory is already determined. To offset the pistol recoil, we practice pointing just under the spot we want to hit, and the farther we are from the target, the farther down we point to hit the bull's eye. Refer to Isaac Newton for the mathematics of this.

Targets are important. Tin cans are better than stones, and oddly enough, one usually finds plenty of old tin cans on the desert. Our living museums, preserving the stalwart heroics of the old-time West, are rather inconsistent in this. It would appear that the cliff dwellers lived on canned goods in the dim, forgotten ages. But do not be deceived; the cliff dwellers did not dump tin cans on the desert. City dwellers are guilty of this gross insult to the poetic purity of the romantic rangeland. It is as if every delicatessen cook from Los Angeles to Albuquerque had with malice intent, hauled his empties as far from legal dump grounds as possible and scattered them like a mischievous small boy. However, these rich surface deposits of sardine and tomato tins have one convenient utility; they are excellent for target practice. One can see the hole when he hits and a stone affords poor evidence of a hit at best.

A good gun slinger can hip-shoot at a

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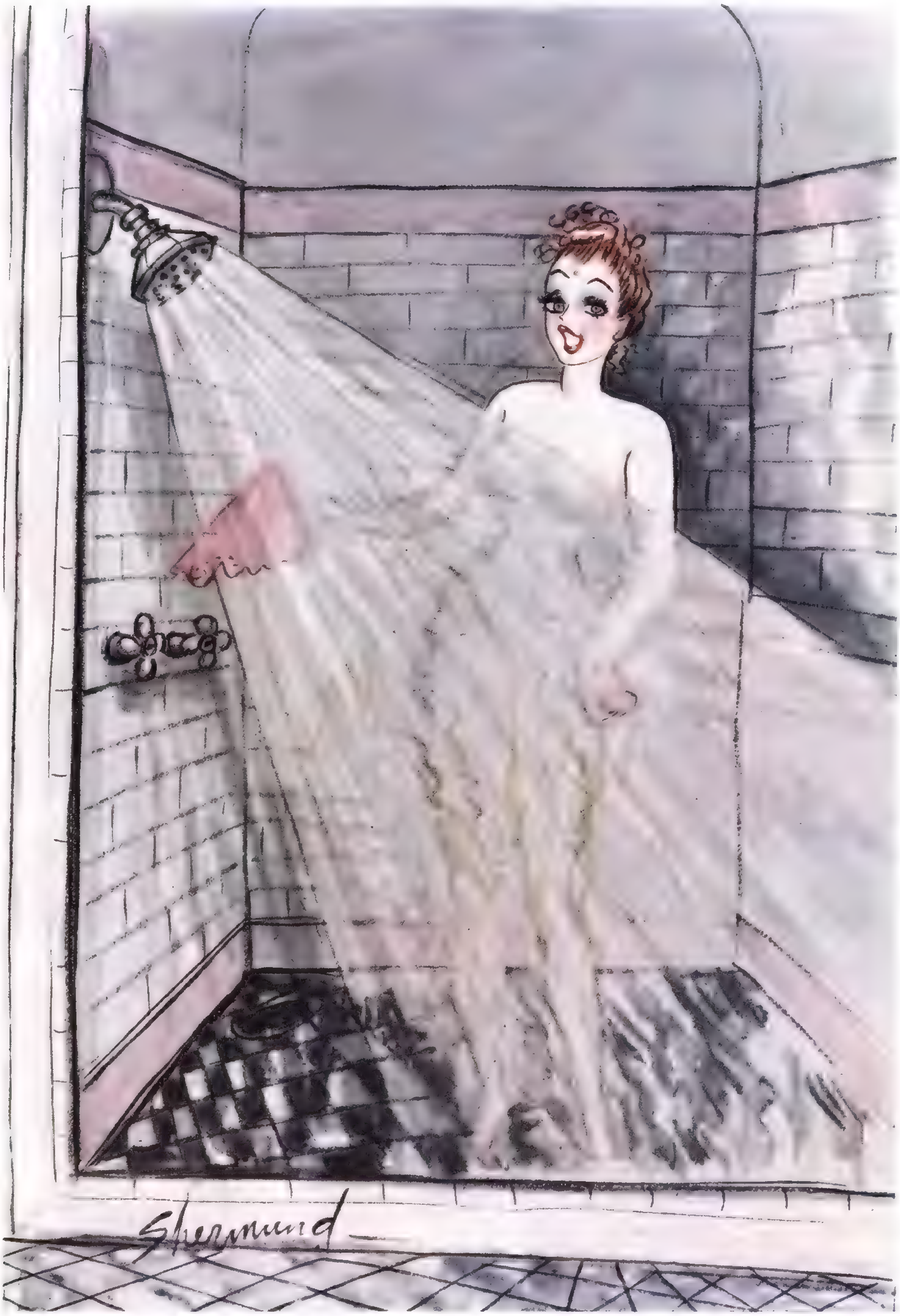
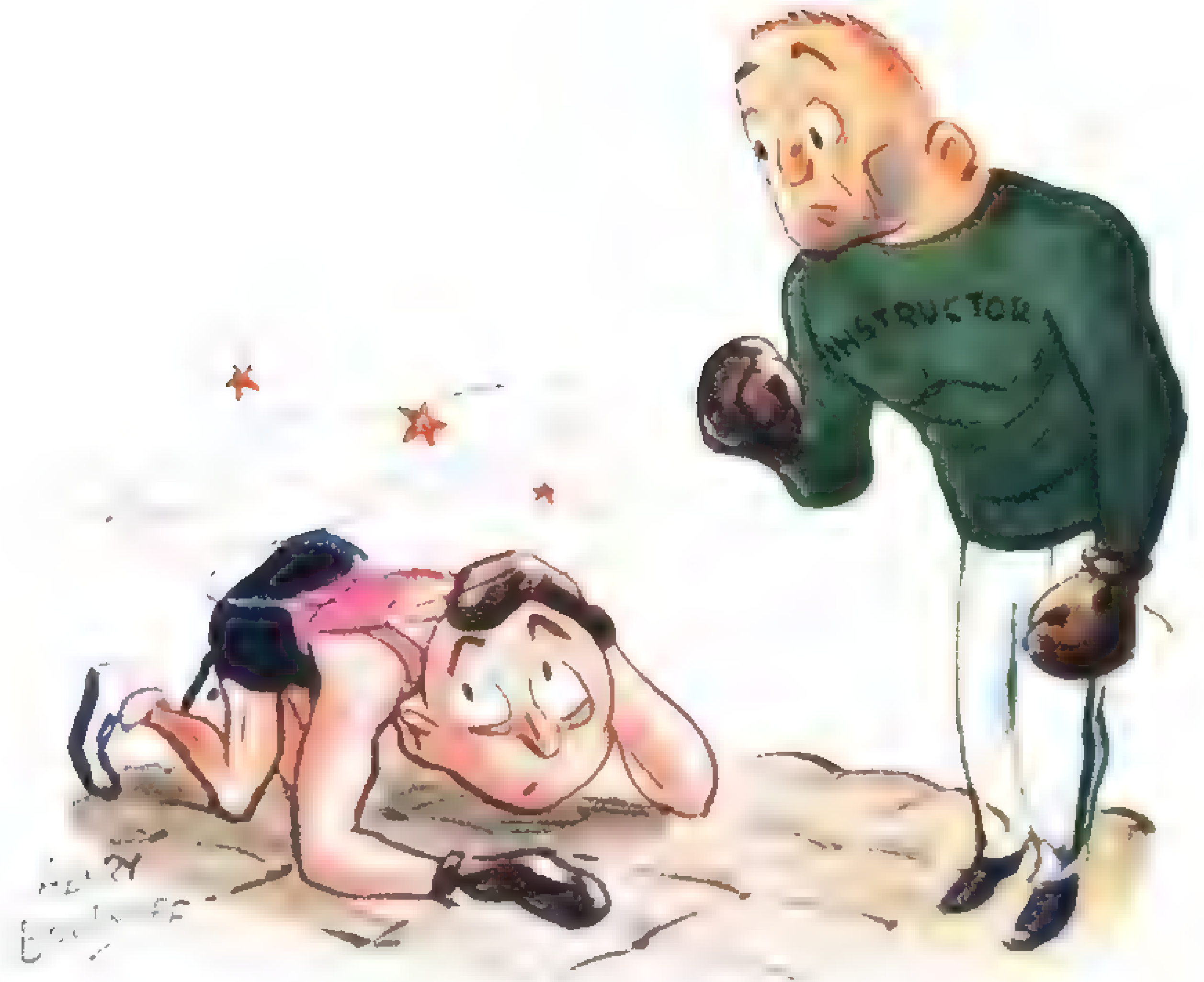


"You're just wasting your time—I'm not going to shut the water off till you leave the room!"

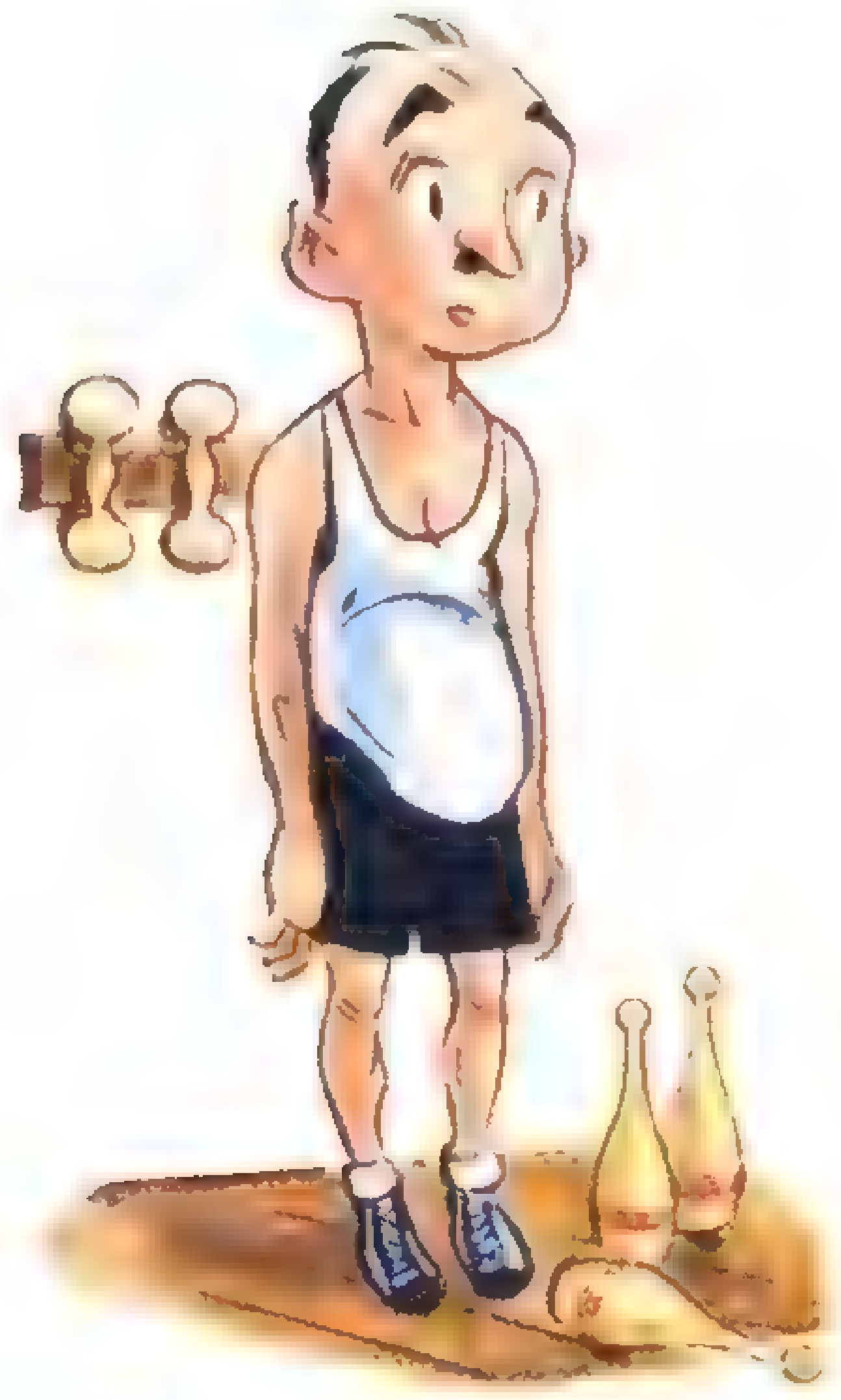
The Body Beautiful

Charged with determination, the nation has laid siege to the gymnasium. Ethical culture has been succeeded by physical culture, and enough perspiration now flows each year to irrigate the Gobi Desert. Mail-order Atlases are turned out with astounding rapidity. The accent is on youth and virility, and every home is equipped with a pair of dumbbells. When it comes to figures, women may be vain, but men, poor souls, are optimistic.

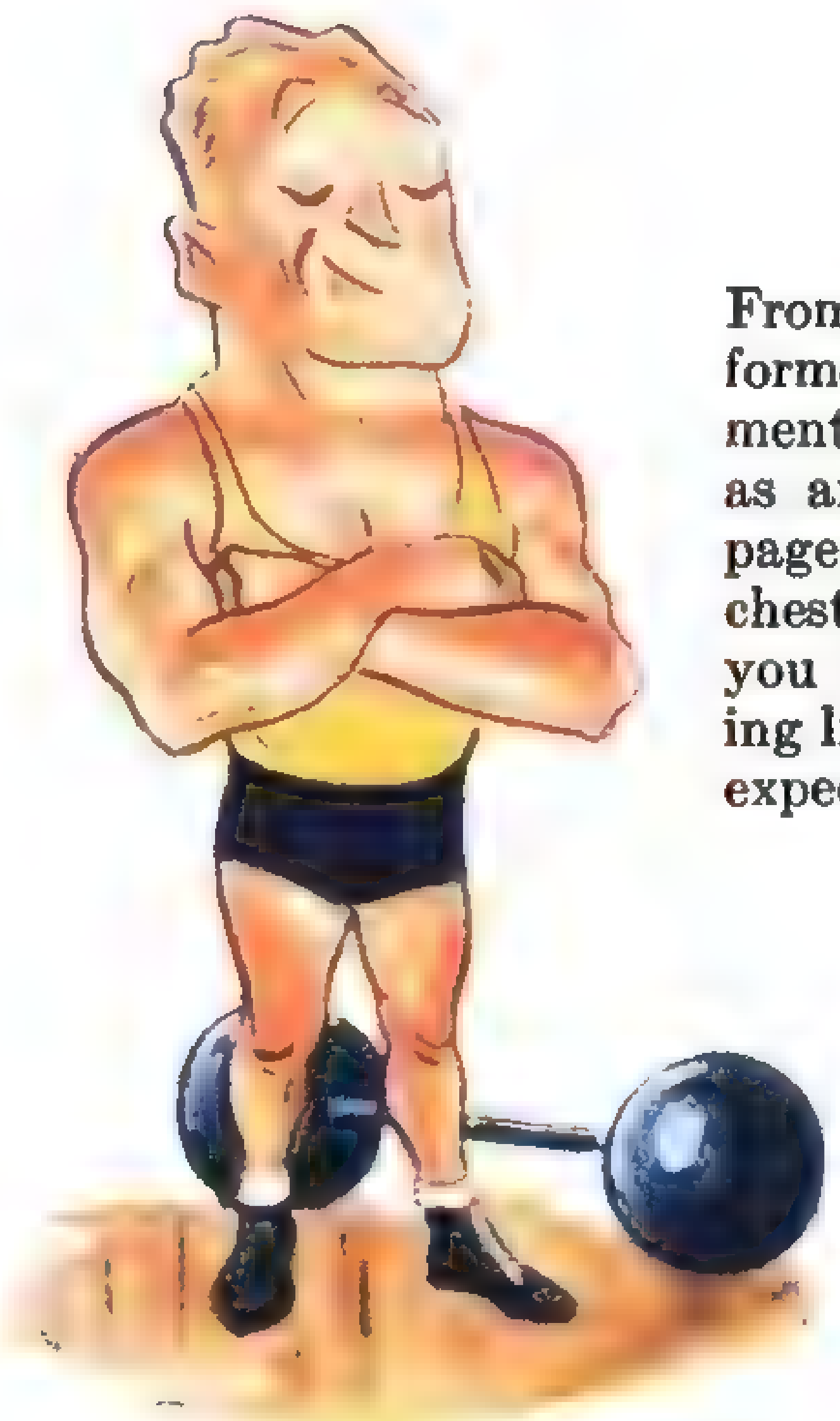
***by* MURRAY *and* HENRY BOLTINOFF**



Jason had a thirst for knowledge and it seems one blow quenched it. Every man should know how to handle his fists, but poor Jason didn't know what to do with Butch's. Butch is appalled at his arithmetic: a simple one-two resulted in the count of ten.

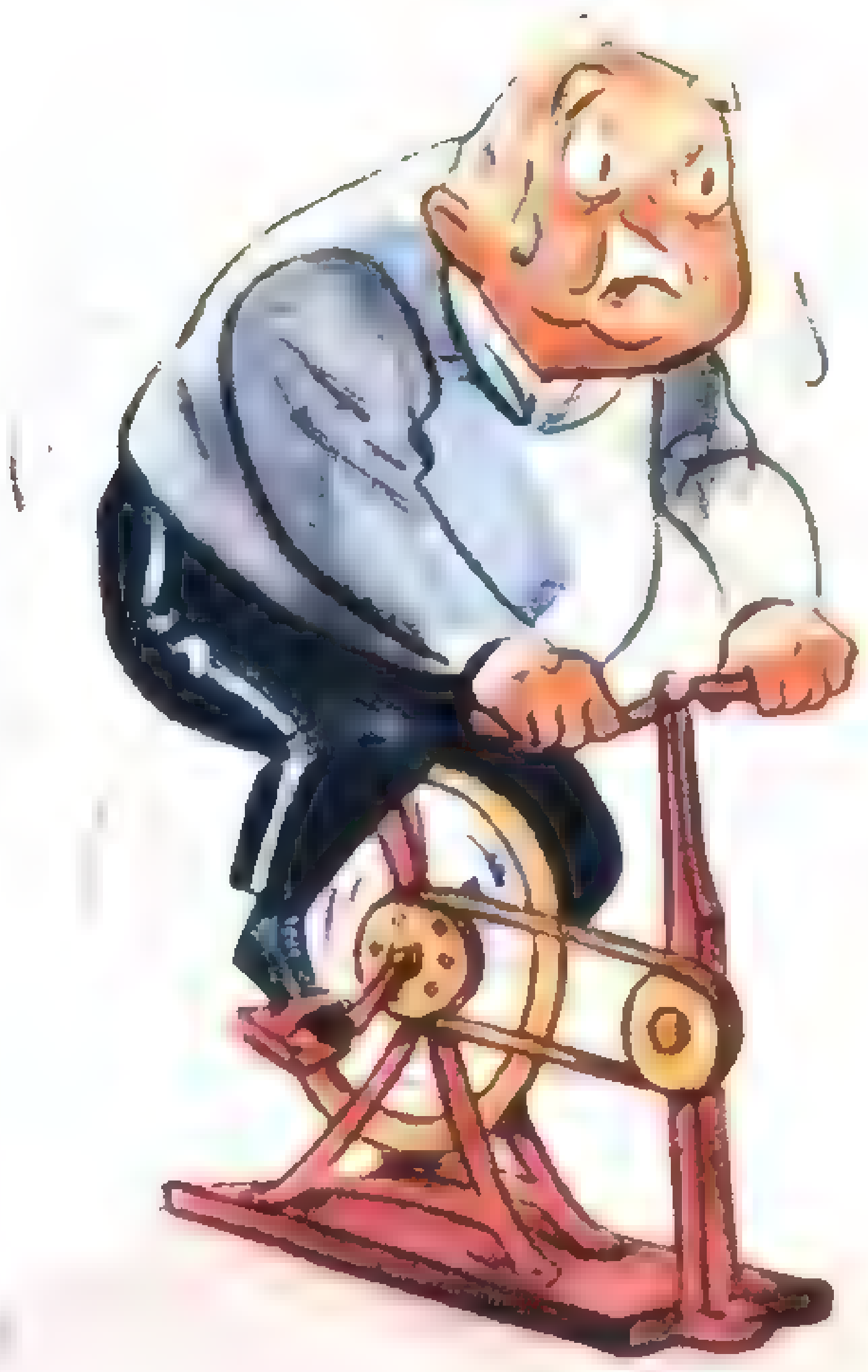


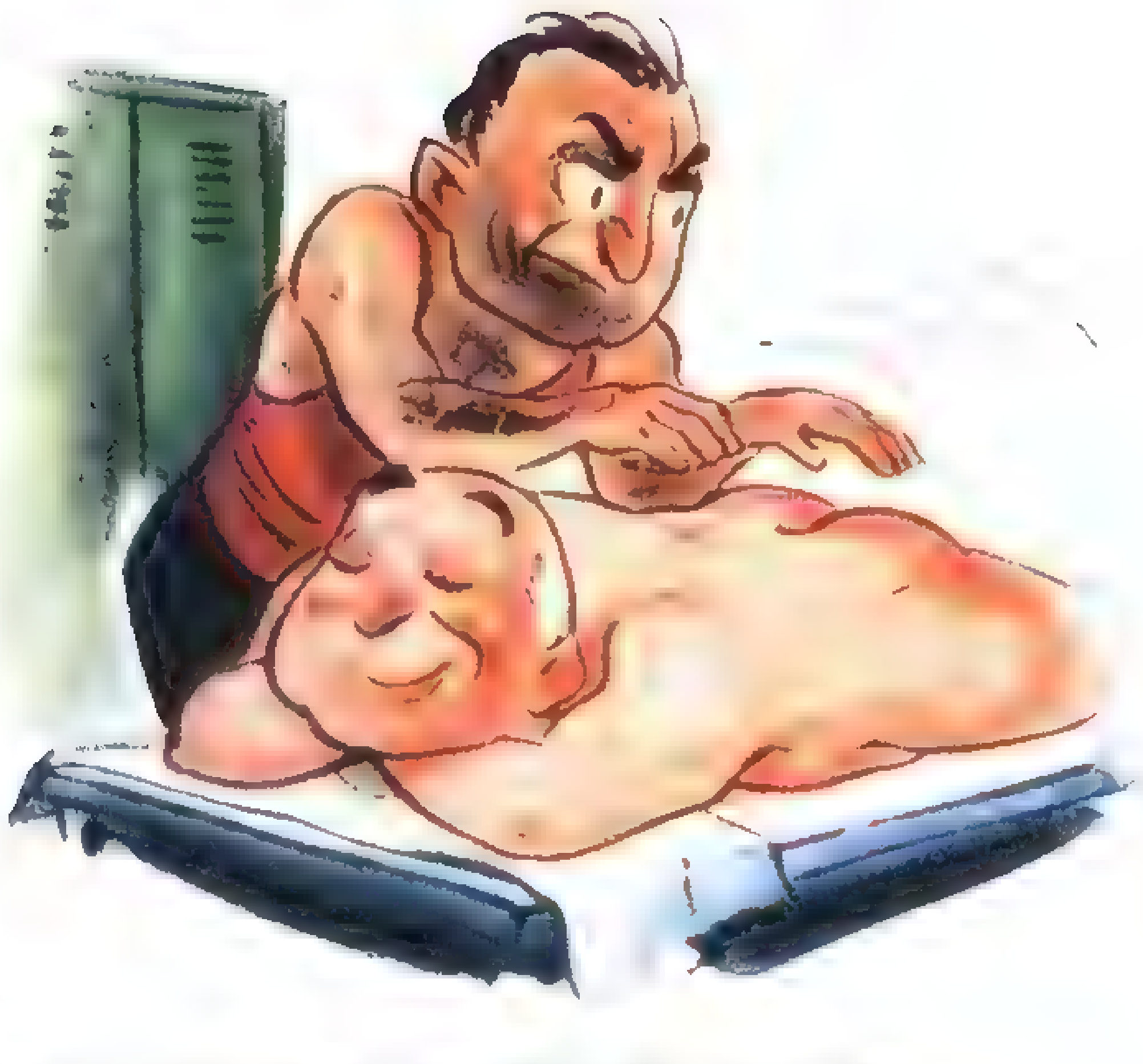
Laurence is the shortest distance between two points—a straight line. In his office, he may be a brilliant statistician, but in a bathing suit he resembles a plucked sparrow. He heard that the meek will inherit the earth, but right now he'll settle for a pair of sinewy arms and a sprinkling of hair on his chest.



From head to foot—with emphasis on the former—Don is a breath-taking assortment of rippling muscles. He's as strong as an ox, and as intelligent. Flip the pages of any magazine, and his expansive chest and massive biceps bulge out at you from the ads. He's always preening like a peacock, but what would you expect from the Spirit of Nuxated Iron?

Dr. Dolly is far past the age when life begins, but he is anxious to start all over again. He's prescribed many a diet for a corpulent patient, but he's never taken his own medicine. He'll tell you he's not fat; it's his glands, and that he's trying to grind them into submission.





As an emissary of big business, Mr. Bloat confers with the President and heads the Chamber of Commerce. His picture always is in the papers. This is an unorthodox view of Mr. Bloat, but a familiar one to Mike, who's been going over the same ground so many years he's lost ten pounds himself.

Revolution in Rowing

It's important to racing shell specialists whether bilges be hard or slack, the sides vertical, flaring out, or with tumblehome

by WILLIAM INGLIS

SPORTS

Tom Bolles, head coach of Harvard crews, was looking at the new varsity shell of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Robert Herrick, dean of those Harvard veterans to whom rowing is a sacred cult, stood at his side. Bolles studied the shell's fine body, noted her broad beam and deep draught well forward, fullness that made for easy entrance into the water and prevented the tendency to dip at the beginning of the stroke. He observed that the hull gradually tapered away aft almost to a vanishing point; so that the long, slim form of the boat resembled that of a streamlined railroad train.

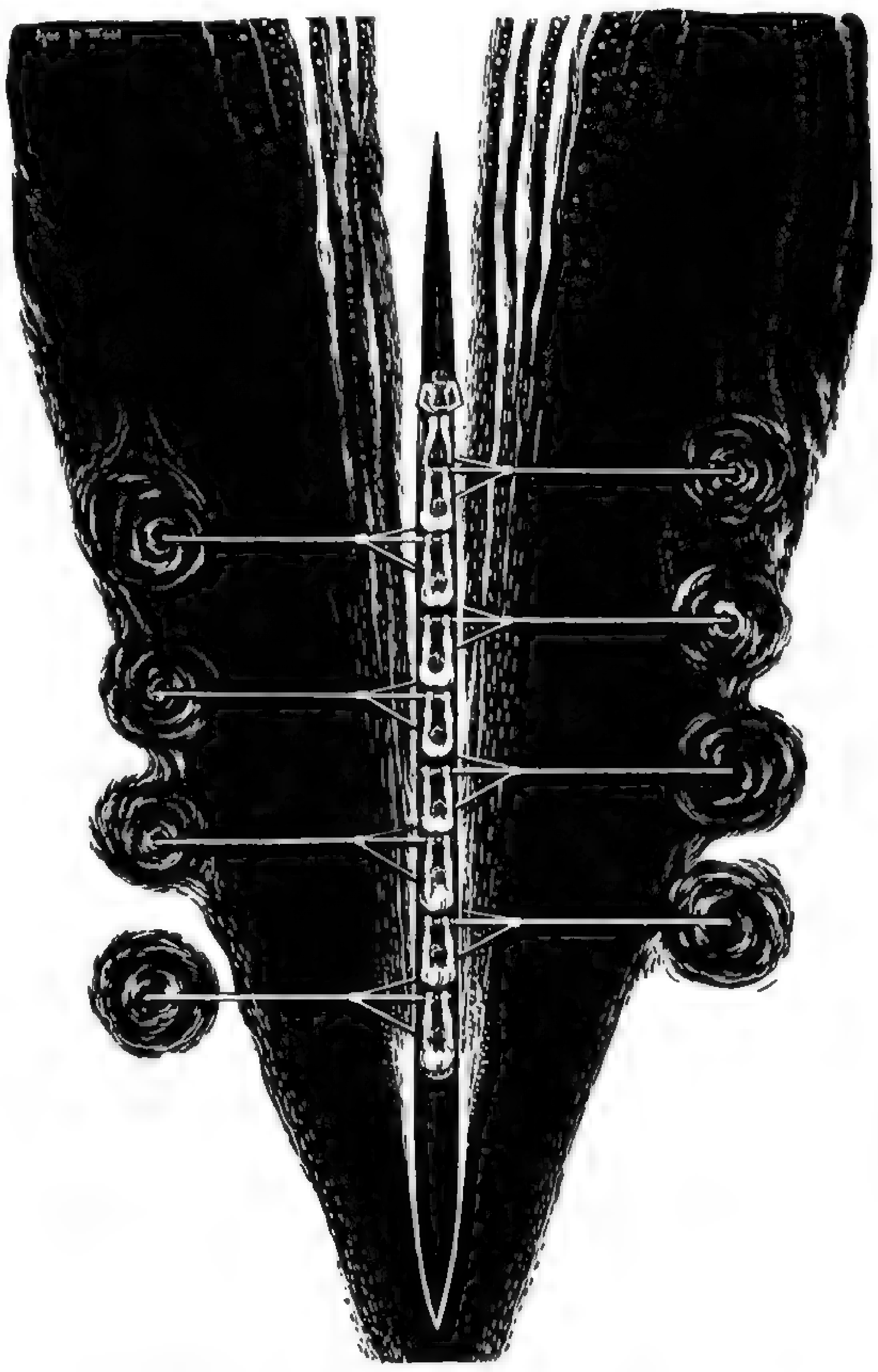
With the utmost care he scrutinized the outriggers and braces of the shell, all formed of aluminum alloys, which made the boat fifty pounds lighter than any other eight he had ever seen; for in all other shells these parts are made of steel. If the rig would stand the strain, the saving in weight should add to the boat's speed.

"She ought to get off the line fast," was Tom Bolle's only comment. Mr. Herrick nodded. Experts don't become enthusiastic over novelties: they've seen so many fade.

She did get off the line fast, and her crew—the M. I. T. varsity 150-pounders—were smart and strong enough to hold their advantage, reaching their climax by winning the American Henley at Princeton over a big field, which included Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania and Princeton. The Tech lads modestly ascribed their victory to *It*, which is the nickname they have given to their wonderful light boat. As a matter of fact, Harvard had beaten them in two earlier races, when they caught a couple of "crabs" and had other mishaps; but this time they turned in a truly rowed race and showed themselves a good crew in a very good boat.

The 150-pound freshman crew of Manhattan College, New York, a newcomer in the American Henley, were barely nosed out by Pennsylvania in the junior event, and led Princeton, Columbia and Cornell over the line. Their coach, Allen Walz, was so impressed by the speed of *It* that he ordered one like it from the Cambridge Boat Company, a group of M. I. T. scientists, who designed and built the novel racing machine. Also Tech has a new shell for its regular varsity crew, a little bigger and heavier than *It*. Experts, always skeptical about new methods, have not yet made up their minds as to just how good the three light shells are.

Thus has begun the most radical revolution in boatbuilding since Thomas Doggett bequeathed a perpetual yearly Coat and Badge for the swiftest Thames wherryman, and old Clasper began to build best-and-best racing boats for English universities, more than a century ago. Like many other revolutions, it may fizzle out into nothing—or it may mark the beginning of a new era in the fiercest of all athletic sports. Neither the invention of the sliding seat, to take the place of slithering with greased leather-seated breeches on thwarts with the grain of the wood set fore and aft, nor the substitution of the swivel rowlock for the thole-pin and clumsy box rowlock, promised more in adding speed to racing shells. At this moment the new boat's prospects seem bright.



For an art that has been practiced through so many generations, boatbuilding has advanced but slowly, its many errors corrected by trial and no sooner set right than others spring up in their place. Yet you get a vivid picture of progress when you compare the delicate but staunch racing shells of today with the heavy, clinker-built arks in which the coxswains of the Oxford and Cambridge crews of the 1830's ran along the gunwale and shoved off from a pier for a racing start. Note that the ancient coxswains and oarsmen raced in fuzzy, bell-crowned beaver toppers, and you see how heavily they were handicapped compared with the bareheaded, barebacked racers of today. Modern oarsmen work as hard as the old boys, but they get a much faster run for their money.

Their boats are things of beauty, smooth-skinned, designed to slip through the water with the least possible resistance. The hulls, of thin, polished cedar, seem fragile as eggshells, yet they are so strongly framed and stoutly braced that they last for years under strains and stresses that would rack an ordinary boat to pieces. The West Side Rowing Club of Buffalo have a shell they got ten years ago from Columbia College, and it was twenty years old when they got it. They still train crews in it. Manhattan College has a shell that John Johnson built at Travers Island thirty-five years ago. Their crews raced in it for two years, and they still train in it.

The average eight-oared shell is sixty feet long, twenty-four inches wide and of six inches draught, perhaps a trifle larger for extra heavy crews. From the bowman's seat to the cutwater, she is decked over with heavy silk, oiled to make it waterproof, and there is a similar deck from coxy's perch to the rudder post. For the rest of her length she is open as a viking's ship—which, by the way, was built along similar lines and could be rowed at high speed when there was no sailing breeze. A racing eight costs fourteen hundred dollars, old style or new.

To laymen and even to most rowing men, all racing shells look alike; yet the expert eye will detect differences, minute in size but with important effect on speed. Sometimes these are so slight that they can be proved only by actual measurement, but, slight as they are, they are of vital effect. The ratios of length to breadth, breadth to draught and length to draught, are often varied, though for years every designer has been constantly looking for the perfect combination that will yield the greatest speed. As for the sections—that is, dimensions of the boat at right angles to her length—they vary almost to infinity. Should the bilges be hard or slack, the deadrise be great or small, the sides vertical, flaring out, or with tumblehome?—that is, sloping inward like the side of a burgundy glass. On all these questions specialists get into hot arguments which probably won't be settled this side of the millennium.

Yet the specialists are outdone sometimes by the keen vision and sense of proportion of some veteran waterman who knows boats and loves boats as an old horseman knows and loves his thoroughbreds. A crew from Massachusetts Institute of Technology went up to

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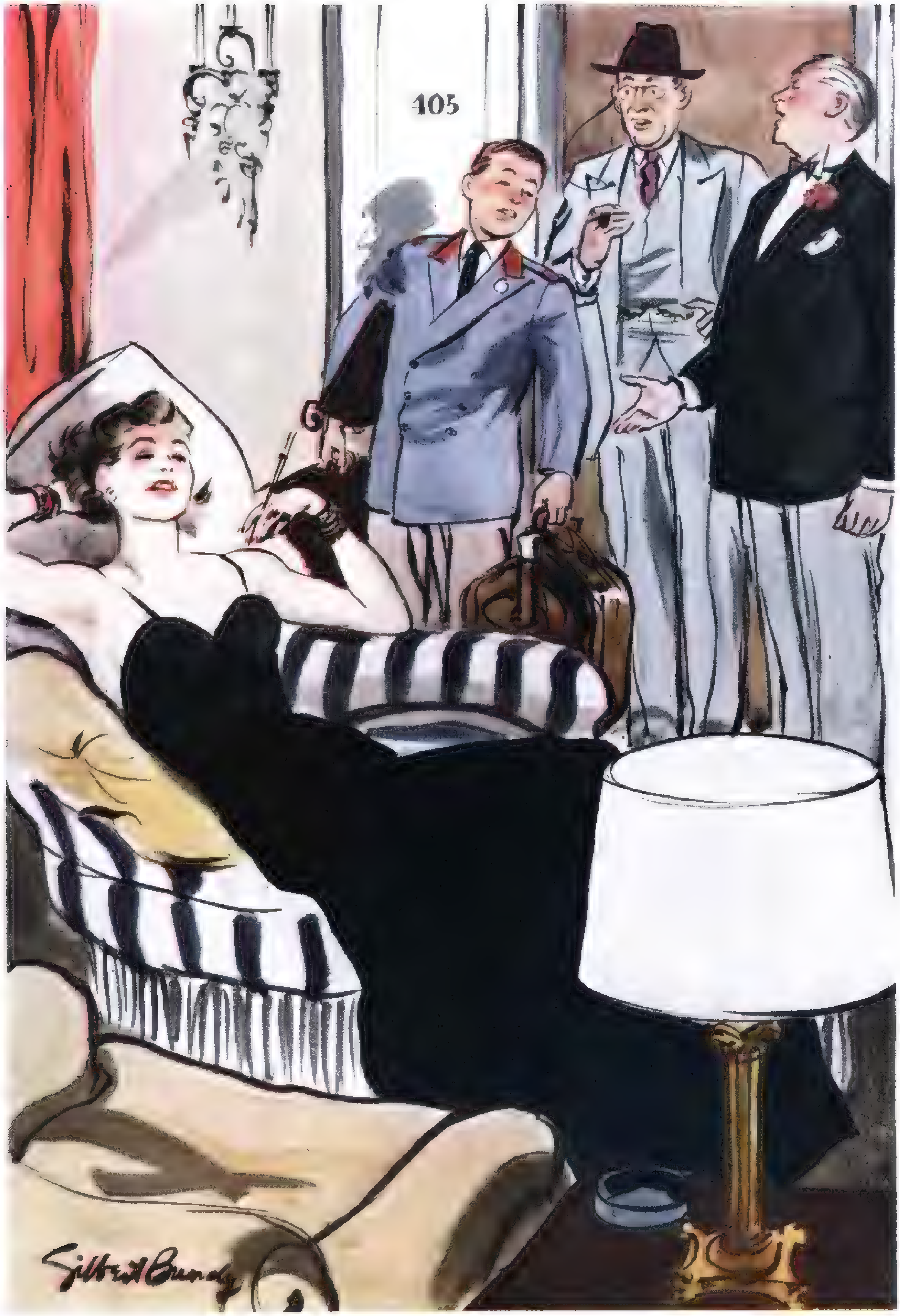
405
Gilbert Bundy

"When this hotel says completely furnished—it means completely, sir"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Old Puzzlehead wonders: are all critics crackpots, are producers soreheads or are they both wrong?

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

My this month's contribution toward the national culture takes the form of a salad of notes, reviews and reflections, all lenitively brief and separately numbered that they may not impose too severe a strain upon the aspirant's powers of concentration and absorption.

1.

Following the bad notices and prompt failure of his this season's production, *Everywhere I Roam*, written by Arnold Sundgaard and himself, Mr. Marc Connelly rushed into print to say that the critics were all dunderpates and didn't know what they were talking about. Following the bad notices and prompt failure of his last season's production, *The Two Bouquets*, he exercised himself similarly. Let us assume that Mr. Connelly is right and that the critics are asses and don't know what they are talking about, which in the two instances in question, considering the particular exhibits, is a pretty big order. But let us graciously assume it anyway. Duly assuming it, we discover that the critics whom Mr. Connelly denounces are, with a single, solitary exception, the very same critics who in the recent past loudly praised his production of *Having Wonderful Time*, his collaboration, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, and his dramatization, *The Green Pastures*. Also, that the solitary exception, a newcomer to the critical ranks, actually treated both *Everywhere I Roam* and *The Two Bouquets* quite cordially, God forgive him. If, therefore, the critics whom Mr. Connelly regards as imbeciles are—assuming Mr. Connelly correct—imbeciles, he must logically and inevitably entertain a supreme contempt for them for so greatly esteeming those productions and plays of his which they have esteemed. Can it be that he is right? I myself rather doubt it, at least in the matter of *The Green Pastures*, but who is a dunce of a critic to contradict him?

2.

Some persons may argue that Mr. Connelly and others like him who, failing by sole virtue of their own shortcomings, seek to relieve their faces by blaming everyone but themselves, are simply soreheads and bad sports, and as such to be given the contumelious nose. That there is something to be said for their argument, I have no doubt. But just the same, though the critics themselves, whatever their shortcomings in turn, are hardly soreheads and bad sports when it comes to their own fraternity, we nevertheless every once in a while find them denouncing one another as donkeys quite as Mr. Connelly has done.

By way of illustration, I hope I betray no secret when I tell you that seldom have you heard such ragging as many of his colleagues visited upon one New York critic who went to town in a big way for the supremely dull English comedy, *Spring Meeting*, endorsing it as "an evening full of rich chuckles." Or when I confide to you that another, who has apparently somehow confused the drama with Hennessy brandy and who awards Sutton Vane and Dodie Smith four and three stars respectively and Sean O'Casey and Paul Vincent Carroll two, has been made by his confrères to have his Critics' Circle dinner in the metaphorical bathroom. Or when I further apprise you of the fact that still another was ribbed out of countenance for eulogizing the mush called *The Star Wagon*, to say nothing of for whooping it up, Heaven forbid, for *The Merchant of Yonkers*.

Maybe, after all, Mr. Connelly is doubly right. Maybe the critics are even greater oafs when they praise than when they condemn, that is, if Mr. Connelly is the logical fellow I (albeit reluctantly in view of some of his past efforts which I myself have dumbly also liked) am forced to think he is.

3.

Speaking of myself, I find that when I don't care for a play most of my critical colleagues usually also don't seem to care for it. It is when I do care for one and praise it that I often find them eyeing me with a dubious Connelly eye and tapping their temples with a misgiving and significant finger. When, at the annual award congress of the Critics' Circle, I opined that Robert Turney's *Daughters of Atreus* was a worthy contender for the prize, Mr. Connelly would have had his belief in my critical imbecility more than substantiated by the untoward and deplorable actions of the other critics present, including even the relatively sober ones. When I praised Teresa Deevy's *Katie Roche*, Mr. Connelly, if he read all the other reviews, would have been justified in calling up Bloomingdale and requesting that a couple of guards be dispatched immediately to fetch me. The same in the instances of *Richard of Bordeaux*, *The Moon in the Yellow River* and *Within the Gates*. Again, when this season I discovered some merit in *Where Do We Go From Here?* and not one of my colleagues found in it anything but a stunning mediocrity, Mr. Connelly might have laughed himself blue in the face over my ignorance. Still again, when also this season I seemed to find virtues in *The Gentle People*, where the other critical masters saw none at all, Mr. Connelly might have become finally and firmly convinced either that I certainly was not the sort of critic whose judgment could be trusted to deal with such true gems as *The Two Bouquets* and *Everywhere I Roam* or, to make the problem even more confusing, that all the other critics were. To add confusion to confusion, however, not only all these other critics but I, too, thought both *The Two Bouquets* and *Everywhere I Roam* pretty poor stuff. And to add confusion to confusion to confusion, we all, as I have said before, thought some of Mr. Connelly's earlier efforts pretty good. Maybe the answer is that the critics and Mr. Connelly are all crackpots and don't know what they are talking about.

However, I am still taking the other end of the 50-50 bet.

4.

I have mentioned Irwin Shaw's *The Gentle People* and I have a magnanimous, if turncoat, feeling that I ought to make those odds at least 40-60. Although the program clearly stated that the play was designed as a fable, every reviewer in New York condemned Mr.

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The World's Fare to You

And you can regale yourself with fresh black caviar, ten-cent crepês Suzettes, *aalsoep*, and vodka that will throw you

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

THOSE of you who have traveled the foreign trails, and those of you who have only heard of them from the boastful minnesingers on their return, will have a gourmets' holiday at the New York World's Fair of Tomorrow. No longer need you sigh with nostalgia over the days spent on the terraces along the Champs Elysées, the Dome, the Café de la Paix; no longer need you get a pain in the neck listening to some returned traveler rhapsodizing about the Tokay he drank as he looked out over the Pusta across the Blue Danube, the coffee he drank in the Gellert in Budapest, the pretty girls he eyed in front of the Zuider Zee. Because all these experiences in replica may be yours in the magic acres which have blossomed under man's creative hand into this wonderland glittering fantasy. Out of the waste of the Flushing Meadows has come a fairyland of color, light and steel: truly a World of Tomorrow as man has dreamed it in his highest dreams.

The geniuses who have created the Fair may be supermen but they are also mere men like the rest of us in organic structure. They have realized from the first that to be happy, man has to eat and drink when he is hungry and fatigued. So one of the first concerns was for the comfort and welfare of the throngs who were expected to visit the exposition. A survey was made, based on statistics from other fairs and from the geographical plan of the present fair, showing where the greatest concentration of visitors would be at meal hours. A map was made, with the inevitable colored pins, disclosing at a glance the probable make-up of the groups as to their spending proclivities and appetites. Thus no one class is favored as to availability of the restaurant; gourmet and "snacker" alike are provided for with the least possible friction.

But this practical consideration was merely the groundwork for the general project of eating and drinking from a health standpoint. The aforesaid geniuses, being geniuses, also were well aware of the delights that go with the eating of fine food and the drinking of special potables. The cellars, the bins, the fair fields of the world have been combed to supply the delicacies and repasts for those who walk along the dazzling streets and byways of the World of Tomorrow. Food experts in far-off Turkey have prepared menus that will be used in the Turkish restaurant, famed chefs of Poland have sought out their choicest hams, Russia has sent her best recipes for blini and borscht, while our good neighbors to the south have sent their choicest viands. You will need to fast before you come to this Fair, the better to acquire the epicure's delight and an international palate.

It has often been said that there are two great schools of cooking: French and Chinese. All others are supposed to have stemmed from these two springs. Of course by now the various nations have evolved dishes of their own that have lost all trace of their origins. However, the French still look upon cooking as one of the arts, decorate their chefs and hold them in the highest reverence.

The French Pavilion, overlooking the lagoon, will follow the French custom of dining and drinking in the open when the weather permits. Terraces have been arranged overlooking the lagoon and those who long again for the terraces along the Seine, such as Chez Francis, can recreate Paris days. At least a dozen leading French chefs will be given leave from their regular posts in the capital and will come over to cook the duck with orange, the various chicken dishes and the wonderful hors d'oeuvres.

Governor General Olivier, High Commissioner for the French Participation, has it under the patronage of some of the most famed Parisian and provincial restaurants. A committee was organized, under the sponsorship of the "Syndicat des Restaurateurs" including the qualified representatives of the following: Café de Paris, Carton, Crémaillère, Drouant, Fouquet's Larue, Maxim's, Meurice, Pavillon d'Armenonville, Pavillon Royal, Pré Catelan.

An arrangement has been made with the French Line for the borrowing of the famous maître d'hotels of the line and some of their chefs on alternate cruises. It is expected that these special chef occasions will be under the supervision of Jean Henry who performed a similar task so well at the Paris Exposition of 1937.

France, who leads the world in wines, will show not only the regular products of her extensive vineyards but some of the rarities that are known as "collector's items"—vintages that are sold every now and then at auction as works of art are sold. Maps of the wine-producing districts will be on display so that the layman can, in a short time, become conversant with all the trade names and designations that sometimes seem so mystifying. Experts will be on hand to answer all questions concerning vintages and wine lore.

A special arrangement has been made to permit the Pavilion to import regional wines, and vintages seldom seen in this country, for the tasting terrace. Some of these wines are so delicate that they are not usually found in commerce but are known by travelers to the wine country. These regional wines will not be on sale by the bottle but may be tasted at the Pavilion as may be all the famous vintages and champagnes of France.

There will even be an opportunity for you to sample the world-renowned crêpes Suzettes made with the original liqueur at a dime a sample. This innovation was a big success at the Paris Exposition where over a million pancakes were sold.

If the French Pavilion does not convert the average sightseer to the ever-increasing tribe of gourmets, we suppose he is irrevocably committed to that great American institution, the hot dog stand.

The British Pavilion, done by representatives of the latest in English modernism, will feature the great English habit of afternoon tea. The Tea Terrace will face on the Garden and tea will be served in the best Island tradition. But British Tea is not the tea Americans are familiar with. It is a repast as well as a function and when it is "high tea," a buffet substitutes for the evening dinner. Hot scones, crumpets, delicious jams, honeys from all over the Empire are only a few of the requisites. And of course there are always the men at tea who cannot get very far without their Scotch and soda.

But if the English will have their way, most of the drinking will be confined to the modern cocktail lounge and the other four restaurants in the enclosure. Probably of greatest interest to visitors will be the reproduction of the Old Cheshire Cheese, famous inn of London where Dickens was wont to brood over his kidney pie. Sojourners in the British capital have never felt satisfied until they sat in the chair that was reserved for Dickens, tasted of the renowned cheese pie or stood at the tiny bar and swapped banter with the comely barmaids over a mug of "arf and arf." All the details of the historic place will be duplicated, even unto the uniforms of the servitors dressed in the Pickwickian costumes.

The Red Lion Inn will also follow the original pattern. But here more varied foods will be on hand, the luscious joints of the English table, the meats from the outposts of the Empire and the exotic foods that are necessary for the soldier or trader returning from the far-flung colonies. You will be surprised, if not pained, to find that the Jolly Mermaid will not be a place of one-legged sailors and hot grog, nor the dingy dive that was

Continued in center of page 180

ANN SHERIDAN
Hurrell Photograph

WEAR AT THE FAIR

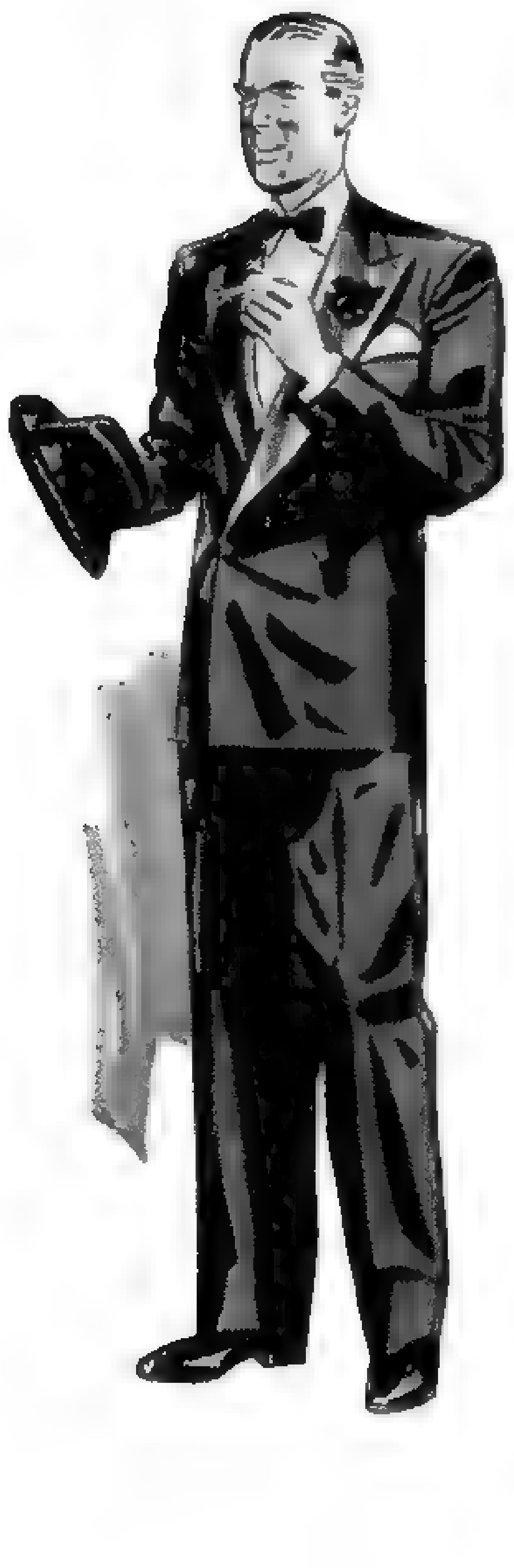
Native New Yorkers will dress up at the slightest provocation, sometimes even without any. The point we're trying to make is, if you're coming to the World's Fair, and that means New York, dress up.

Regular summer clothing should be reserved for resort and country wear, and you will need it for those occasions. The following dress charts have been designed to spare you any great mental effort in throwing a suitable wardrobe together, and offer a practical working wardrobe for a visit of a week up to a month.

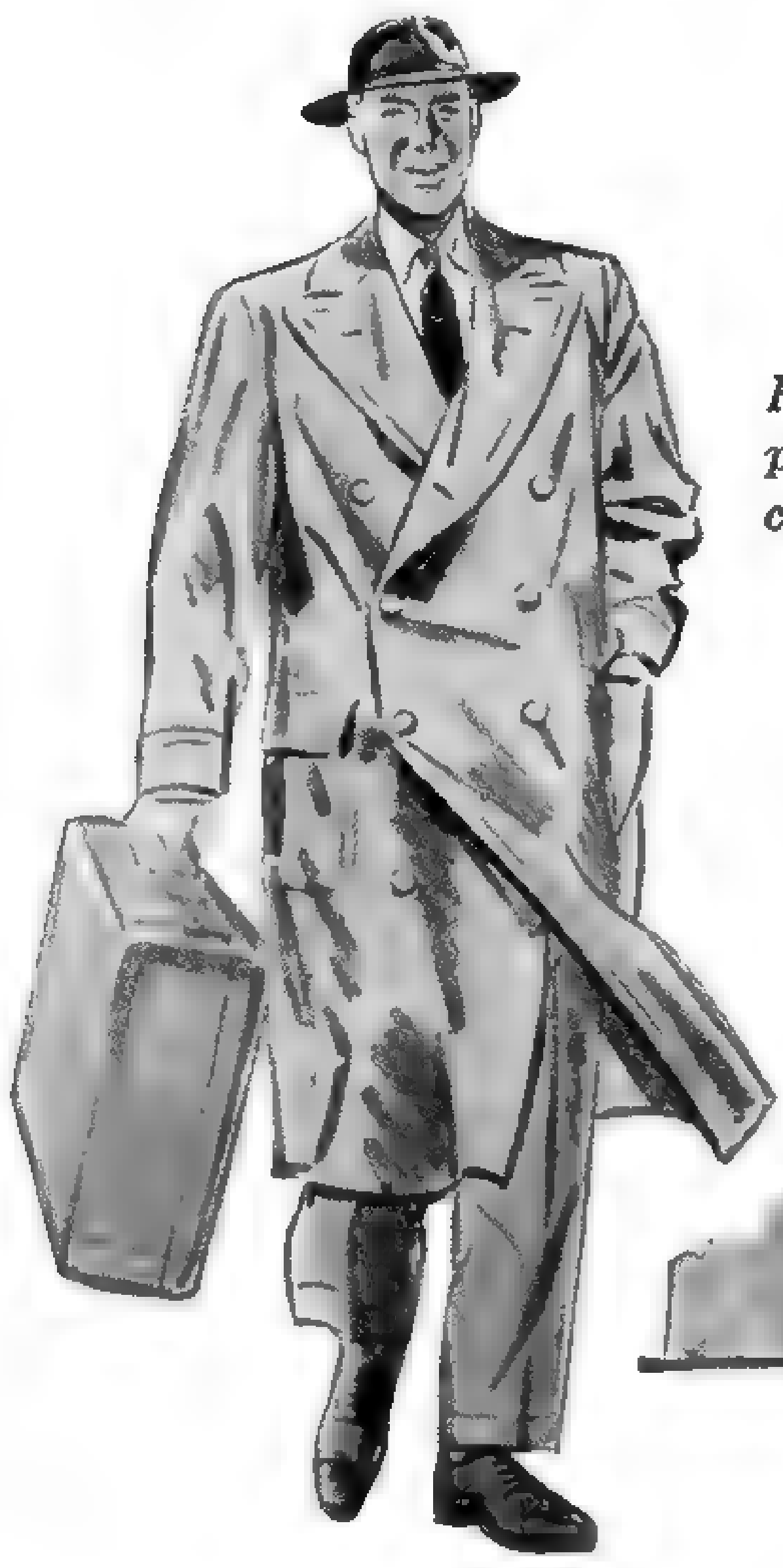
Don't wear combination saddle sport shoes, bright or light sport clothes, leave off your tie, open your shirt at the throat or forget your hat. Wear a dark lightweight suit, dark shoes, a straw or lightweight felt hat, and ordinary business shirt and tie.

The majority of hotels in New York offer 24 hour laundry service, so there's no need to cart a lot of linen around. Valet service is also available at most hotels.

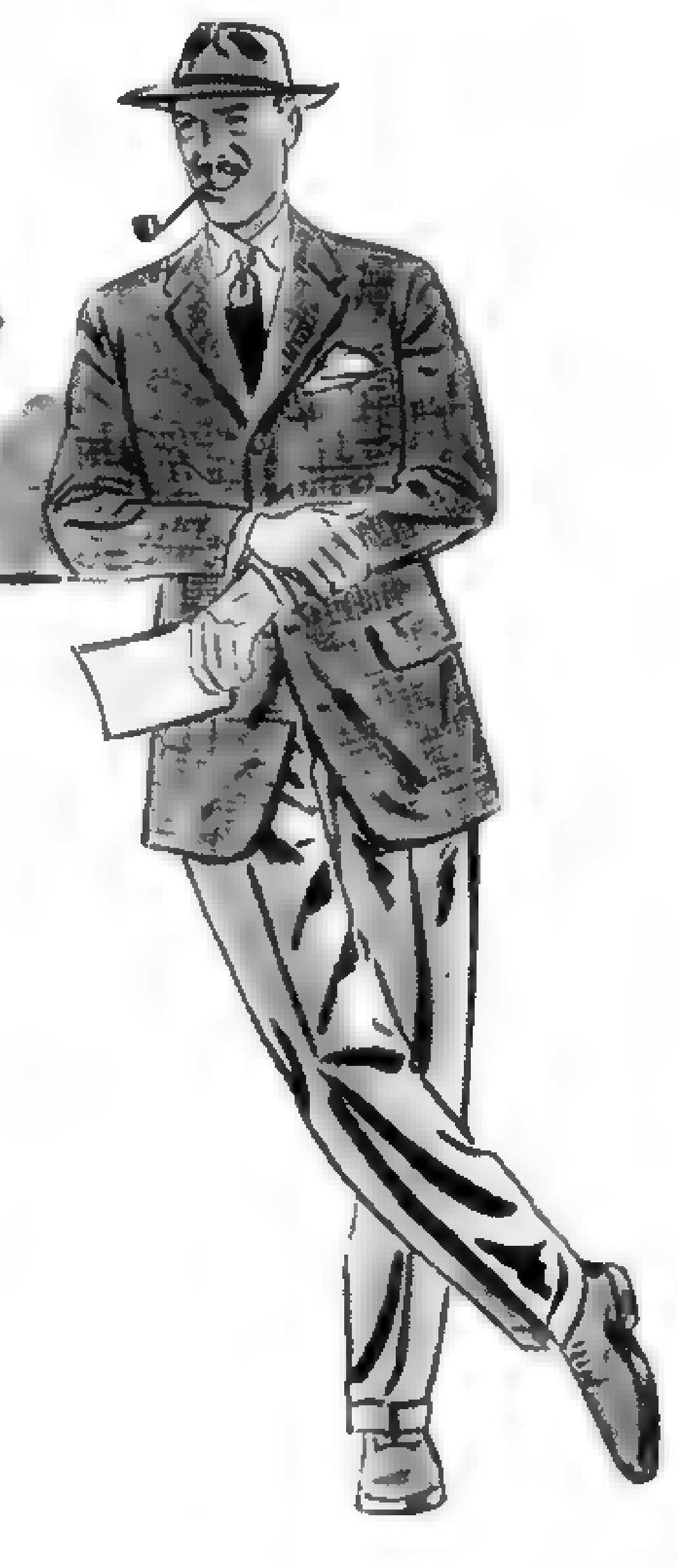
You will be most comfortable when visiting the Fair in a tweed sports jacket, flannel trousers and comfortable crepe soled shoes or, in very hot weather, in lightweight summer clothing. It isn't necessary to wear evening clothes during the summer months at clubs and hotels in town. However, even during the week at country clubs or suburban rendezvous you will want to wear your summer weight dinner jacket.



Doublebreasted dinner jacket with satin lapels for evening functions.



Flannel suit, camel's hair polo coat, sport hat and reverse calf shoes for traveling by car, plane or train.



Week-end and at the Fair: tweed jacket, flannel slacks, soft shirt, sports hat, crepe soled sport shoes.

DRESS CHART—APRIL and MAY

	1 week visit
TWO SUITS:	1. Dark business suit, single or doublebreasted 2. Semi-sports suit of flannel, cheviot or lightweight tweed for traveling; singlebreasted
ONE TOPCOAT:	Camel's hair or tweed, for travel and cool weather
ONE RAINCOAT:	Cotton
FOUR SHIRTS:	Three for wear with business suit One collar-attached, for travel and week-end wear
SIX TIES:	Four dark business ties Two colorful ties for week-end or travel
TWO PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black business shoes 2. Brown semi-brogues or reverse calf for travel
FOUR PAIR OF HOSE:	Colored
SIX HANDKERCHIEFS:	Five colored or white One silk
TWO HATS:	1. Snapbrim or semi-sports, for town or travel 2. Black Homburg or Lord's hat, for dinner jacket
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES:	Single or doublebreasted, midnight blue or black Dress shirt—starched bosom, wing collar, or pleated bosom, fold collar Dress waistcoat or cummerbund Black tie Dress suspenders Two white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
THREE SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
TWO PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	One pair of gloves Belt and suspenders Garters Jewelry Toiletries
LUGGAGE:	Large suitcase
	10 days—two weeks visit
THREE SUITS:	1. Semi-sports suit, or odd sports jacket and flannel trousers, for sports wear, travel, spectator and week-end wear. 2. Doublebreasted dark business suit 3. Singlebreasted tropical or lightweight worsted business suit
ONE TOPCOAT:	Camel's hair or tweed or dark blue or grey
ONE RAINCOAT:	Cotton
SIX SHIRTS:	Four business shirts, white or colored, with separate or matching collars Two oxford collar-attached shirts
NINE TIES:	Six dark business ties Three foulard for week-end, travel and Fair
TWO PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black town shoes 2. Brown shoes for town, travel and week-end wear
SIX PAIR OF HOSE:	Four pair for town Two pair colorful wool or lisle for week-end, travel and Fair
TEN HANDKERCHIEFS:	Including two silk, for sports wear
TWO HATS:	1. Snapbrim or semi-sports, for week-end, travel and Fair 2. Black Homburg or Lord's hat, for dinner jacket
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES:	Single or doublebreasted, midnight blue or black Two dress shirts, starched or pleated bosom type Dress waistcoat, black or white Two black ties Dress suspenders Two white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
FIVE SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
FOUR PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	One pair of gloves Belt and suspenders Garters Jewelry Toiletries
LUGGAGE:	Large suitcase Gladstone bag
	One month visit
FOUR SUITS:	1. Doublebreasted business suit 2. Singlebreasted business suit 3. Semi-sports suit of flannel or gabardine for travel, week-end and Fair 4. Country tweed suit or odd jacket and slacks
ONE TOPCOAT:	Camel's hair, tweed, dark blue or grey
ONE RAINCOAT:	Cotton
EIGHT SHIRTS:	Six white or colored, with matching soft collar or separate white starched collar Two oxford, collar-attached sports shirts
TWELVE TIES:	Eight dark business ties Four foulard, wool or bows for travel, week-end and Fair
THREE PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black town 2. Brown town 3. Sport shoes for travel, week-end and Fair
EIGHT PAIR OF HOSE:	Six pair, town type Two pair, colorful wool or lisle for travel, week-end and Fair
TWELVE HANDKERCHIEFS:	Eight white or colored linen Four colorful silk for sports wear
THREE HATS:	1. Snapbrim for town 2. Sports hat 3. Black dress hat
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES:	Single or doublebreasted, midnight blue or black Two dress shirts, starched or pleated bosom type Two dress waistcoats—1 black, 1 white Two black ties Dress suspenders Four white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
SIX SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
THREE PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	1. Two pair of gloves (1 evening) 2. Sleeveless pullover 3. Belt and suspenders 4. Garters 5. Jewelry 6. Toiletries
LUGGAGE:	Two large suitcases and hatbox or trunk and hatbox

DRESS CHART—JUNE, JULY and AUGUST

1 week visit

TWO SUITS:	1. (Dark) business suit, single or doublebreasted, of tropical worsted, Palm Beach cloth, linen or summer fabric 2. Sport suit, for travel or week-end, of gabardine, linen, cotton, summer fabric; or, sports jacket and odd trousers
ONE RAINCOAT:	Lightweight cotton
FOUR SHIRTS:	White or colored, collar attached
SIX TIES:	Four lightweight foulard four-in-hands Two bow ties
TWO PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black or brown, for town 2. All white, brown and white, or reverse calf for week-end, etc.
FOUR PAIR OF HOSE:	Two pair of town hose Two pair of short hose, for week-end, Fair or travel
SIX HANDKERCHIEFS:	White or colored
TWO HATS:	1. Panama, coconut, sport straw or lightweight felt, for week-end and travel 2. Sennit straw for town and evening
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES:	White, single or doublebreasted, shawl collar, with black dress trousers Dress shirt—turnover collar, attached or separate Cummerbund Black tie Dress suspenders Two white dress handkerchiefs Studs One pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
THREE SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
TWO PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	Shirt and slack ensemble Sport shirt Bathing suit Beach shoes Belt and suspenders Garters Jewelry Toiletries Sunglasses
LUGGAGE:	One large suitcase

10 days—two weeks visit

THREE SUITS:	1. Semi-sports suit for travel, Fair, or week-ends—gabardine, grey flannel, colored linen, Palm Beach or summer fabric 2. Double or singlebreasted dark business suit of tropical worsted 3. Sport jacket and odd trousers
ONE RAINCOAT:	Lightweight cotton
EIGHT SHIRTS:	2 colored striped shirts of business type 4 white or colored collar attached 2 sports shirts
NINE TIES:	5 town types 4 colorful foulard or wash type or bows
TWO PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black or brown, for town 2. All-white, brown and white or reverse calf, for travel, week-end or wear at the Fair
EIGHT PAIR OF HOSE:	6 pair dark, for town 2 pair short socks, for week-end, travel and Fair
TEN HANDKERCHIEFS:	6 white 4 colored silk or linen for sports wear
TWO HATS:	1. Panama, coconut, sport straw or lightweight felt, for week-end, travel and Fair 2. Sennit straw for town and evening
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES:	Single or doublebreasted midnight blue, black or white with dark dress trousers Two dress shirts, collar attached or separate collar Cummerbund 2 black ties Dress suspenders 2 white dress handkerchiefs Studs 2 pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
FIVE SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
TWO PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE LIGHTWEIGHT ROBE:	
ONE PAIR OF SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	1. Shirt and slack beach ensemble 2. Half sleeve open front linen, cotton or summer fabric shirt 3. Lisle or wool pullover 4. Bathing suit 5. Beach sandals 6. Belt and suspenders 7. Garters 8. Jewelry 9. Toiletries 10. Sunglasses
LUGGAGE:	Large suitcase Gladstone bag

One month visit

FOUR SUITS:	1. Doublebreasted town suit, tropical worsted, Palm Beach or summer fabric 2. Singlebreasted town suit, tropical worsted, Palm Beach or summer fabric 3. Semi-sports suit for week-end, travel and Fair—grey flannel, gabardine, linen, silk or seersucker 4. Sports jacket and odd slacks
ONE RAINCOAT:	Lightweight cotton
EIGHT SHIRTS:	Four colored stripes, business type Four white or colored, collar attached
TWELVE TIES:	Six dark foulards or striped reps for town Six colorful foulard or wash type, four-in-hand, or bows for travel, week-end and Fair
THREE PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black town 2. Brown reverse calf 3. Brown and white, or all white
EIGHT PAIR OF HOSE:	Five pair, town type Three pair, short socks for travel, week-end or Fair
TWELVE HANDKERCHIEFS:	Six white Four colored linen Two silk
THREE HATS:	1. Sport straw, Panama, coconut, Jippi Jappa 2. Lightweight felt or cap, for motoring 3. Sennit straw, for town and evening
TWO DINNER JACKETS AND ACCESSORIES:	One dinner jacket, doublebreasted, midnight blue or black One dinner jacket, white, single or doublebreasted shawl collar Three dress shirts, soft bosom type Cummerbund Two black ties Four white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
SIX SUITS OF UNDERWEAR.	
THREE PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE LIGHTWEIGHT ROBE & SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	1. Shirt and slack beach ensemble 2. Two open front, half sleeve, linen, cotton or summer fabric shirts 3. Pullover of cotton or wool 4. Two bathing shorts—knitted, gabardine, flannel, etc. 5. Beach sandals 6. Beach shorts and shirt 7. Belt and suspenders 8. Garters 9. Jewelry 10. Toiletries 11. Sunglasses
LUGGAGE:	Two large suitcases and hatbox or trunk and hatbox

DRESS CHART—SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER

1 week visit

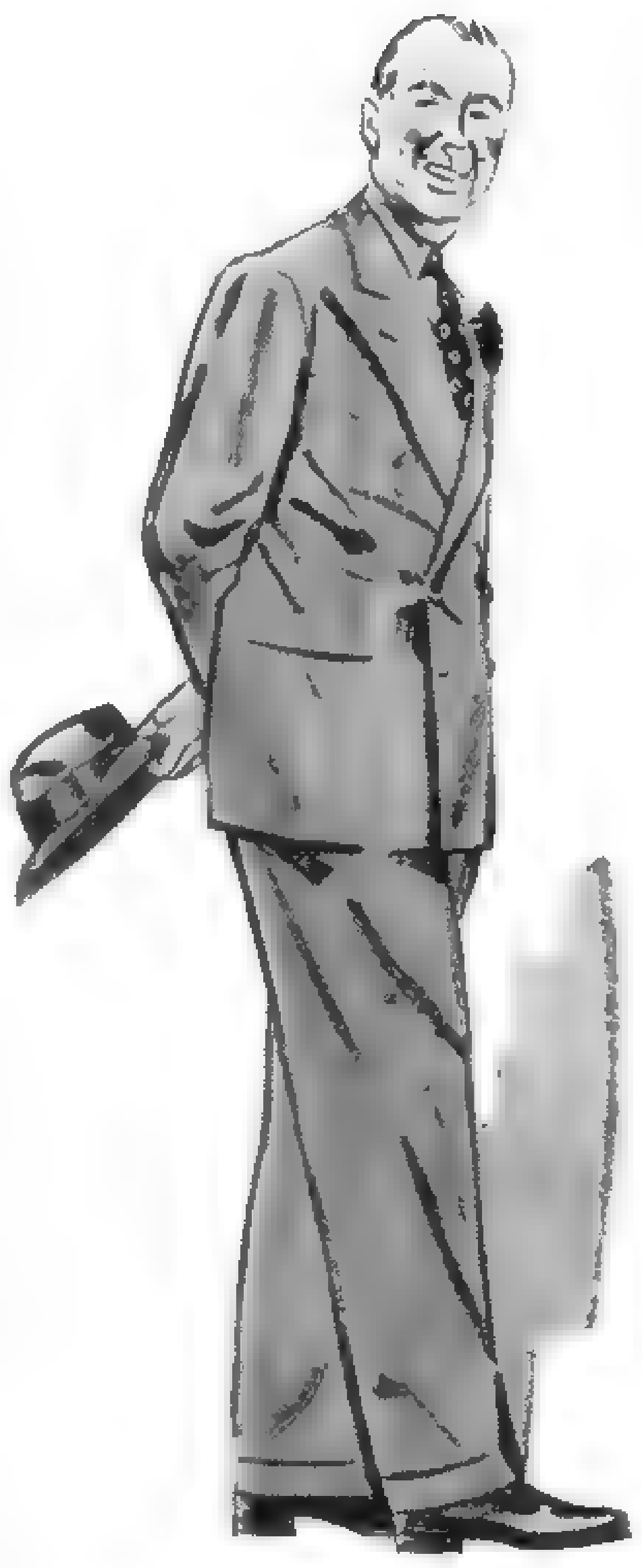
TWO SUITS:	1. Dark business suit, single or doublebreasted 2. Semi-sports suit, flannel, cheviot or lightweight tweed for traveling
ONE TOPCOAT:	Camel's hair or tweed, or
ONE RAINCOAT:	Cotton, or
ONE REVERSIBLE:	Tweed and gabardine
FOUR SHIRTS:	Three white or colored, for business, with soft matching collars or white starched collar One white or colored, collar attached, for travel
SIX TIES:	Five dark business ties One foulard or wool for travel
TWO PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black town 2. Brown brogue or reverse calf for travel
FOUR PAIR OF HOSE:	Colored—silk, wool or lisle
SIX HANDKERCHIEFS:	Five colored or white, one silk
TWO HATS:	1. Brown or green semi-sports or snapbrim, for travel and Fair 2. Black Homburg, for business and evening clothes
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES:	Single or doublebreasted, midnight blue or black Dress shirt—starched bosom, wing collar or pleated bosom, collar fold Waistcoat, black or white for singlebreasted jacket Black silk cummerbund for doublebreasted jacket Black tie Dress suspenders Two white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
THREE SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
TWO PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	One pair of gloves Belt and suspenders Garters Jewelry Toiletries
LUGGAGE:	One large suitcase

10 days—two weeks visit

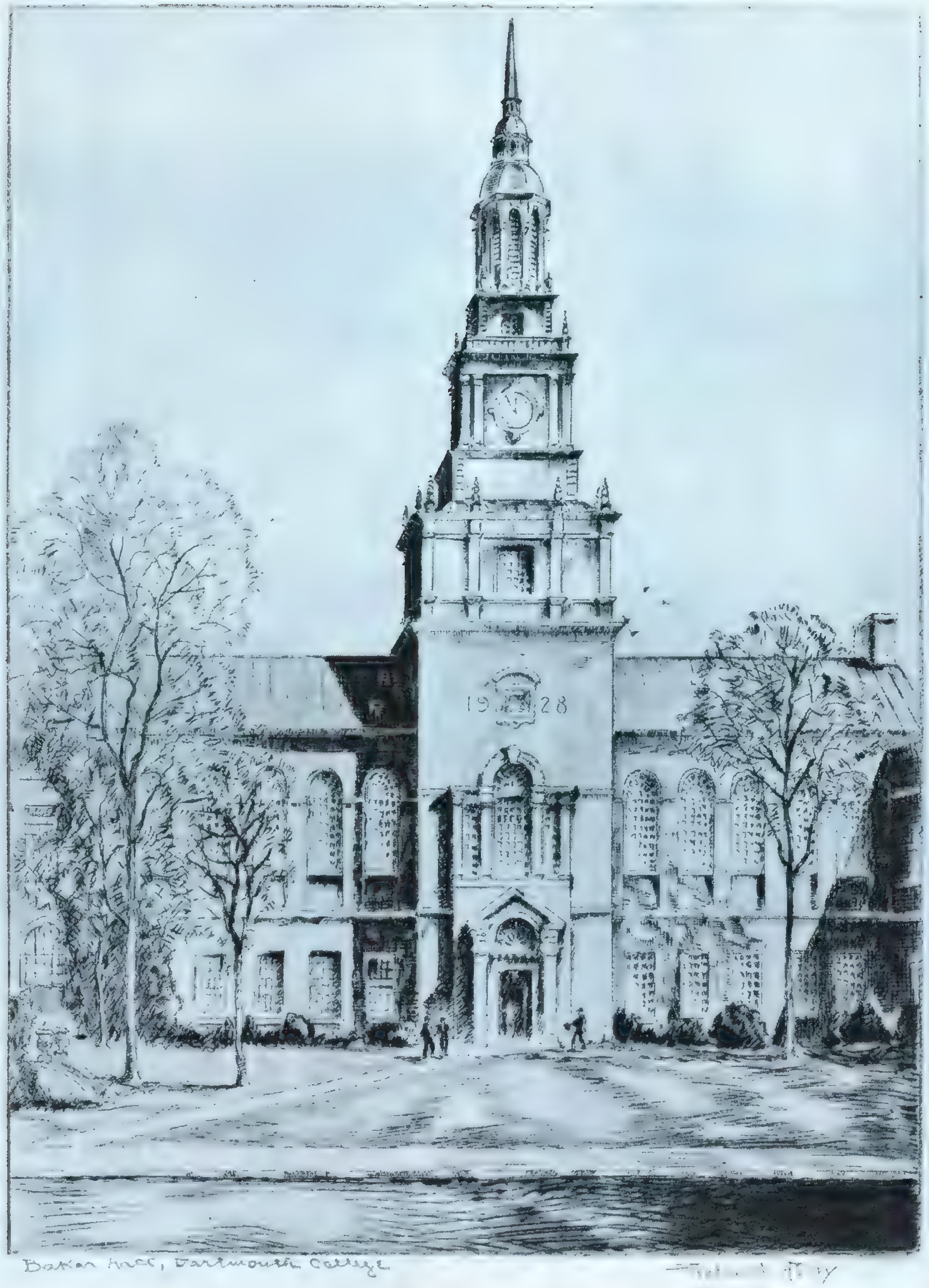
THREE SUITS:	1. Semi-sports suit of flannel, cheviot or lightweight tweed; or an odd tweed sport jacket and flannel or covert slacks, for travel, week-end or Fair 2. Doublebreasted business suit 3. Singlebreasted business suit
ONE TOPCOAT:	Camel's hair, tweed, or dark grey or blue
ONE RAINCOAT:	Cotton
SIX SHIRTS:	Four colored or white business shirts with soft matching collar or separate white stiff collars Two white or colored collar attached shirts for week-end, travel or Fair
NINE TIES:	Seven dark business ties Two wool for travel, week-end and Fair
TWO PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black town 2. Brown wingtip or reverse calf for travel, week-end or Fair
SIX PAIR OF HOSE:	Four pair, dark business type Two pair wool for travel, week-end and Fair
TEN HANDKERCHIEFS:	Eight white or colored Two silk for week-end or travel
TWO HATS:	1. Snapbrim or semi-sports hat for week-end, travel and Fair 2. Black Homburg for dinner jacket and town day wear
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES: also TAILCOAT after OCTOBER 15th	Midnight blue or black, single or doublebreasted Two dress shirts—one starched bosom, wing collar for tailcoat and singlebreasted dinner jacket; one pleated or soft bosom fold collar for doublebreasted dinner jacket One black waistcoat One white waistcoat One black silk cummerbund for doublebreasted dinner jacket Two black ties Two white dress ties Dress suspenders Four white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps
THREE SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
TWO PAIR OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	1. One pair of gloves 2. Belt and suspenders 3. Garters 4. Jewelry 5. Toiletries
LUGGAGE:	One large suitcase Gladstone bag

One month visit

FOUR SUITS:	1. Doublebreasted business suit 2. Singlebreasted business suit 3. Semi-sports suit of flannel, cheviot or lightweight tweed for travel, week-end and Fair 4. Odd tweed sport jacket and flannel or covert slacks for week-ends, football and Fair
ONE TOPCOAT:	Camel's hair or tweed or reversible, or a dark grey or blue
EIGHT SHIRTS:	Six, white or colored, with matching soft collar or separate white starched collar Two white or colored, collar attached shirts
TWELVE TIES:	Ten dark business ties Two wool, for travel and Fair.
THREE PAIR OF SHOES:	1. Black town 2. Brown town 3. Brogues, brown or reverse calf, for travel, week-end and Fair
EIGHT PAIR OF HOSE:	6 dark town type 2 wool for travel, week-end and Fair
TWELVE HANDKERCHIEFS:	Ten white or colored Two colorful silk, for week-end, travel and Fair
THREE HATS:	1. Snapbrim for town 2. Semi-sports for week-end and travel 3. Black Homburg for town day clothes and dinner jacket
ONE DINNER JACKET AND ACCESSORIES: also TAILCOAT after OCTOBER 15th	Double or singlebreasted, midnight blue or black Two stiff bosom dress shirts and three wing collars One pleated or soft bosom fold collar, for doublebreasted dinner jacket Black dress waistcoat White dress waistcoat Black silk cummerbund for doublebreasted dinner jacket Two black dress ties Two white dress ties Dress suspenders Four white dress handkerchiefs Studs Two pair of dress hose One pair of dress shoes, patent leather oxfords or pumps Collapsible opera hat
SIX SUITS OF UNDERWEAR:	
THREE SUITS OF PAJAMAS:	
ONE ROBE AND SLIPPERS:	
MISCELLANY:	1. Two pair of gloves: light chamois, pigskin 2. Suspenders and belt 3. Garters 4. Jewelry 5. Toiletries
LUGGAGE:	One trunk and hatbox; or two large suitcases; or Gladstone bags and hatbox



In New York: doublebreasted business suit, striped shirt, dark tie, snap brim hat, quarter brogue shoes.



ORIGINAL DRYPOINT FOR ESQUIRE BY FREDERICK POLLEY

DARTMOUTH'S DOMINANT TOWER: BAKER HALL

There is something inspiring in a beautiful well-proportioned tower, an indefinable influence that compels admiration. If it is really good architecture it should stimulate the spectator, that is, create surprise, or stir the emotions. Art is universal, and architecture is one of the permanent arts. The tower of Baker Hall, memorial library on Dartmouth campus, is a beautiful example of Georgian architecture. Erected in 1928, it is a far cry from the little log cabin where Rev. Eleazar Wheelock founded this school back in 1770. The building contains a model college library, and the Orozco frescoes. The Orozco murals were the "impelling motive" of my visit to the Dartmouth campus, because of the caustic criticism aroused at the time they were painted. Jose Clemente Orozco came to Dartmouth College in May, 1932, as a teacher and lecturer. During the two years of his visit he created this monumental mural, *An Epic of American Civilization*, as his masterpiece. It is a vital, forceful, dramatic, and altogether controversial work of creative art. Daniel Webster, one of Dartmouth's most famous graduates, in his closing argument in the renowned "Dartmouth College Case" in the year 1818, declared: "It is a small college but there are those who love it." Today it is alma mater to men in every corner of America. Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins is Dartmouth's distinguished president.

(Address inquiries concerning prints of this original etching to Esquire Art Dept., 919 N. Michigan, Chicago)

Paul Bunyan Discovers 1939

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technician of real proportions.

Nowadays in the Western fir country, Paul Bunyan feats are changing from folklore to fact. But the power is no longer superhuman or fabulous. Rather, it is the result of rapid and ingenious growth of mechanical equipment—cable-driven hoist drums capable of a 50-ton straight lift; caterpillar tractors to replace horses; overhead log carriages, automatic log skidders, giant Diesel-driven log trucks with power-operated hoists, and so on till your head buzzes. So Carl came back to the Maine woods where he has stuck.

His worldly belongings include a good outfit of winter clothes and boots, a set of rubberized wool shirts, an open-bladed razor which he uses about twice a month, a short axe, and an all-metal bucksaw. During the fall-winter chopping season, he normally buys and consumes about six quarts of rum (all hard liquor is "rum" to a Maine woodsman), drinks comparatively little during the remainder of the year. Like perhaps eight out of ten lumberjacks, he is a bachelor.

After spring drives are finished, Carl usually spends from two to four weeks in Bangor, Maine's own Bagdad of shore dinners, mixing tides, and ladies of delight. There he boards with a Madam and helps entertain at least one girl. In his younger days he used to do better. Back in the merry days when loggers ruled the town and river drivers swilled rum on the sidewalks by the barrelfuls and literally baptized passing preachers, snoopers, and track spreaders in straight Jamaica spirits, Carl picked himself a red-haired damsel from a hotel balcony. He kept her in the springtime and she kept him off the streets.

It was worthwhile while it lasted, and it lasted eleven years. Then she began to two-time and Carl roamed to other pastures of spring.

The woods season begins in October. At that time Carl signs in a logging camp, draws shortaxe and bucksaw, and goes to work. The big chop lasts for about a hundred days, or until mid-January, when the snow becomes too deep for efficient operation. A good pollywog can drop, top, and saw about two cords of pulp wood (four foot lengths) or its equivalent in long logs (timber stock) a day. For this he is paid from $2 to $2.50 per cord, less subsistence at camp. Carl's winter chop averages two hundred cords, for which he receives from $400 to $500 and banks $300. Being a camp boss about doubles the honorarium.

When chopping season is finished he either "dens up" in camp or loafs in town until April and "driving" time. Only the best pollywogs are chosen to drive logs, and are paid outright wages of from three to seven dollars a day. A good driver must know how to operate a tractor (nowadays the caterpillar tractor has almost completely replaced the horse for "snaking"). He must know how to ride logs in water, how to blast a jam and pole a batteau, distinctive sharp-beaked boats used for centuries to herd logs down river.

Most river driving is done during April and early May, the maximum high-water season. At this time, short-length timber can be carried upon hundreds of creeks which could hardly float a walking stick at normal water levels. Tow boats drag or "boom" the logs over usable lakes and ponds. But the three great log-driving rivers remain the Penobscot, Kennebec, and St. John. Each of these rivers has its own log-driving association. These are public utilities (the oldest in America). They charge a toll upon a basis of cordage of wood floated, keep the river channels clear, keep up log docks and needed pounds or dams. They pre-date the railroads and harken back to the merry days when big pines from the big woods of Maine supplied timber for most of the United States, for Cuba, Central America, and the Tropics; when Northeast pine helped build Britain's men-of-war and Yankee merchant ships for the seven seas, and helped crowd the great ports of Europe with American lumber.

Tow boats frequently ply upon unbelievably small streams. There is, for instance, the epic sad story of Skipper Willie Byron who drove his boat up a small logging stream at freshet time. After towing all day in a terrific fog, Skipper Willie found himself and his tow stranded upon high, waterless land. He blinked, swore, took another drink of Green River whiskey and called together his two-man crew.

"Be Gawddamned if we ain't skimmed for twelve miles on nothin' but dew!"

Driving season lasts from thirty to sixty days, depending upon the volume of cut and the condition of the streams. Last winter about seventy per cent of the entire Maine pulp cut started to mill by water. When driving is finished, some of the pollywogs spend the rest of the summer at working in the mills, or as temporary farm hands. The more astute, including Carl, spend summers at "peeling," that is, stripping the bark from logs which must be rail-shipped or trucked to mill. Peeling facilitates drying, reduces volume by about twelve per cent, and causes wood weight to be lowered from about 4500 pounds per cord for floated wood to about 3200 pounds for dry wood.

Bark peeling is another skilled knack of the logging trade. The tool is the spud, an oversized, round-nosed chisel with an eighteen-inch handle. A good woodsman whittles his own spud handle to fit his own hands. Peeling is a matter of stripping off the bark by spirals, starting at the small end of a log and finishing at the butt. Payment for peeling pulp wood is about two dollars a cord. A good spud man can peel about two cords a day. Sixty days of peeling usually add about three hundred and fifty dollars to Carl's earnings, bringing them to around $1500 for a nine-month year.

Provided, of course, the work holds. That's the first doubt and bluest note in the perennial symphony of big woods. Great paper and wood novelties companies sometimes let their cutting to private contractors, who usually operate upon small capital in anticipation of frequent advances of money. Sometimes the contractors build logging camps, open trails, shape skids and spillways, and slash great timber. Prices sometimes run amuck, or markets go suddenly haywire. Camps, roads, equipment, and logs are abandoned. Camp houses rot. Tools turn to rust.

Carl Nelson also keeps a seeing eye upon the crafts and wiles of log-camp recruiting. Old Bangor (which the natives call Ban-gor) continues as foremost rendezvous of jacks for the big woods of Maine. At Bangor, the great pulp and paper companies, cut contractors, and numerous and smaller "peckerwoods," or transient lumbering outfits, recruit their woodsmen. The cruelest expedient of this recruiting is to advertise in the newspapers for men, then deliberately postpone hiring men, thereby leaving the prospects to wait and hope until they become penniless—which comes about in a comparatively few weeks, then hiring them on at greatly reduced wages.

Carl is convinced that shenanigans of this sort will unquestionably bring union labor, even the C. I. O., to the big woods of rock-ribbed Maine.

The lumber camp as an outpost institution changed greatly during the years of depression, when work camps became sparse and disorganized. Birth of the WPA, Civilian Conservation Corps, and various other New Deal dole agencies made recruiting of camp laborers extremely difficult. Therefore, some of the more progressive logging camps have set out to remedy the labor shortage by improving camp fare, buildings, and general living.

Graduates of forestry schools, such as Yale, Harvard, Wisconsin, and Maine, now enter the logging trade as company office hands, researchers, or as forest engineers—"cruisers." There is a reasonably good chance, however, that the camp boss of ten years from now will have a college degree, a Phi Beta Kappa key, or even a 'coonskin coat. Competency, rather than picturesqueness, is the new theme song of axe-swinging.

Carl Nelson sympathizes with this trend. He is not even averse to having camp bosses and operating superintendents with college degrees, so long as the bosses and "supers" are he-men and good jacks. Otherwise, the word is nuts.

He has the true frontiersman's love of big open spaces. He looks upon trees as a great crop to be harvested at the proper time. He has absolutely no sympathy for only-God-can-make-a-tree lyricism of city slickers. He does not agree with the New Deal forestry gospel, which is a more-or-less direct lift from the German school of forestry which would cipher, inscribe, number and autograph every tree and cherish the bulk of forest timber beyond its age of usefulness. Carl knows well that in most wooded areas of the United States, forest trees are actually growing beyond the demand for timber and pulp.

He recognizes fires as the greatest hazard to American forests today. Fire is his greatest fear because it threatens his life and destroys his work. He takes a strong professional pride in fire precautions and knows that in the natural course of events, fire hazards rise proportionately with the number of people who roam within a given forest area. Therefore, he begrudges invasion of the big woods by roads and people.

We had destroyed the supper, straight on through the doughnuts and coffee. There was silence for a time. We smoked cigarettes, listening to the songs of the big creeks and to strains of radio music which bulged through the thin shell of barrack. Presently we heard the splattery cadence of ivory cubes striking a bare floor. We roused when a pair of overalled cookees carried away the table. A gaunt, fuzzy-faced youth lolled in the doorway to ask about tomorrow's work.

Carl crammed his earthen pipe with a fistful of tobacco. "Tomorrow we give these softies the rub-ups. We tackle them uphill log piles with cant-trucks. We knock out the fids and roll to river."

The prophecy faded into a cloud of grayish smoke. Big boots were gallumphing toward lamp-lighted bunks. Carl stoked the rusty monkeystove.

"She was mainly pine when I took to the woods . . . Choppin' trees big as barrels—with body logs maybe worth a thousand dolla's apiece. Choppin' in tallered boots, yeah, and a bellyful of sour-bread and black-straps and beans. No tractors to snake with. Yust hosses. Built log skids to the river. Then snake out long logs and end 'em to the skids. Big logs rolls and bounce and smash down so hard sparks and smoke would rise. Steam she would hiss out when logs hit the water . . . She was big timber. Now she mainly cord wood—yust toothpicks . . ."

But Carl doesn't get particularly upset about this—or anything else. He continues to take his circle of years by easy strides. He is still a great logger, and damned proud of it. ##

The People's Choice

Continued from page 72

ker. After his sophomore year, the Ole Miss authorities found out about his two identities, and told Gee he'd have to forego one of them. Gee decided to quit school and try to make a living in his beloved baseball. He gravitated to Evansville, in the Three-I League, where he was known as a boy who would steal a base or break a leg trying. Finally, stealing third, he did break a leg, an injury he regretted not only because it finished him for the season but also because it prevented him from going on home on the fielder's wild throw to third.

In the 84 games he played that year, he hit .378 and stole 51 bases. Those figures got attention. Gee's record, and his reputation as a colorful player, earned him a promotion to the Detroit Tigers. But he found an entirely different sort of competition in the major leagues. It wasn't long before his play became erratic.

Because of his impulsiveness and what he admits was plain bullheadedness, Gee stayed in trouble constantly. He had a zest for disobeying batting commands, preferring to play his own game regardless of consequences. He loved to hit so well that he slashed at almost any ball that came to him, no matter where it was. He's been known even to lean over the plate—almost giving Cochrane apoplexy—to take a cut at a ball while he was being handed an intentional pass. On base Gee was most erratic of all. If he wasn't being caught off, he was stealing a base that was occupied.

Once when Gee got himself trapped between second and third, Charlie Gehringer, watching from the dugout, said mildly, "So that's color."

In time, Gee became a pariah. The Detroit sports writers devoted many columns to lecturing him. The fans harangued him. Players everywhere delighted in jockeying him. Manager Mickey Cochrane benched him and fined him repeatedly. But Walker just got worse. Everybody decided he was hopeless.

Walker took his benchings good-naturedly. After a prolonged period in which he had appeared in games only as an occasional pinch-hitter, he came to the park one day with a front tooth missing.

"What happened to your tooth?" Cochrane asked.

"I had it pulled to see if my fielding wouldn't improve," Walker said soberly.

During this period he showed signs of developing into a Grade-A dugout jockey. In a series against St. Louis, Detroit won the first two games, partly through unfortunate plays by Delancy, the St. Louis catcher. In the third game of the series, Walker gave Delancy no peace, chanting incessantly:

"Delancy lost the ball game, Delancy lost the ball game."

Finally Delancy yelled, "Anyway I ain't sittin' on the bench!"

"No, and I didn't lose the ball game," Walker answered blithely. Delancy struck out three times in that game, once with the tying run on base.

Some time along in 1934, though, Walker's own peculiar personality began to make its impression on the Detroit fans. In the first place, he was undoubtedly a likable sort. You can't help being attracted to a player who is fighting like a wild man from the first pitch and yet gives you the impression that he doesn't give a doggone what happens as long as he has a good time. Walker would come to the plate and take that loose-limbed indifferent stance of his. He'd taunt the pitcher, watch a strike go by, and swear sweetly to the umpire out of the side of his mouth. Likely as not he'd lay out a clean hit on the next ball. At first, he'd hang around long enough to pass a friendly word with the first baseman, then on the pitch, break for a second. Spikes flashing, he'd slide into the second baseman with the furious power of a red-ball express. If the second baseman wanted to make something of it, Gee might tangle with him immediately, or he might good-naturedly tell him to go to hell, just according to how he happened to feel at the moment.

The fans liked all that. They were moved, too, by his repentance after his blunders, and by his inevitable—and invariably worthless—resolutions to do better.

But not the least of Walker's appeal lay in his unpredictability, and in his faculty for committing all sorts of minor absurdities.

For instance, once while stealing second, Walker swallowed his tobacco and got so sick he had to call time out. That couldn't happen to anybody but Gee. On another occasion a second baseman pulled the hidden ball trick on him, and in the scramble for the putout the ball became lost; Walker, standing on the bag, put an end to the shortstop's frantic search by pulling the ball out of *his* sleeve, reversing the usual order of the trick. When Wesley Ferrell hit him in the back at the plate, Walker picked up the ball, gratefully kissed it, tossed it back to Ferrell, and trotted to first base. He once came rushing in barefooted—honest—to catch a fly ball, having removed his shoes to amuse himself while waiting in the outfield for something to happen.

For spectacular changes from the role of goat to hero and back again, Gee simply had no peer. One week he would be compared to Cobb; the next week excoriated. In the hero line, for instance: During the 1934 World Series, Detroit needed a hit to save the game and the series. Walker was called from the bench to pinch-hit. He smashed out the required single, took first amid the hysterial acclaim of the crowd. Back to goat: He was caught off base after the second pitch.

More goaty stuff: Against New York early in 1936 he and Al Simmons were on first and third respectively. The score was tied, two were out. The Yankee pitcher, Ruffing, began intentionally passing Owen. Suddenly Walker broke for second—in an effort to steal the base the pitcher was *giving* him! Ruffing threw to second and had him trapped. To draw the play, Simmons started home and was of course thrown out, and the inning ended. Gee caught plenty.

And hero again: One week later, against Philadelphia, Detroit was trailing by one run when they managed to load the bases with nobody out. Fox was on first, Walker on second, Goslin on third. Owen came back to bat and hit into a double play, Fox being forced at second and Owen called out on the throw to first-baseman Dean, during which time of course Goslin scored the tying run and Walker presumably stopped at third. But Walker had not stopped at third. That crazy guy came blazing up the baseline toward home, beating Dean's startled and belated throw, to win the game—by scoring from second on a double play. That night, Gee could have been elected governor of Michigan.

By the beginning of 1936 the Detroit baseball public had chosen Gee Walker as their man. Their adulation dominated them so completely that it amounted to an athletic phenomenon.

Not that the Detroit fans are any gentler than baseball fans anywhere else. Upon occasion they've booed Mickey Cochrane, the man who brought the Tigers their first world championship in over forty years, and a brilliant catcher. And nothing could horrify a baseball expert quicker than hearing hometown fans boo Charlie Gehringer, who is about as nearly mechanically perfect as a player can be, but they've been known to boo him, too.

They didn't boo Walker, though. After he made one of his bizarre blunders and was being cussed thoroughly by his bosses, his teammates and sports writers, the fans wrote letters of encouragement—even poems—to him. They shrugged off his errors, including the most costly ones, and sat forward on their seats waiting expectantly for Gee to flamboyantly redeem himself.

Such forbearance and unreasoning acclaim touched Gee. Often he sat in the dugout and listened to the crowd yelling, "Put Walker in! How about Walker?" and he longed for another chance—he who had wasted so many chances.

"If they're that nuts about me," he thought, "maybe there's something to me after all."

In July, 1936, he got his chance. Al Simmons went into a batting slump. In Philadelphia, Cochrane called Walker aside.

"When we get back to Detroit," Cochrane said, "you're taking the right-field job. Let's see what you can do with it."

In Detroit, Gee took his place in right field. He began hitting—hitting better than he ever had before. His base running improved rapidly; he stopped getting caught off base. He became a competent fielder. Before long it became apparent that the Ugly Duckling had grown up. The devotion of the baseball fans, strangely enough, had done for Gee what no amount of managerial punishment and stern self-discipline had been able to do. It had magically settled him down.

In the days when the fans were shouting for Gee against the opinions of almost everybody who knew baseball, someone named him "The People's Choice." If anybody doubted the appropriateness of that name, they should have been in Detroit about the first of December, 1937. It was then that news of a Cochrane-Dykes trade arrived, bringing memories of the time Cochrane bought Al Simmons from the Chicago White Sox for $75,000. The swap was this: Marvin Owen, Detroit's airtight third-baseman, and Mike Tresh, a young catcher recruit, and Gee Walker, in trade for Vernon Kennedy, who won 14 and lost 13 for Chicago in 1937, Dixie Walker, a slightly better than average outfielder, and Tony Piet, a fair infielder.

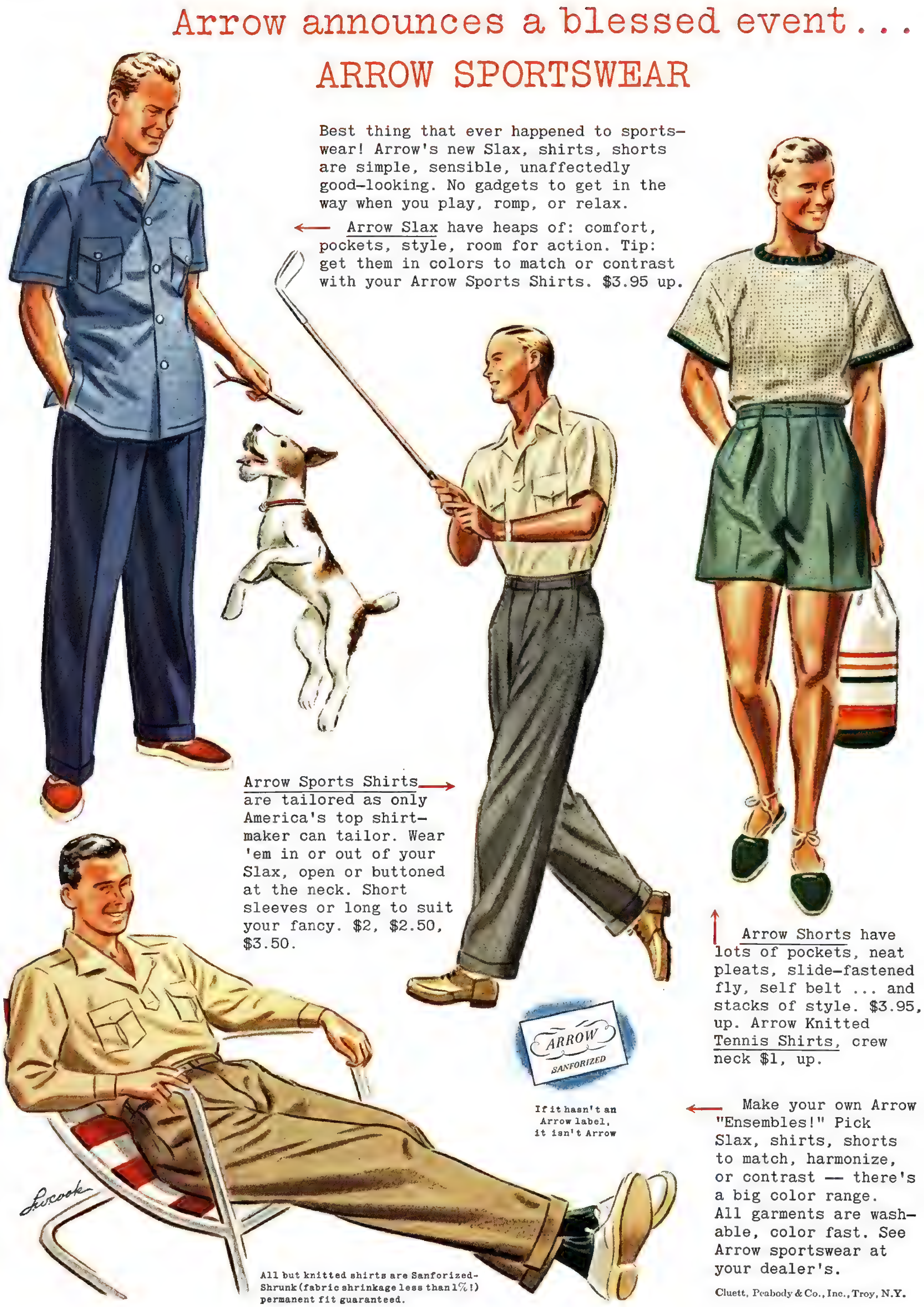
When the news of the trade came, that weird noise you heard was the wolves howling along the Detroit River. The reverberations sounded from one end of Michigan to the other. Letters of protest poured into the newspapers. The fans talked of boycotting the ball park, and of pulling for the White Sox. And many violent things were said about Cochrane and his methods.

Cochrane, of course, was simply trying at almost any price, to bolster his pitching staff. As for Gee Walker, he had no kick at all, mainly because of a lovely three-thousand dollar raise in Chicago. Jimmy Dykes was completely satisfied, too.

Dykes is still satisfied. Although Gee had a long run of bad luck his first season with the Sox, including the death of his mother, he kept his batting average above the sacred .300 mark. And he behaved pretty well, too—for Gee.

Much better than in the old days, when even his children were aware of his erratic ways. In the World Series of 1934, Gee's boys were at home washing windows. In another room, the radio blared the play-by-play of the game, but the boys weren't paying much attention, because Gee was on the bench. Then the radio yowled something. The boys caught only the last of it: "—and was caught off base and thrown out!"

"Yay!" one of Gee's sons shouted delightedly, "they've put Daddy in the game!" ##



Arrow announces a blessed event . . .

ARROW SPORTSWEAR

Best thing that ever happened to sportswear! Arrow's new Slax, shirts, shorts are simple, sensible, unaffectedly good-looking. No gadgets to get in the way when you play, romp, or relax.

← Arrow Slax have heaps of: comfort, pockets, style, room for action. Tip: get them in colors to match or contrast with your Arrow Sports Shirts. $3.95 up.

Arrow Sports Shirts → are tailored as only America's top shirtmaker can tailor. Wear 'em in or out of your Slax, open or buttoned at the neck. Short sleeves or long to suit your fancy. $2, $2.50, $3.50.

↑ Arrow Shorts have lots of pockets, neat pleats, slide-fastened fly, self belt ... and stacks of style. $3.95, up. Arrow Knitted Tennis Shirts, crew neck $1, up.

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← Make your own Arrow "Ensembles!" Pick Slax, shirts, shorts to match, harmonize, or contrast — there's a big color range. All garments are washable, color fast. See Arrow sportswear at your dealer's.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
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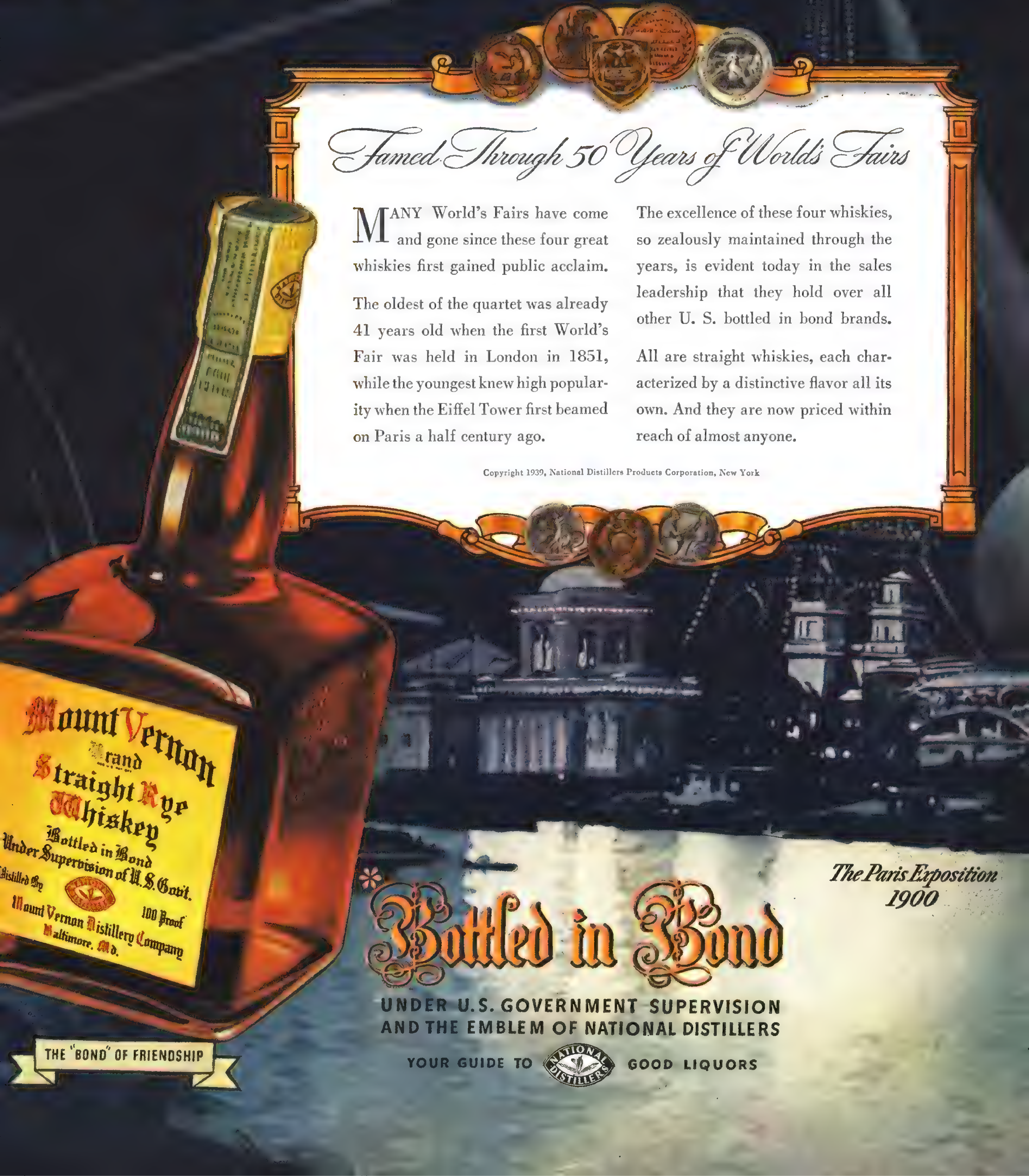
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The excellence of these four whiskies, so zealously maintained through the years, is evident today in the sales leadership that they hold over all other U. S. bottled in bond brands.

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The Paris Exposition 1900

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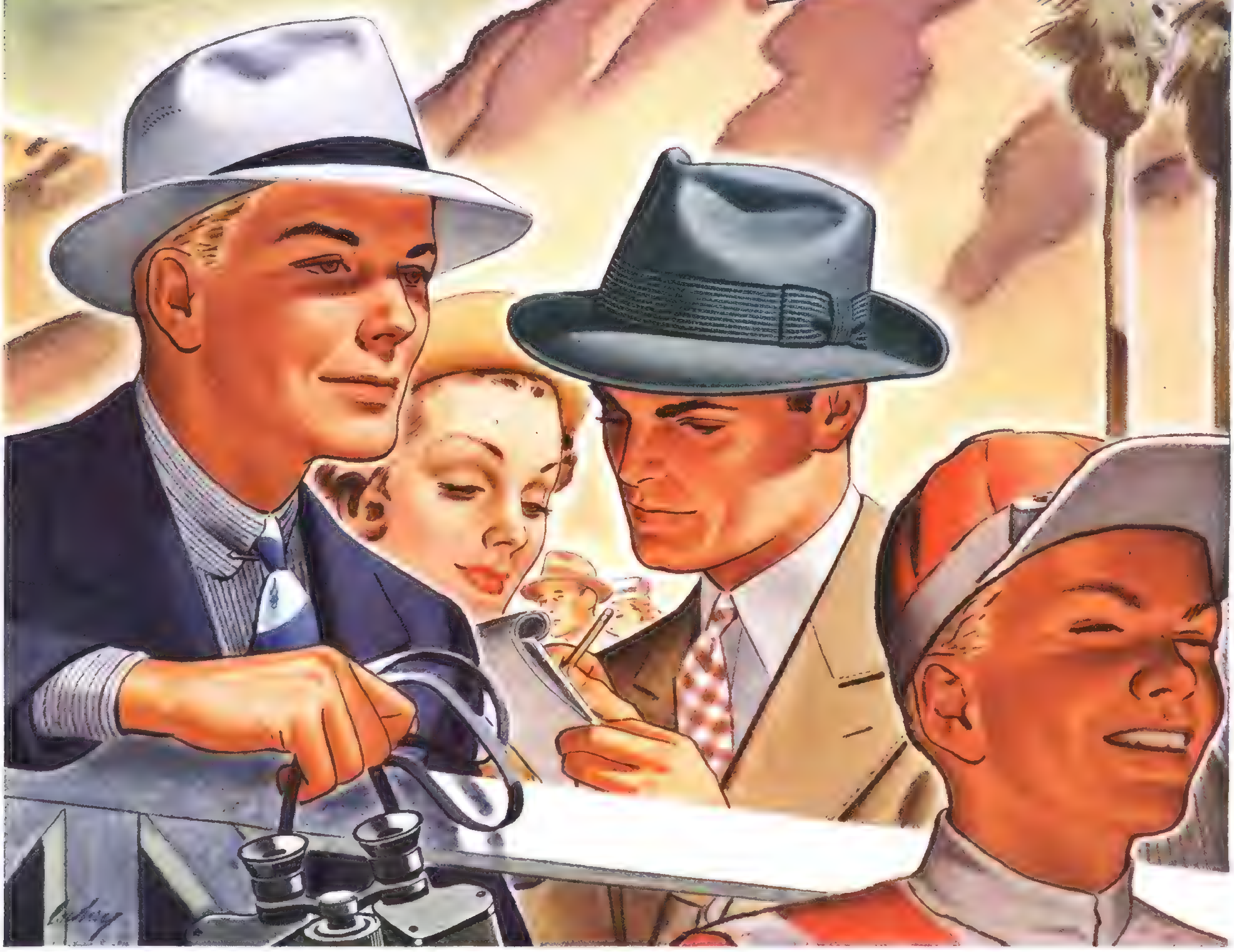

THE *Aircool* **NOKABOUT** (left) packs the coolth of a shady lane. It's soft as thistledown...light as a spirit...and its trim perforations make for breezy ventilation. In a spanking array of Midtone shades—all blended to complement a number of the current suitings. $5

★ Only Mallory Hats are "Cravenette" moistureproofed—so they'll *keep* their spruceness through every trick in the weatherman's bag.

THE STRIDE (right)—an easy-mannered, easy-feeling lightweight with a suggestion of Tyrolean ancestry...and the dash of a new gay pin-stripe band. One of those once-in-a-blue-moon sports styles you can wear *anywhere.* In a broad range of deft Midtone colors. $5

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

New slant on the Nazis by a pretty gal who began with an open, if not a vacant, mind

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

▪ BOOKS ▪

For interest and variety the books in this month's batch are unsurpassed in my reviewing experience. I hope your book budget can stand the strain of my recommendations.

We found ourselves in a chicken barbecue joint the other night, asking for (obviously) barbecued chicken, french fries, and cole slaw. The waitress, a handsome wench, paused to paw over a detective story we had brought along.

One word led to another, and pretty soon she was in possession of the fact that we were a book reviewer. She asked all sorts of questions about the trade. "You know," she confided with drooping lids, "you're the first book reviewer I ever met. Just to think that you get *paid* for reading the new books—especially mystery stories." She gave forth blonde giggles of awe.

It reminded us of our kid days when we thought that quite the most marvelous job in the world was back of a candy counter.

THE HELL WITH IT

The thing you have just read is Rutherford in his coy mood, editorial "we" and all. It is a seizure brought about by reading Whit Burnett's *The Literary Life and the Hell with It* (Harper, $2.50). Burnett is a founder and editor of *Story*, the magazine that started out in Vienna as a mimeographed batch of fiction.

From the title to the last page the book is mostly triviality plus coyness. My guess is that the stuff is reprinted without sifting from the "end pages" of W. B.'s fiction magazine. Well, it should have been sifted, and at least three-fifths of it thrown away as having no more interest than any kind of chit-chat has. Being on a diet, going somewhere to lecture, meeting celebrities, sampling memories of the sweet and sour past—maybe the semi-literary ladies will like it. But it doesn't measure up against good books of the kind that any fairly well read person has in his experience—the easy-slipper raconteuring of Anatole France, Léon Daudet, Havelock Ellis, George Moore. Some of it—"Dear Old Graebisch" for example—reads like a sophomore's attempt at light essay writing.

If this is the Literary Life, then I say to hell with it indeed.

WIDE-EYED GIRL IN NAZI-LAND

I wish I had the skill to sell you the next item, but I'm dubious because we have had so damn many exposés of the Life Insane in Nazi Germany. Martha Dodd, a nice little product of the University of Chicago's English courses, was toiling at a book reviewing job on the *Chicago Tribune* when her father, history professor, was appointed by President Roosevelt to be Ambassador Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary to Germany. Martha's thinking, in spite of that grand old man, Robert Morss Lovett, had not got beyond the callow literary stage, and she went along to Berlin with her parents, a perfect ignoramus, if a pretty and charming one. The fact that she went with an open mind—a vacant one, really—is lucky for the book and adds weight to the testimony. More luckily, Miss Dodd took with her a wholesome approach to new experiences which we usually label "character." It gradually dawned on her that fascism in Germany was a throwback to hell, but it took the wholesale bumpings-off of June 30, 1934, to make that plain.

If *Through Embassy Eyes* (Harcourt Brace, $3) were just another traveler's or sojourner's testimony, I wouldn't be reddening these old eyes reading it through. What gives it point and piquancy is that the author's father was ambassador—and what an ambassador! William Dodd is one of those old-fashioned, libertarian democrats that make you proud of being an American in spite of Dies, Jim Ham Lewis, Burke, and other professional politicos.

From that embassy vantage point Martha Dodd was able to pass in review at close quarters the heads of the Nazi state and their fraus, the young officials of the foreign offices paying court either to her or to the U. S. of A., and the foreign correspondents. Her salty remarks and outspoken judgments on these personalities are the flavor of the book. She had her hand twice kissed by Hitler, she ran around with the head of the secret police. She paints an unforgettable picture of Goering seen from the rear.

Goebbels is "inhuman and opportunistic, the type of supremely malevolent hypocrite that National Socialism can produce."

Frau Goebbels "scarcely had

Continued on page 102

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HICKORY

THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 101

enough breathing space between pregnancies to express her own personality."

"Hanfstaengl had been calling me up and wanting to arrange for me to meet Hitler. Hanfstaengl spluttered and ranted grandiosely: 'Hitler needs a woman. Hitler should have an American woman—a lovely woman could change the whole destiny of Europe. Martha, you are the woman!' " (Martha wasn't.)

The chapter on the press corps is among the best. Many newspaper people will be glad to have Birchall of the *New York Times* told off: "...without a knowledge of the German language, despite long residence there, he can turn out as rosy a picture of Nazi Germany as anyone, anywhere! He was critical of Nazism until he fell a victim to the mass hysteria at a Nazi Party Congress."

It pleased me to see the British journalist, Vernon Bartlett, come in for large praise. My only acquaintance with the man is his book of last year, *European Interlude*, one of the very best of the foreign correspondent stories, certainly superior to Douglas Reed's *Insanity Fair* which got more ballyhoo and sales. Walter Duranty comes in for praise.

Colonel Knox, ex-vice-presidential candidate and publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*, was entertained at the embassy and "asked if he didn't want to meet some of the key Nazis—which was the usual demand of eminent visitors. He snorted vigorously in the negative, adding that he wouldn't want to meet them anywhere or under any circumstances."

But Knox's old boss, Hearst—there was another kind of man. He made several visits to Germany and was royally entertained by the Nazis. But the Dodds "naturally" had no contact with him. One time at the historic restaurant in Rothenburg, Ambassador Dodd signed the register and was shocked to see that he had signed almost directly under William Randolph Hearst, who had been there a few days before. "Of course, my father couldn't rub out the ink signature, but I recall his repugnance and the day that was spoiled because of his inadvertence."

I won't give away the chapters on the diplomats and on *What Fascism Did to Us*, except to say that Martha Dodd is militantly democratic, that she lambasts Chamberlain and Daladier and asks a question many of us would like to have answered—"Who is holding up progressive and militant action in our State Department?" The fighting daughter of a fighting American comes back from Germany, not with a Ph.D., but with an education, and the account she has written of how she got it and what it did for her is something I wouldn't miss.

JOURNALIST'S WIFE

What would the publishing world be without women—women who mainly buy the nation's books while men buy the books; women who are doing sturdy reporting as well as sensitive fictionizing?

A book which deserves to stand by or perhaps ahead of *Through Embassy Eyes* is *Inside Red China* (Doubleday Doran, $3) by Nym Wales, wife of Edgar Snow, the foreign correspondent who gained recent fame by the news he brought back from remote and unreported Oriental areas (see *Red Star Over China*). Miss Wales (or Mrs. Snow—take your choice) has done a beautiful job of reporting, interviewing, and interpreting, producing a book which combines physical adventure with a mass of information.

She was held a virtual prisoner in Sian, city of the famous mutiny and the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek. The Kuomintang had had previous experience of the Snows and did not want any publicizing of the Red section of China. But this game newspaper gal got away from her guards and escaped from the walled city. She covered the Red China beat during four crucial months, living with the people, talking over the situation with the three leaders of the Chinese Communists, and watching Red China abdicate in order to act unitedly with Chiang against Japan.

Inside Red China has drama, color, excitement, and new material, which ought to make it a good seller. It has also a fine emotional quality which rises from Nym Wales Snow's enthusiasm and sympathy. It has an extra importance because these ex-Communist fighters whom it pictures are the chief danger to Japan's domination of China. They it may be who will succeed in breaking the back of the Nipponese, either in the present routine course of the war or in the event of Soviet Russia's being drawn into it.

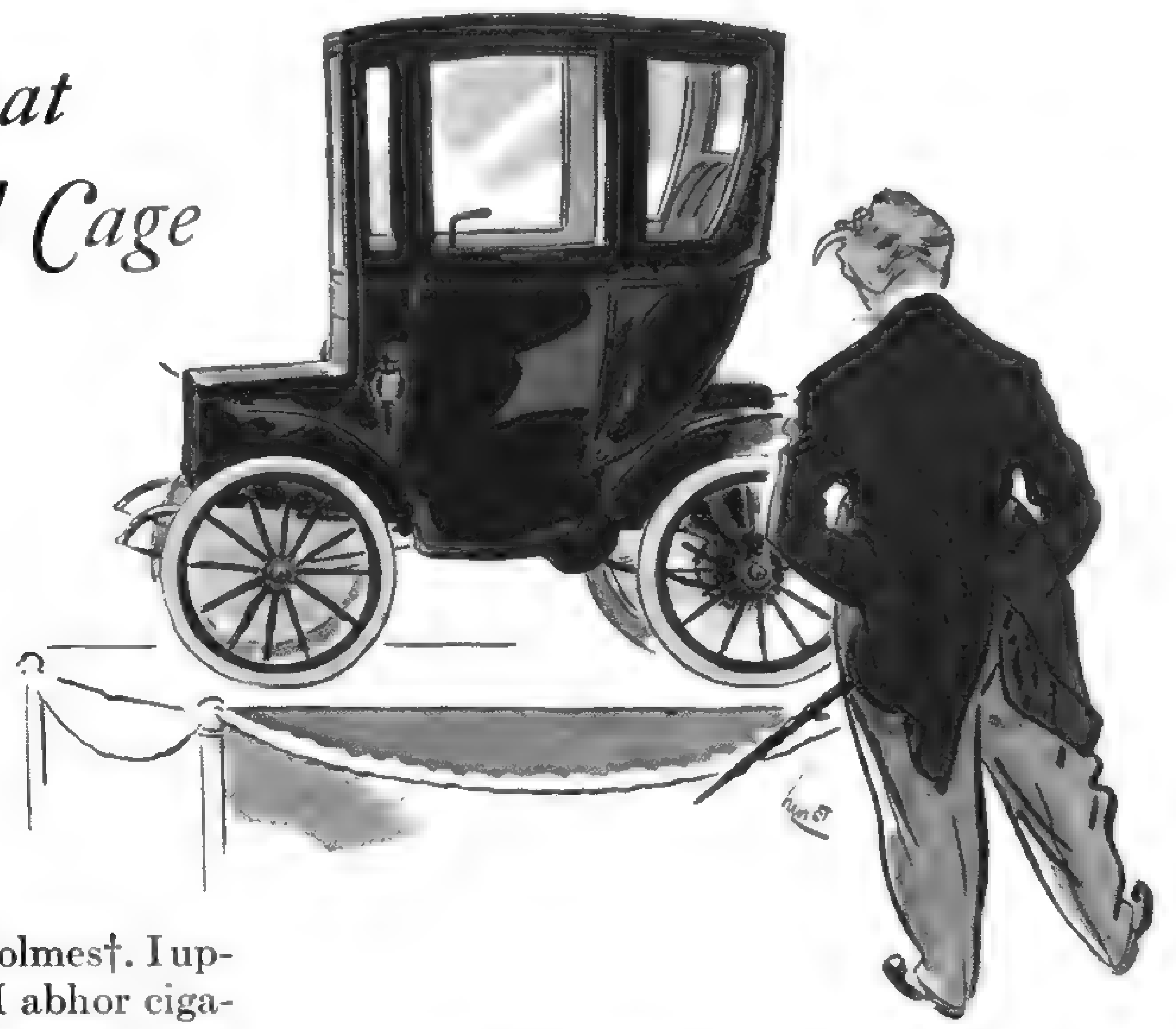
This inside story of the Chinese Soviet Republic may give you an advance idea that the reader who depends on newspapers will not be served for many years yet.

GERMANY, CHINA, AND SPAIN

If you are looking for silver clouds in these black times, seize on the phenomenon of Ralph Bates, the author of *Lean Men* and *The Olive Field*. He is a great writer, and a great man. He has

Continued on page 104

The Bird that Left the Gilded Cage



My name is Zeno Haricot-Holmes†. I uphold the Old Tradition. I abhor cigarettes. I keep horsehair sofas in my home. For years, I've staunchly held on to my Peabody Electric. I never believed that Providence ordained me to run like a madman in the streets.

But last week, on a windy day, I found myself on a road as sandy as the Sahara. Through chinks and cracks in my Peabody the dust poured in. I stopped, gasping for air, when Lo! out of the billowing clouds came the toot of a horn. And the most startling car I've ever seen—a long silver bullet of a Nash—drew alongside. In it was an immaculate man, clad in a Palm Beach suit.

"Want a lift?" he asked. "Yes-s," I sputtered. Then was I surprised! For behold, inside his Nash, the air was fresh and clear of dust. He pointed to a dial. "That's the 'Weather Eye'*. It gives you conditioned air with never an unpleasant moment."

I nodded in awe . . . watched him steer, shift*—not lifting his hands from the wheel. Suddenly I thought we were flying. He murmured, "*That's* the Fourth Speed Forward.*" Then avidly, I hinted we change places. He agreed. And I found myself at the helm of a harnessed hurricane. What a thrill of a ride!

As we drew up to my curb, I pocketed the key. "I want this car. I'll pay any price." He laughed. "Fine. I sell Nashes. But this year I'm almost *giving* them away." And at the sum he stated, my Nash was a gift.

Right now I'm ordering a Palm Beach suit. And my Peabody Electric? Why, I'm having it stuffed—it's to go on display at the Fair!

**(Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost)* *†Fictitious name*

Car illustrated... 4-Door Sedan, 117" wheelbase... $840 delivered at Factory... Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included.

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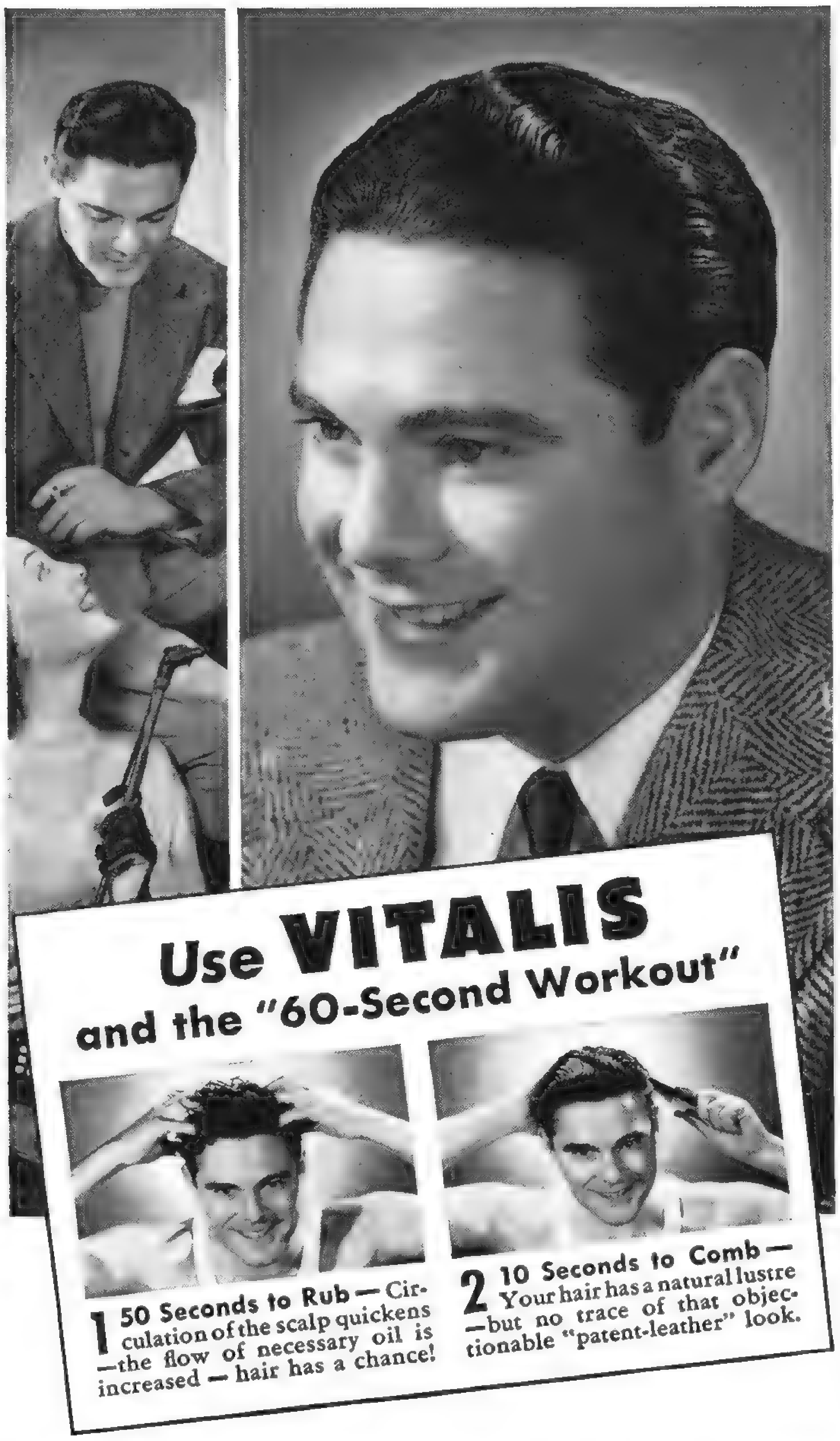

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SUCCESS gets more difficult every year. Opportunities are fewer—the competition keener. To go places, a man must make every asset count. And that's why thousands of men use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" for better-looking—*and healthier*—hair.

YOUR HAIR'S HEALTH—With your fingertips, massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Enjoy the exhilarating "tingle" of aroused circulation. Your scalp becomes looser, more flexible, as that tight, restricted feeling disappears. And, with each "Workout", you rout loose, unsightly dandruff and help to prevent excessive falling hair.

YOUR HAIR'S GOOD LOOKS—Good grooming comes naturally with Vitalis. Your hair takes on a rich, fine-looking lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural oils of the scalp. Your hair responds easily to comb and brush, and remains in place. How much handsomer it looks! And there's never a trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Today, get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store. Begin using Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" at once. Have healthier, well-groomed hair—hair that's a business and social asset—admired by men, and women especially.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!

VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 101-102

fought with the Loyalist armies in Spain while most of us sympathetic writers and intellectuals have kept our well-upholstered buttocks warmly pressed to our well-upholstered arm chairs, grudging even dollars and the effort of speeches in defense of the people in that land of tragedy.

Bates has gone through weary months of massacre and defeat at the hands and armaments of Italy and Germany, but neither his courage nor his serenity has deserted him. That is why I say he is great. And because he is able to put this serene courage into his stories, I think that he is one of the great writers of our time, and that his new book, *Sirocco and Other Stories* (Random House, $2.50), is the strongest and most beautiful writing that has yet come out of the terror in Spain.

This collection of tales of the Spanish people is divided into three parts: Monarchy, Republic, and War. No single narrative link connects the stories. Three of them are long, their little chapters making stories in themselves. The whole is a pattern of living pictures—the people of Spain facing birth and death in peace and in war, working, loving, hating, mourning.

Only by reading such a book can one grasp the full horror of the war; only by knowing intimately the people and country. Ralph Bates lived as a Spaniard for many years: He knows both.

The story called *The Birth of a Man* may serve as a sample. In the village, a woman about to give birth to a child is near death. A messenger is sent to the next village of Torellas for the doctor. But Torellas has been suffering an eight months' strike. On this very day news comes that the new civil governor will settle the strike. At the doctor's house the messenger waits impatiently for the instruments to be prepared. At last he runs out with the little black bag, the doctor preparing to follow.

The people are streaming from their houses to welcome the governor; with flags and almond blossoms they rush to the square to celebrate. The messenger meeting the crowd just outside the doctor's house, is in the forefront when the Republic's own civil guards fire volleys into the ranks of the unsuspecting marchers. The messenger is killed, clutching the black bag. The doctor stays on to take care of the wounded. Back in the village the woman dies giving birth, those who love her crying, "Oh Joaquim, Joaquim, why couldn't you hurry!"

The greatness of Bates as a writer lies in his ability to set that love for man on paper. Unstated, it is a song of overtones from the quiet facts of the story. This passionate sympathy makes his characters our blood brothers. What happens to them is in the family.

Sirocco is a book in a thousand. It is simple, real and final.

SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

In his introduction to *The Best Short Plays of the Social Theater* (Random House, $2.50) Editor William Kozlenko thanks Bennett Cerf, the publisher, for encouraging him to make the collection. As a reader, I add thanks to both for this group of stirring plays, Random House deserves extra applause for beautiful book production.

Most of the ten plays here have made theatre history. They are fighting plays. They fight injustice. They're violent, because the injustice they cry out against is violent. But they go beyond merely personal wrongs. They speak for the underdog—for the laborer who must die before he wins the right to organize, the soldier who must kill and be killed on orders, the convict condemned by brutal law to a punishment more criminal than anything he devised.

Here are *Waiting for Lefty*, *Bury the Dead*, and *The Cradle Will Rock*. Hard for a weak stomach to take are *Hymn to the Rising Sun*, *Private Hicks*, and *The Earth is Ours*. Keenly ironic and bitter, Auden and Isherwood's *The Dog Beneath the Skin* appropriately closes the collection. In between are *Plant in the Sun*, a splendid piece of work on a factory strike, *Running Dogs* on Japan in China, and *Give All Thy Terrors to the Wind*, dealing with men against the sea and a captain bent on sinking them.

Threats to democracy from abroad, eh? Unless our best playwrights are doing some feverish lying, the local situation is far from Utopian.

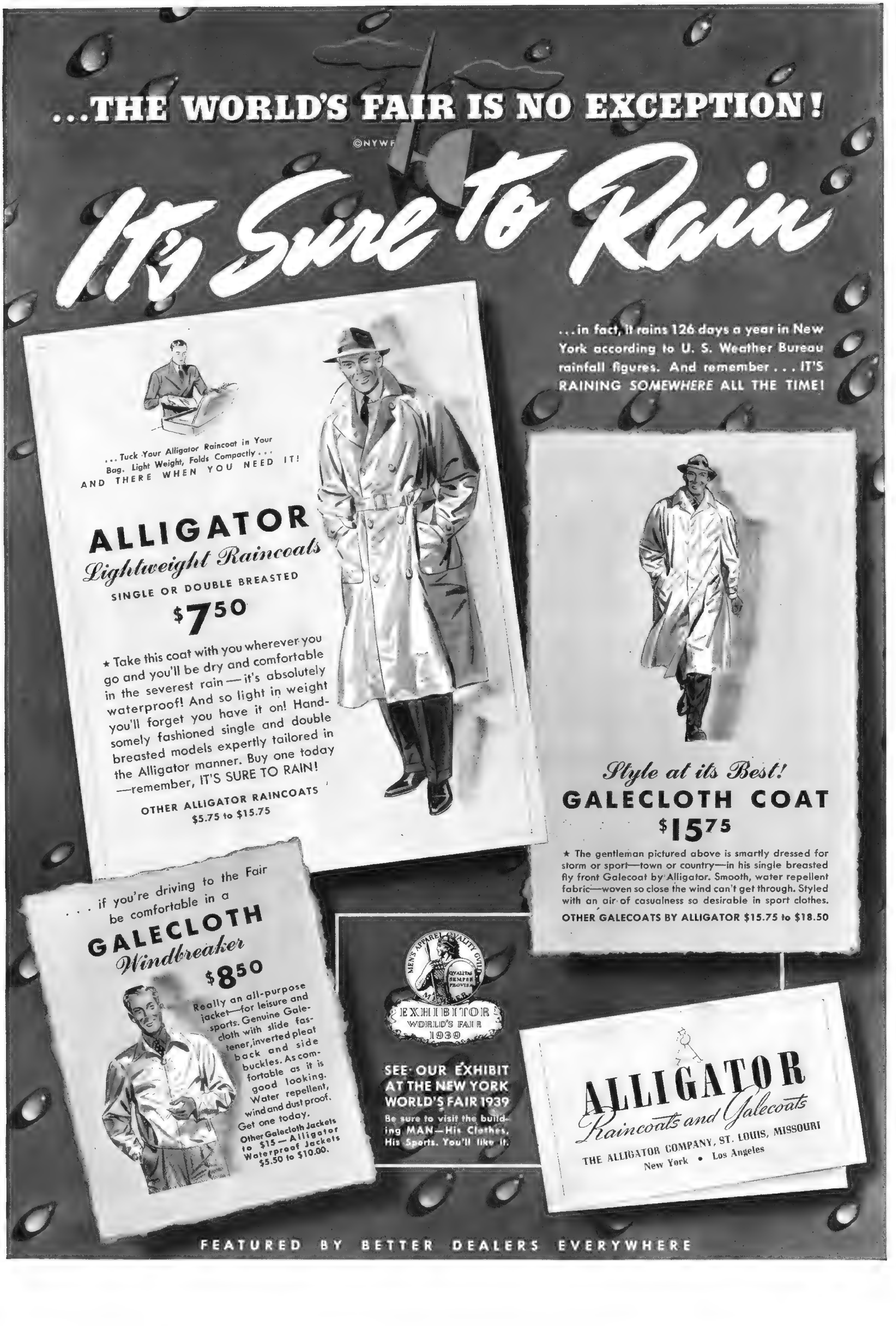
The new Clifford Odets play *Rocket to the Moon* (Random House, $2) is good theatre. A struggling young dentist tries to escape the killing routine of professional and married life by falling in love with his very young assistant. It doesn't work out, but he emerges a less narrow man.

The play seems to misfire. Instead of emphasizing the point with which he began, the stunting of character by poverty, Odets goes into a glorification of the spirit of youth. Situation, characters, dialogue, are excellent, but the ending is close to old theatre and barely escapes sentimentality.

MEN AGAINST SEA AND ICE

Readers of this magazine may remember Hanson Baldwin's true story of adventure, *Five Against the Sea*. It is now included in a book of twelve adventures, *Admiral Death* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The military and naval correspondent of the *New York Times* writes with drama and suspense of the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*, the mutiny on the *Somers*, the loss of the British battleship *Victoria*, whose captain was a fool. It is no hardship to read any of these tales. I liked best the very moving account of the *Titanic's* destruction, and the story, so full of suspense, of the

Continued on page 106



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SINGLE OR DOUBLE BREASTED

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★ Take this coat with you wherever you go and you'll be dry and comfortable in the severest rain—it's absolutely waterproof! And so light in weight you'll forget you have it on! Handsomely fashioned single and double breasted models expertly tailored in the Alligator manner. Buy one today —remember, IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

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★ The gentleman pictured above is smartly dressed for storm or sport—town or country—in his single breasted fly front Galecoat by Alligator. Smooth, water repellent fabric—woven so close the wind can't get through. Styled with an air of casualness so desirable in sport clothes.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 101-102-104

two Italian naval officers who crept into an Austrian naval base in 1918 towing a couple of mines, and blew up two battleships.

An even more fascinating book for me in the same field is Vihjalmur Stefansson's *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic* (Macmillan, $3.50). The sensational chapter in this survey of five "mysteries" is the last one, dealing with the fate of the Soviet fliers who were lost in August, 1937, somewhere between the North Pole and Alaska. Stefansson believes there is a chance the fliers are still alive, based on past mishaps of this kind.

It was absolute news to me too that Greenland was settled in the tenth century, first by the Irish and then by the Norse. By the fifteenth century, before Columbus sailed, these earliest colonies on this side of the world seem to have vanished. How and why? Stefansson's chapter is devoted to guesses, but they are the fascinating guesses of an expert working on the few clues available.

This mystery story of the Arctic is really five superdetective stories. The one that spellbound me the most deals with the death of Sir John Franklin and his party on the ice in 1846. As Stefansson puts it: "One of the most baffling problems of Canadian exploration is how Sir John Franklin and his party of more than a hundred contrived to die to the last man, apparently from hunger and malnutrition, in a district where several hundred Eskimos had been living for generations, bringing up their children, and taking care of their aged."

The answer to that, as Stefansson works it out, is an indictment of the British officer class that would be hard to believe if it weren't documented.

BRIEFER NOTICE

General Manpower, by John S. Martin (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), Capek's *RUR* crossed with 8-year-old David Statler's *Roaring Guns*. A fantasy of 1944 and after, and just the sort of melodrama of the future an editor of *Time* (Martin is) would write. Headlong and breathtaking story of the kind usually devoured in one gulp. Our hero, an ex-Roxy usher attaining supermanhood by grace of Bernarr Macfadden and building up his lush fascistic state in Lower California, is no more fantastic than what the reality will probably be in this country, which has a long record of vigilantism.

Ruth McKenna's *Industrial Valley* (Harcourt Brace, $3) is an amazing book, because Ruth wrote *My Sister Eileen*, a series of very funny sketches. This history of the struggling Akron rubber workers, done vividly and with power, is not humorous. It is as stirring a strike story as John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle*, and it matches *Middletown in Transition* in the clarity with which it shows social forces at work in a community. The story is told dramatically, and reads like a novel.

CRIME DON'T PAY DEPARTMENT

Case of the Perjured Parrot, Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow, $2), still another Perry Mason. Great lawyer, his private detective aide, his sweet secretary, stay one jump ahead of police in unraveling murder of millionaire eccentric. Perry has a following, but I don't see why.

Here's a promising new mystery creator—Susan Wells; the yarn, *Murder Is Not Enough*. Very clever, and recommended.

Corpse With the Blistered Hand, by R. A. J. Walling (Morrow, $2). Tolefree clears up bothersome puzzle in Cotswolds. Good characters and humor, excellent suspense, but author sells us out in the end by introducing new quirk. Readable if you like the English type.

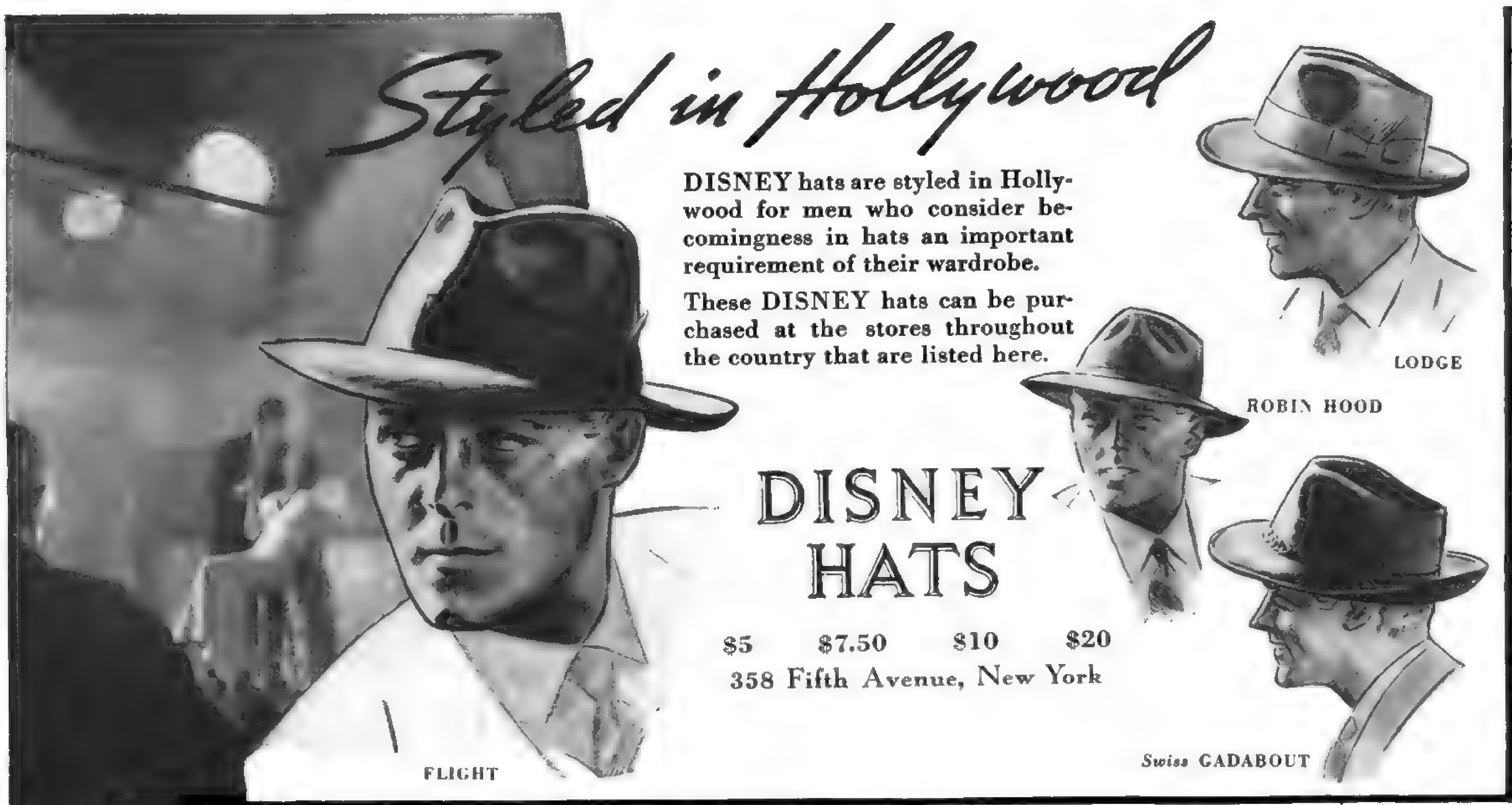
It's hard to find out, in *The Body That Wasn't Uncle*, by George W. Yates (Morrow, $2), how the body couldn't be uncle. We feel certain it must be uncle and begin to be bitter against the author—but the end clears it up. Pleasant mystery, quiet humor, likable characters.

The Big Sleep, by Raymond Chandler (Knopf, $2), is a hard-boiled guess-who with a whole fistful of killings and a lot of goofy characters. There's a dealer in dirty books, a Black Maria load of assorted crooks and gorgeous dames, a slowly dying general and a gal who goes mad about anything in pants. Detective talks little, hits hard, manages to be on the scene of every crime. Clever, tersely written, packed with action enough to make you feel glad to be in bed when it's over.

The Great Game, by H. C. Bailey (Crime Club, $2), a full-length triumph (with two corpses out in the ninth) by that my-my, pathetic-dismay hunchman, Reggie Fortune. O.K.

The Nasty Name Murders by Royce Howes and *The Case of the Topaz Flower*, by Charlotte M. Russell (both Crime Club, $2)—good average jobs of detective carpentry, former a little better.

Nazi Spies in America, by Leon G. Turrou, former special agent of the U. S. Dept. of Justice (Random House, $2). The amazin' true story of the Griebls, Rumriches, and their Teutonic ilk—crazier than a man with a feverish imagination could invent. ⵌ



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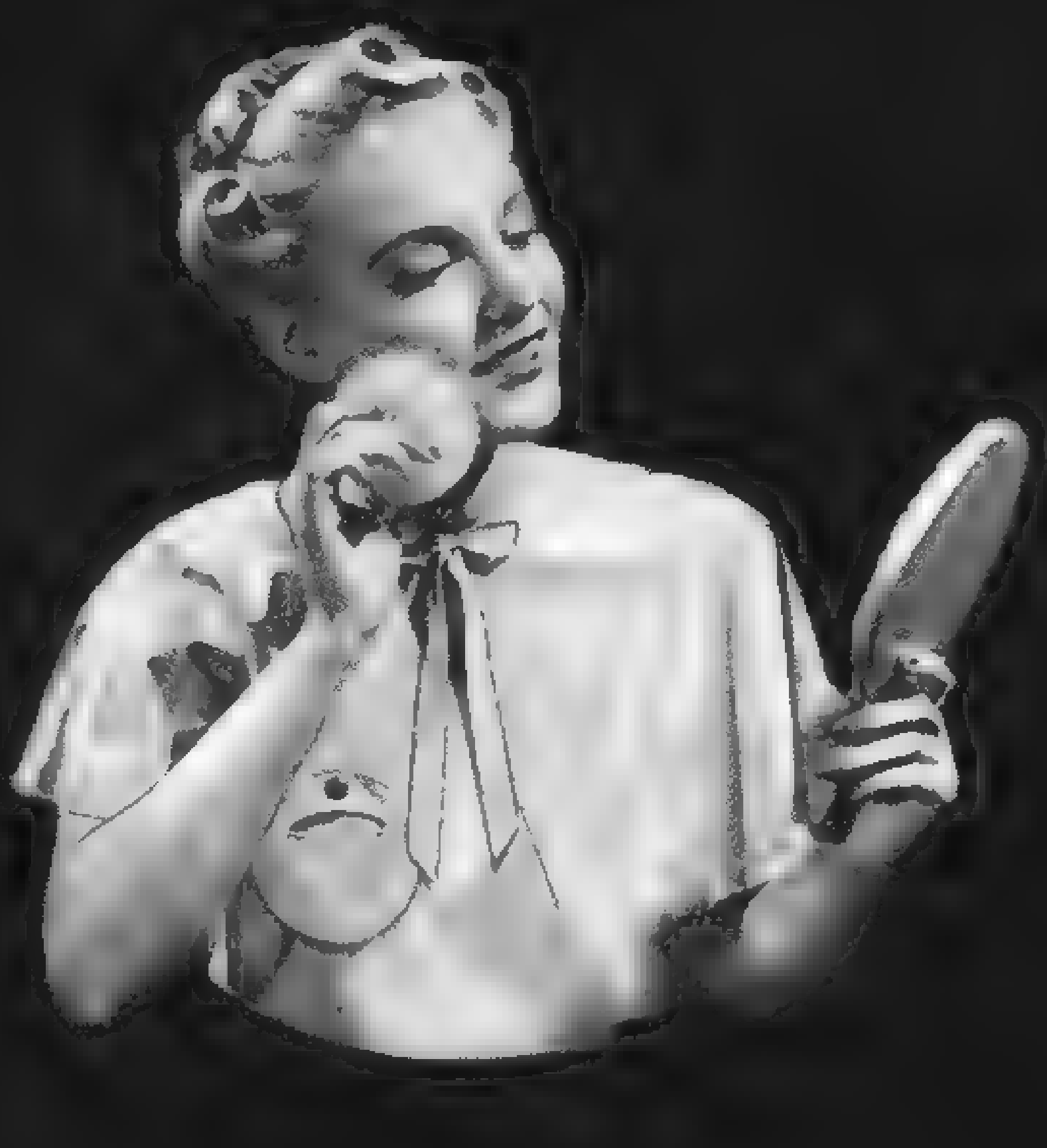

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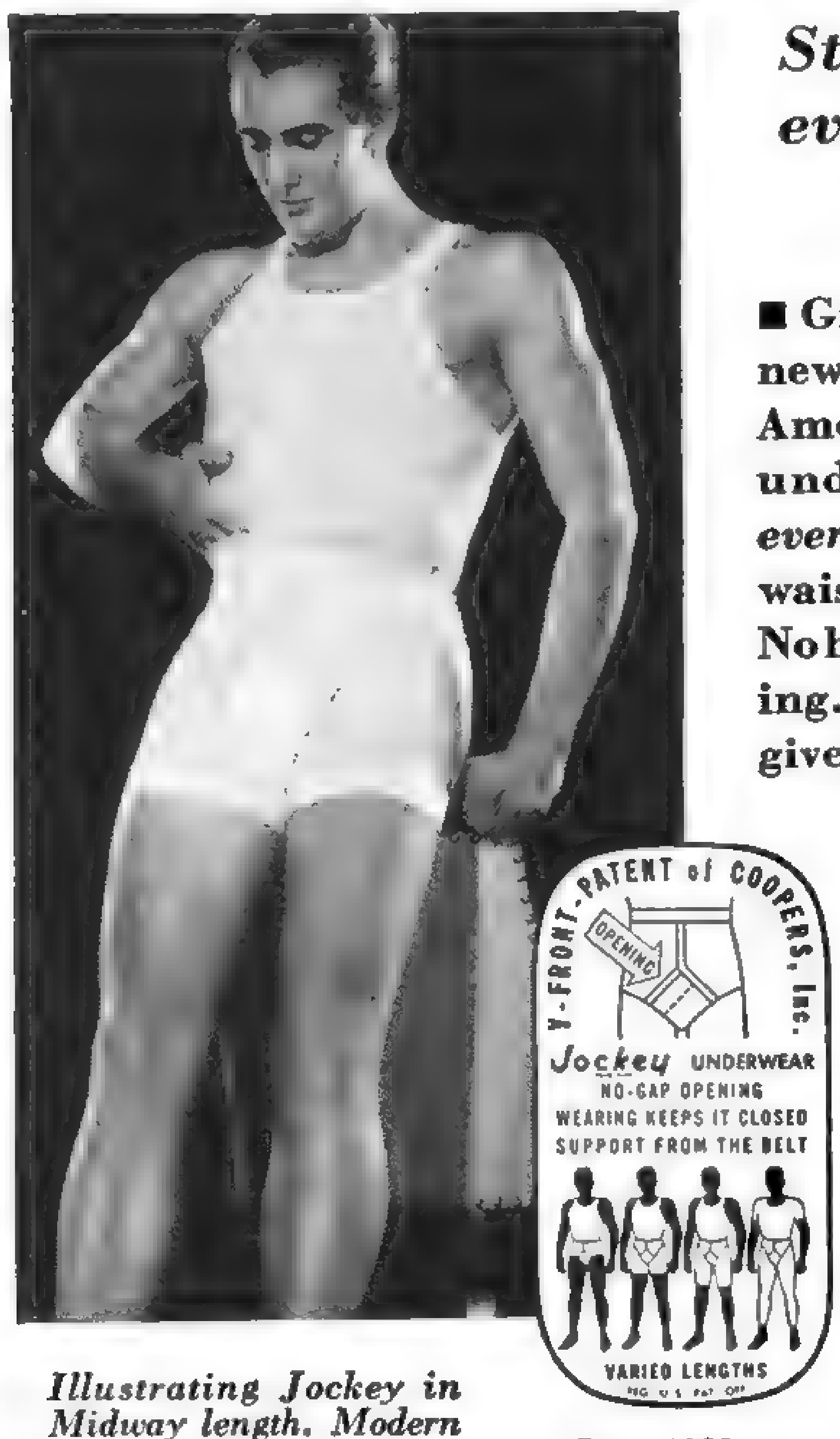

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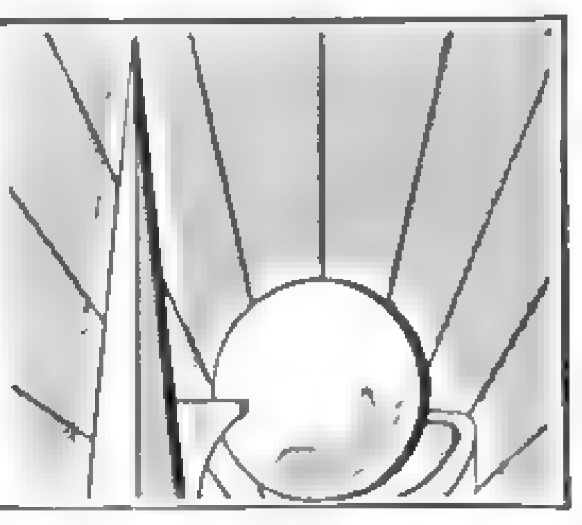

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The Movies Go Literary

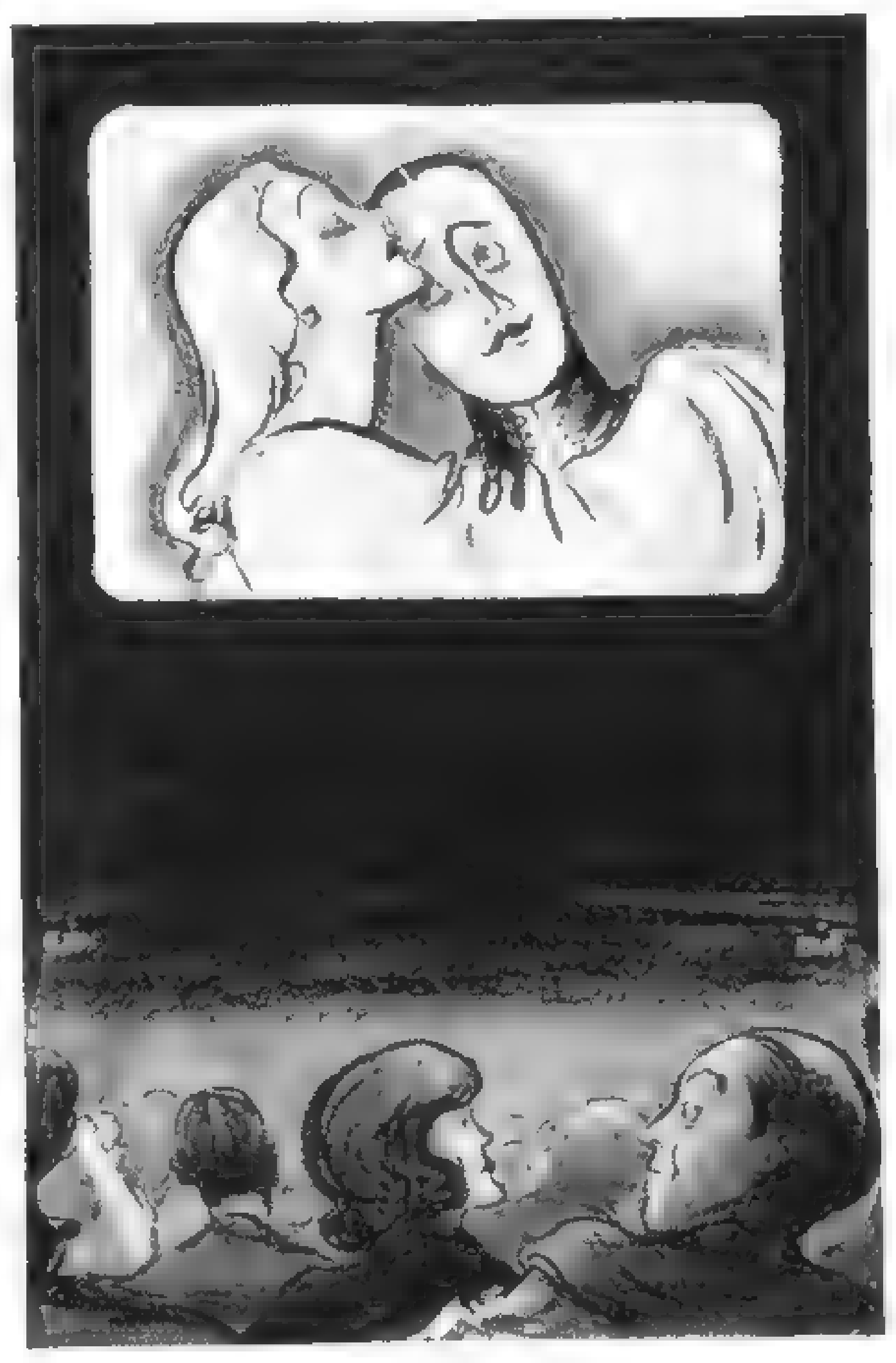
Since chinaware for ladies flopped, Hollywood flirts with the classics

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

It's always interesting to watch the way Hollywood stalks the classics, a process very much like that of a rooster drooping a wing, with most of the succeeding steps similar, too, except that in this case it's the Hollywood rooster that usually lays an egg. The urge, however, is different, because I never heard of a rooster with an uneasy conscience, and I am absolutely convinced that whenever you see a Hollywood producer toying with a novel of great literary merit, or of authority with the professors, you have an instance of the survival of the ancient, unsure, unhappy conscience of the movies. From the moment preachers and newspaper editors began throwing bricks at the movies (that is to say, three weeks after the movies were born), the movies have been abashed; they have promised to be good, and turning soulful eyes to heaven, in a closeup, have sworn to do a great movie based on a great novel.

It is a persistent illusion out there that *Ben Hur* is the great novel, and they do it regularly; but they have also made passes at a lot of other famous works of fiction, including the dramatic, and they have produced some amazing results; there was a one-reel adaptation of *Vanity Fair* and a *Romeo and Juliet* which ran the great length of 915 feet (a tribute to a classic; lots of "originals" weren't half as long). This was around 1908; since then the movies have been more magnificent in their gestures, but the motive was much the same—until recently.



Five or six years ago (the period identified in my mind by *The Thin Man*), a singular boycott against the movies was threatened. That the movies were any less moral than before, I doubt; the pious may have been annoyed by Mae West, but Shirley Temple balanced the ethical scale. The fact, however, was that the movies and good Elder Will Hays had been caught out; for their prime promise to the world at large was that they were self-critical to the point of being self-censorious; and here were great groups of people saying that in spite of the Hays office, the movies were emitting filth. (It is pretty well established that several pictures were made in a kind of secret defiance of the moral Czar who, as you have often heard, never forbids, but definitely suggests. The studios didn't take the disaster of 1929-32 any better than the rest of us; they saw a chance to make money; and they refused to abandon certain valuable properties; maybe Miss West was one of them.)

This particular threat of boycott was exceptional in its range and in its underlying tone of menace, as if someone had determined to "get" the movie industry. The movies made a quick promise to reform. If you wanted comedy, there it was, because they swore by their Klieg lights and swimming pools, that they were going to take care of it themselves; yes, they would censor themselves; cross their hearts and die. And they said it with a transparently honest expression which rose, I am sure, from entire ignorance of the fact that they had been censoring themselves already for a generation.

I don't know what genius in Hollywood tipped the producers off to the Victorian novel. Here was a piece of property (in the public domain, too, not protected by copyright) of which the very name seemed a guarantee of all that's right and proper. By filming the Victorian novel, the producers would escape censorship, please the literate (not important, maybe, but they write for the papers) and, possibly enchant the sentimental. So in 1934 and '35 you had *Little Women*, *David Copperfield*, *Les Miserables*, *Anna Karenina*; and about the same time, *Vanity Fair* and within two years two plays of Shakespeare.

And, mark you, with the exception of *Vanity Fair*, all of these were not only praised by the critics, but were among the top box-office pictures of their time!

So there was money in it. My own guess is that money was in it because that old devil Sin was in it. What's a Victorian novel about, if not about Sin? Strip away eighty-four layers of sentimentality, and Sin's right there, slugging away all the better for the high moral tone with which it is viewed. Those people enjoyed Sin, they enjoyed writing and reading about it, because they thought it was Horrid. Moderns who don't think it exists, can't get much of a thrill out of dissecting it.

There were other explanations: we had only got out of the first

Continued on page 179

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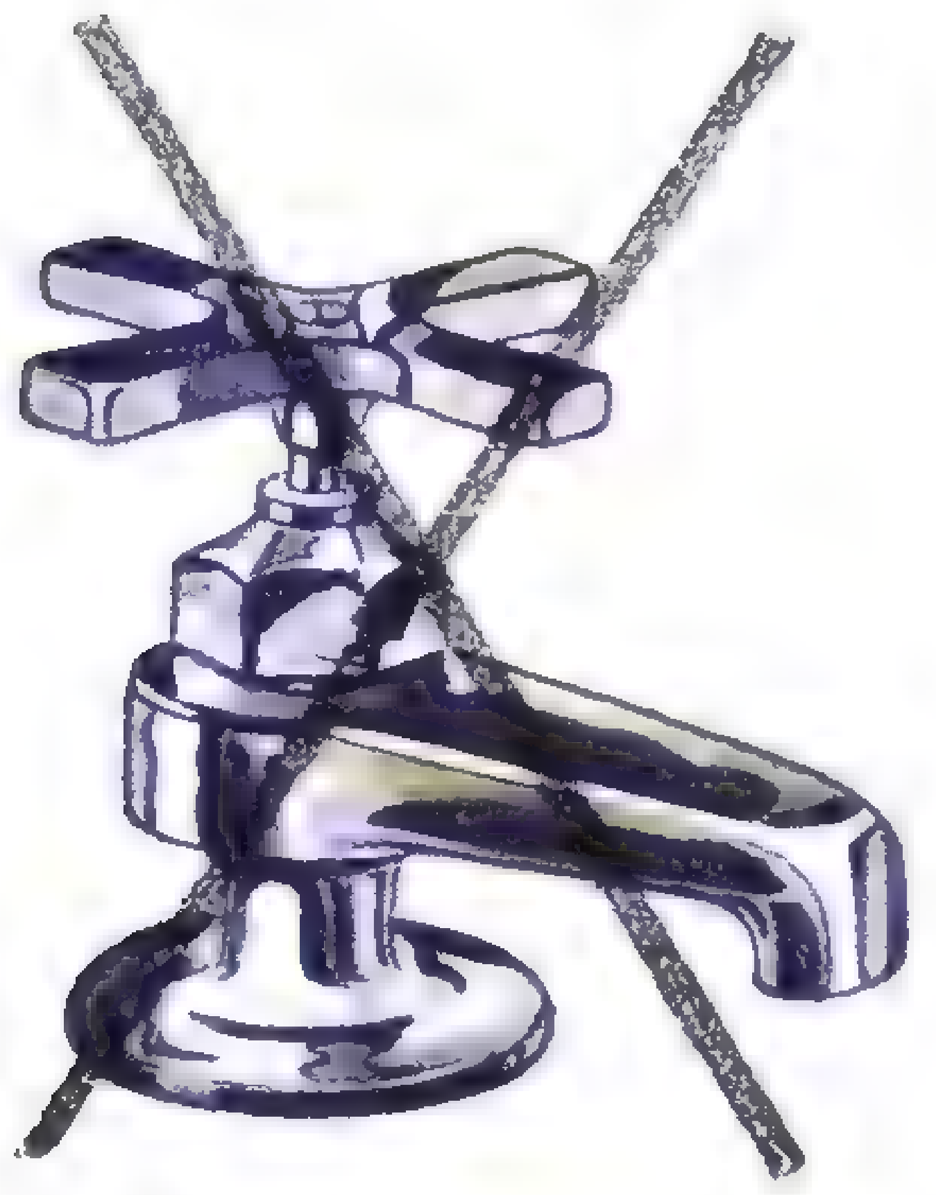

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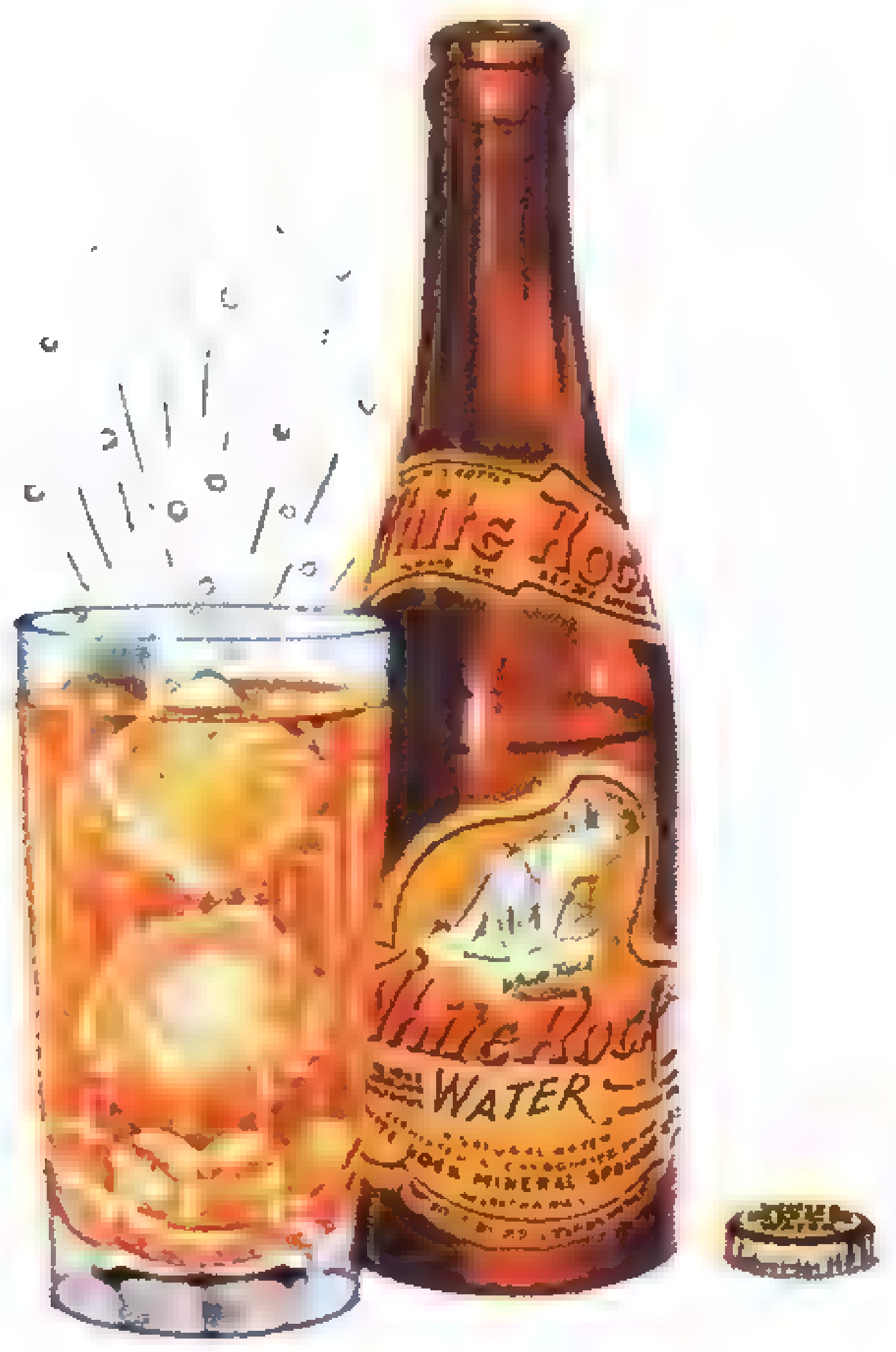

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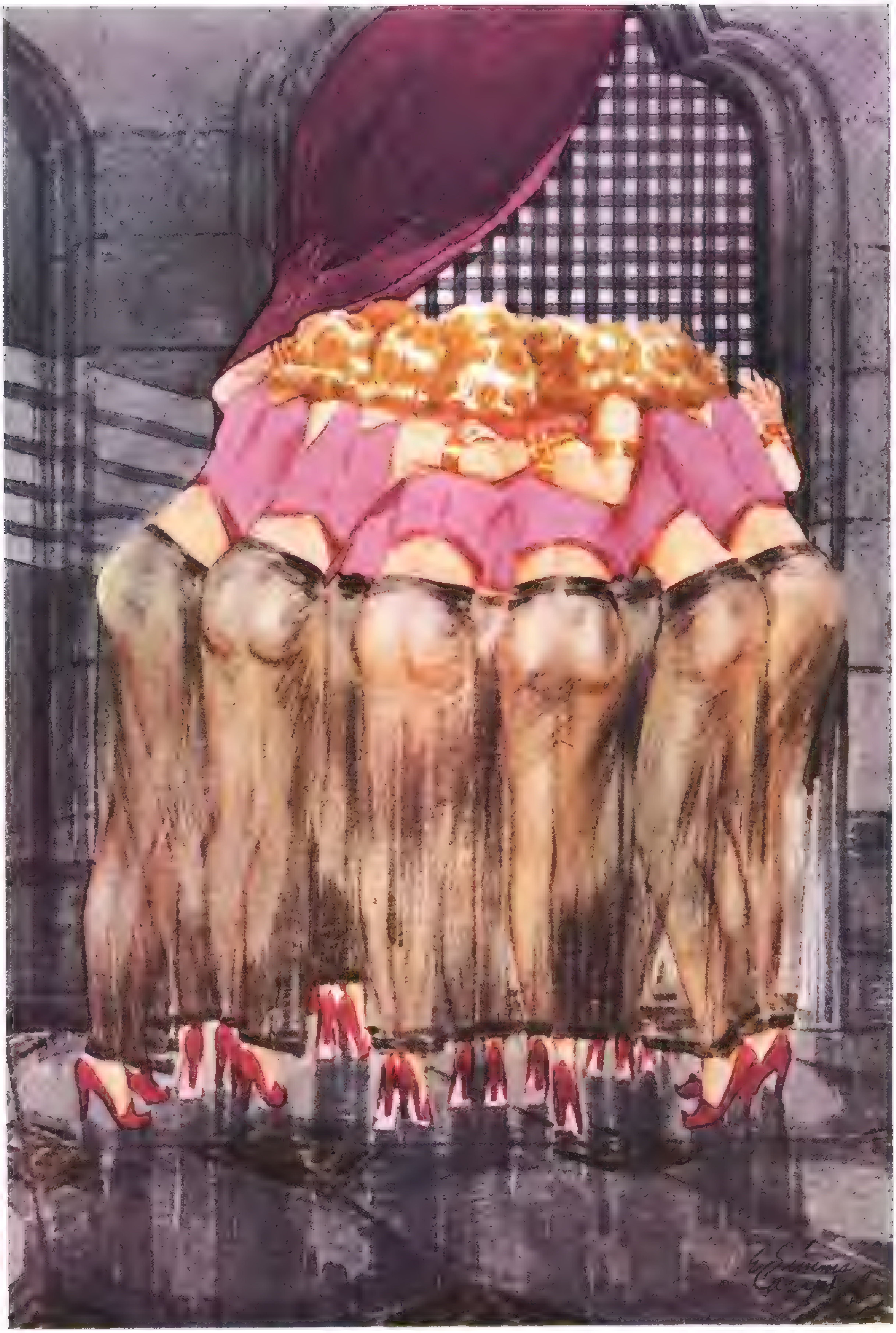

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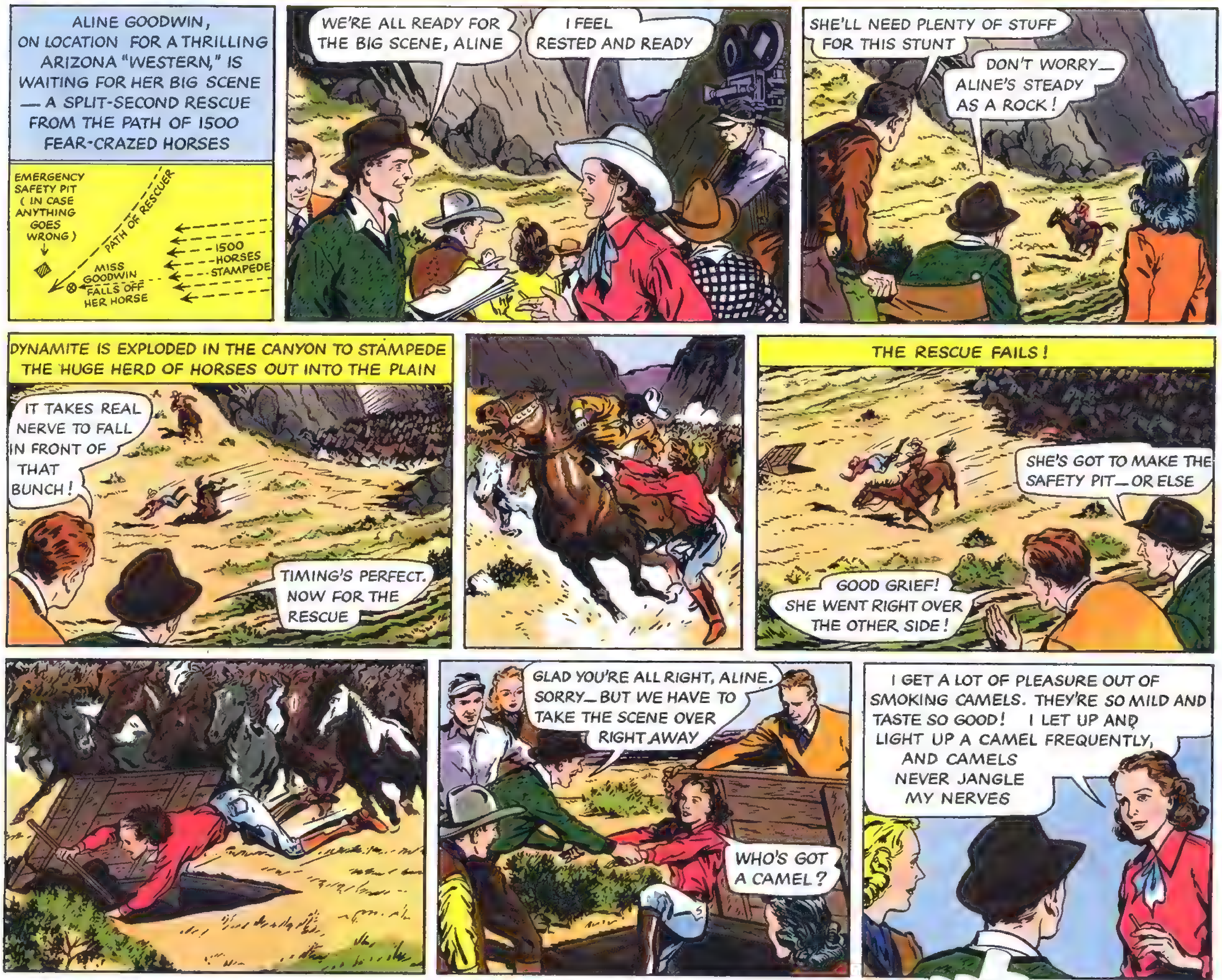
ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES
EMERGENCY SAFETY PIT (IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG)
PATH OF RESCUER
1500 HORSES STAMPEDE
MISS GOODWIN FALLS OFF HER HORSE
WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE
I FEEL RESTED AND READY
SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT
DON'T WORRY — ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!
DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN
IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!
TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE
THE RESCUE FAILS!
SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT — OR ELSE
GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!
GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY — BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY
WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?
I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

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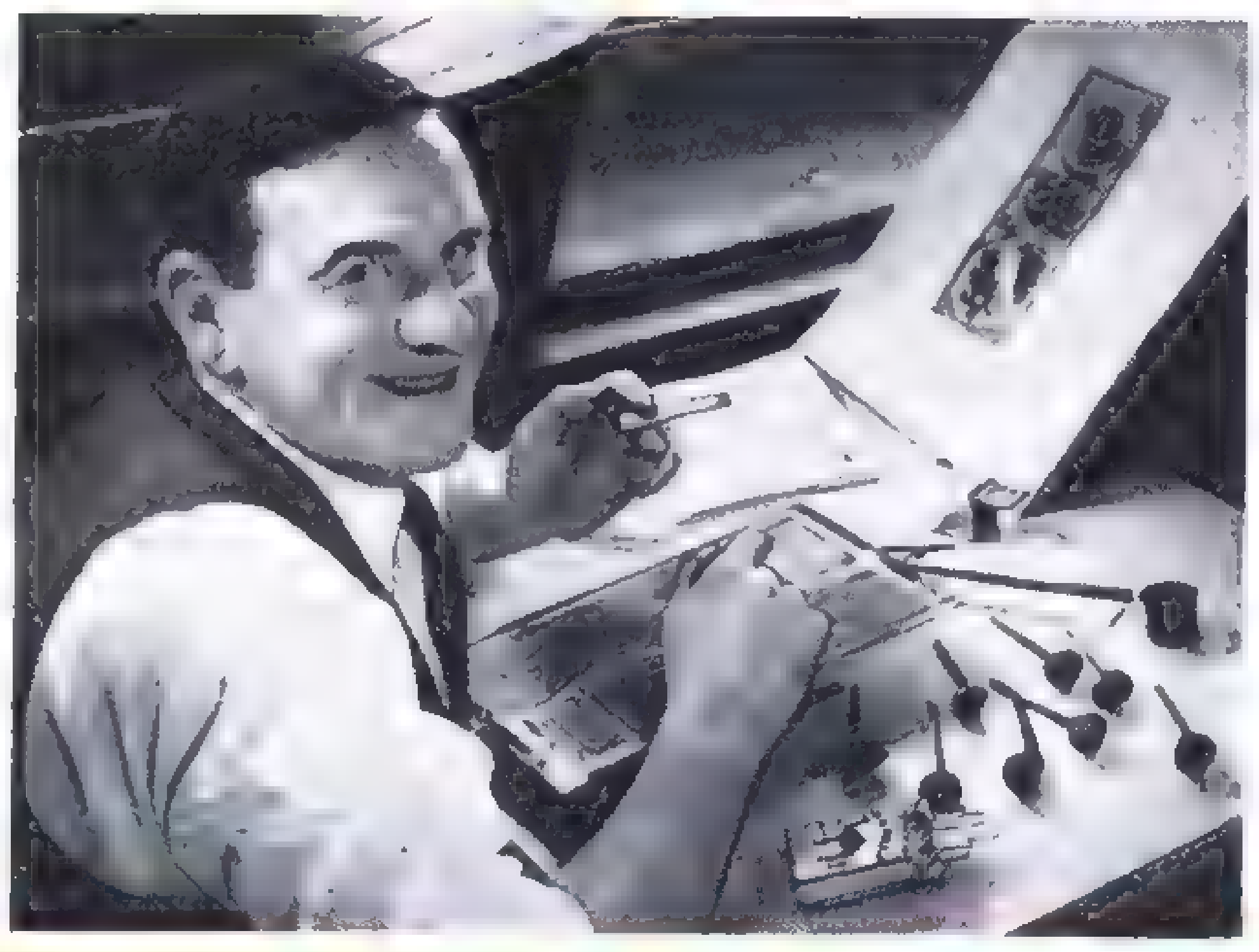

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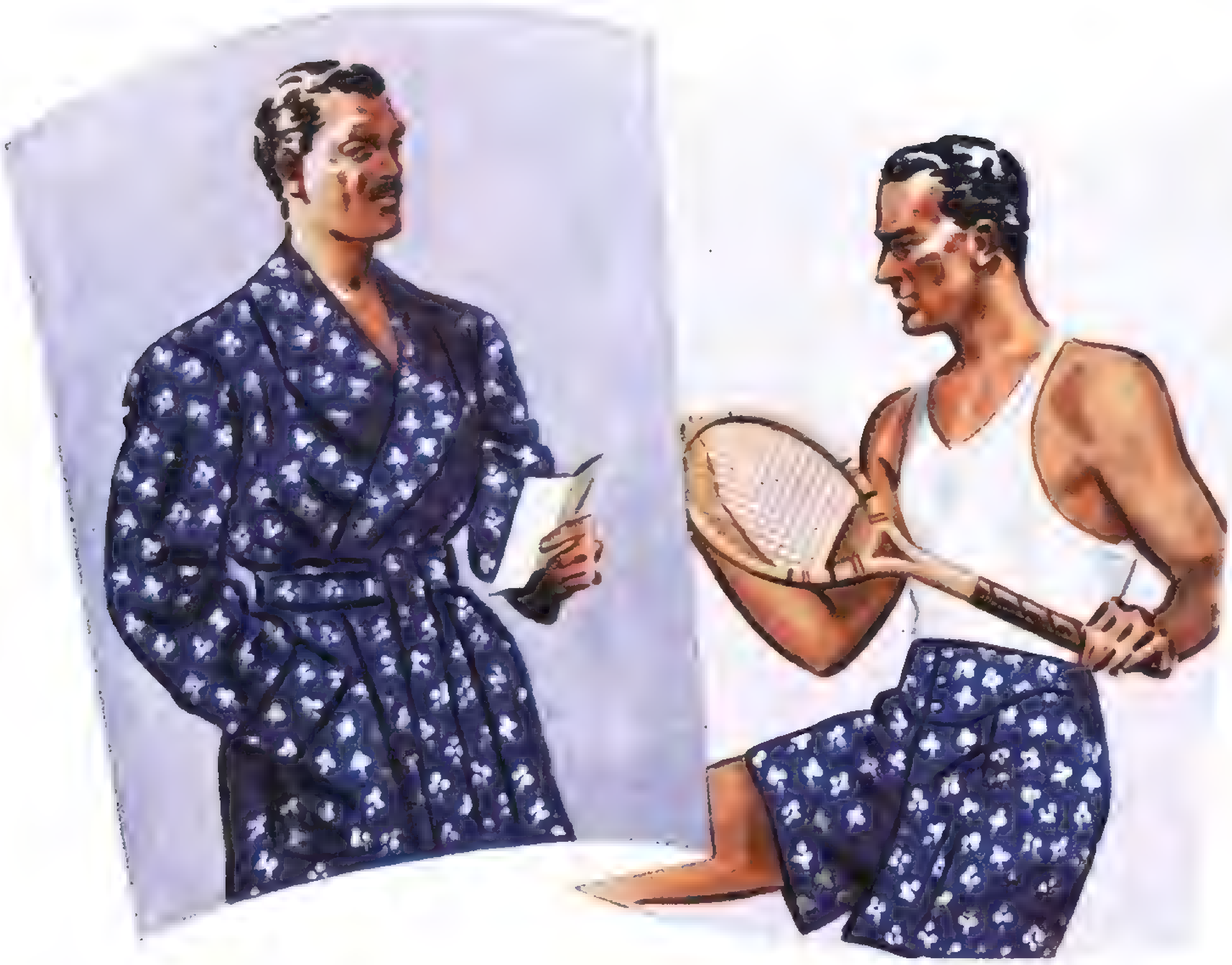

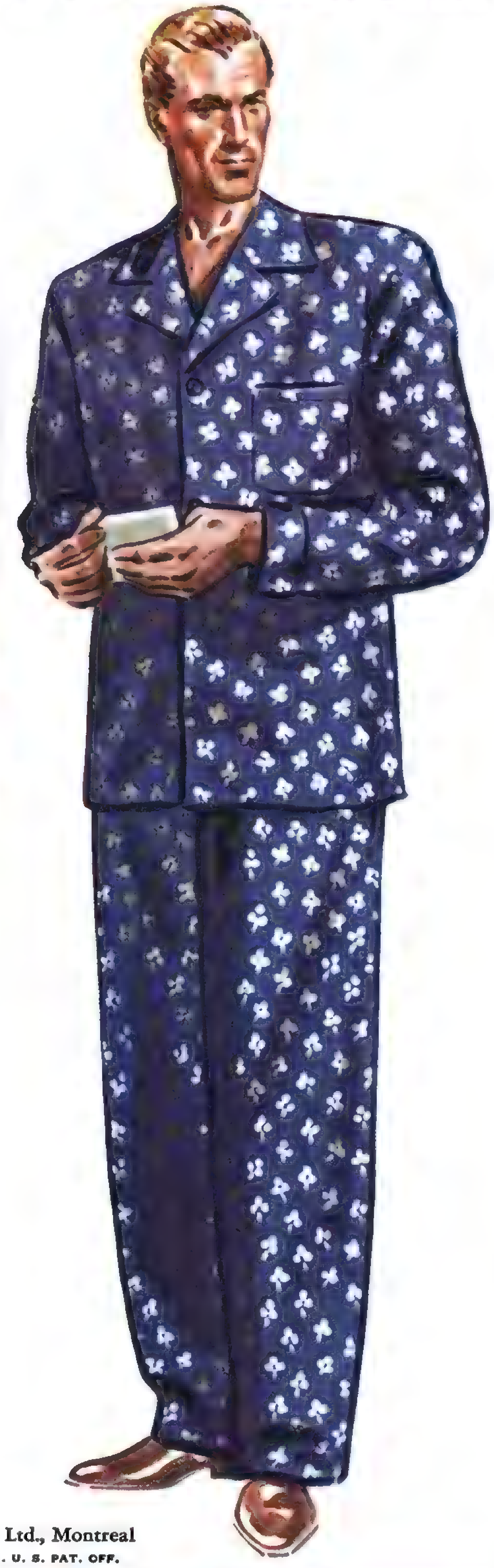

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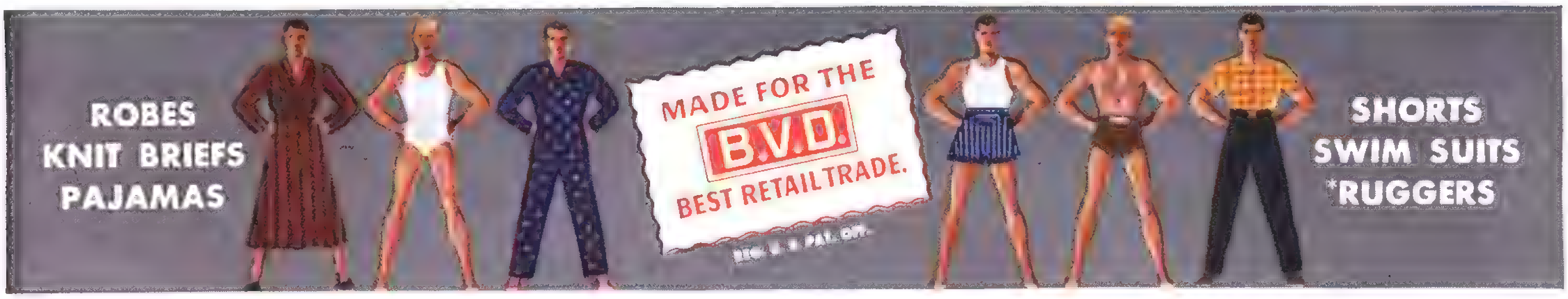

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On the Record

Felix Weingartner conducts Brahms' *Third* without corrupting the score

by CARLETON SMITH

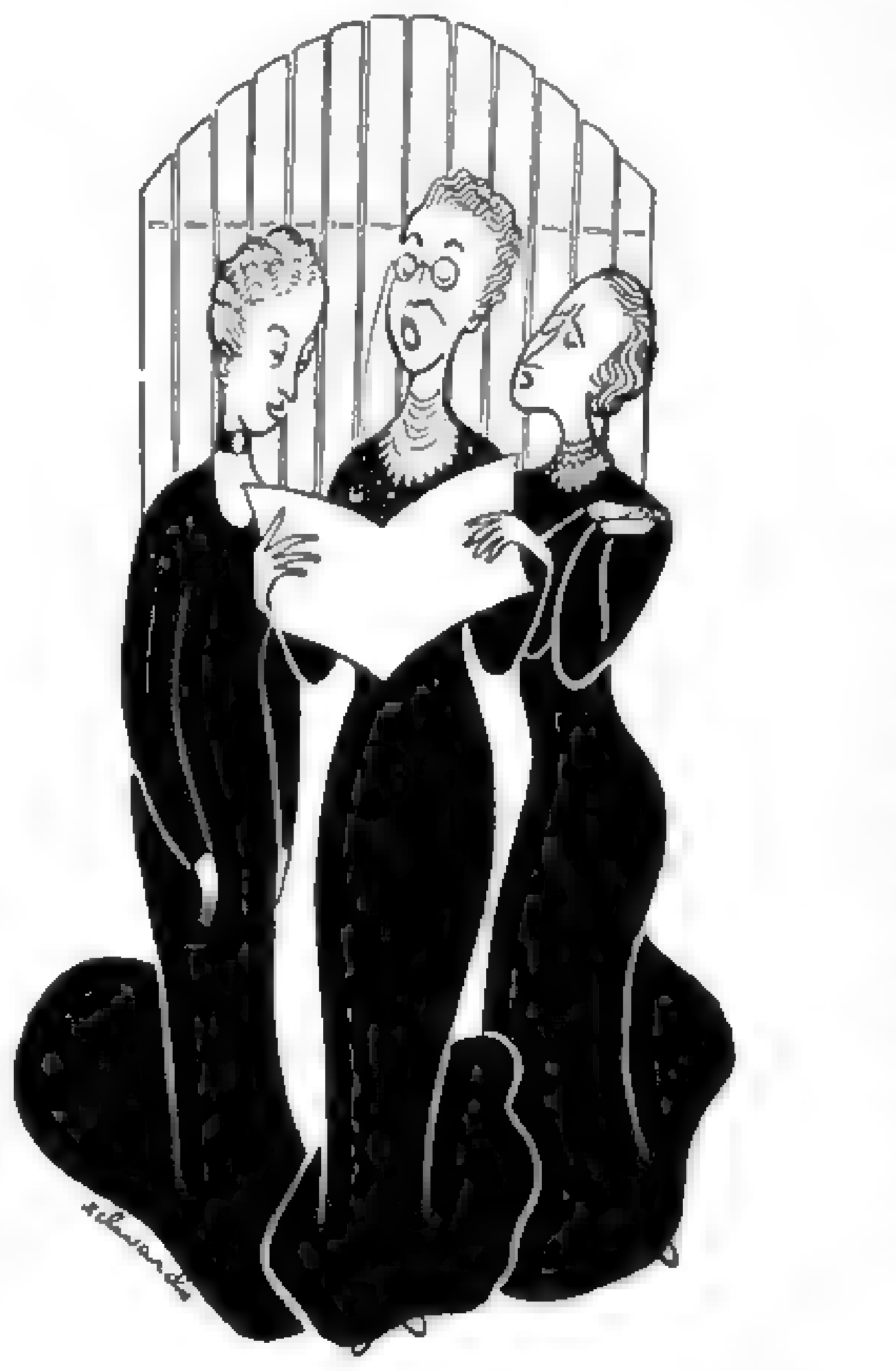
▪ RECORDS ▪

He was a squat, shaggy bear of a man, round and fat, with an Olympian head of which he was very proud. Like every man, he hated a dress shirt and collar, and avoided them whenever he could. Most of the time he appeared in a flannel shirt and faded alpaca jacket, patched and mended at the elbows, and a slouchy felt hat that would have suited a country yokel. In rainy weather he threw an old fashioned greyish-brown shawl over his shoulders and fastened it in front with a huge safety pin. His trousers were hitched high above his ankles, and in summer he wore no socks. When he conducted the first performance of his violin concerto, he forgot to hitch his suspenders, but went on, quite oblivious to what was happening.

A son of the people, in more than one way like Hans Sachs, the master of Nürnberg, he was up at five to brew his own coffee and go for a walk in the woods. Full of health, he never missed a meal nor had a drop of medicine.

He enjoyed banging the piano in the grand manner. Puffing, snorting, groaning like a steam engine, he would lift one of his hard, rough paws above the other and come down on the keys with all his might—not minding the wrong notes. When a 'cellist timidly explained that because the piano was so loud he couldn't hear his own playing, the reply was: "Happy man!"

He enjoyed insulting people. A celebrated composer finished performing his best composition and Brahms commented, "Ach! Ya! You haf very fine music paper. First rate! Where do you get it?" Another time he stopped the white-haired sopranos in the Viennese choir who were unable to keep up with his tempi in Haydn's *Creation:* "But, my dear girls, vhy do you drag so? Surely you took dis much faster under Haydn!" At the time, Haydn had been dead for sixty years.



He booted out at once anybody who came to him with a letter of introduction. "When one writes such a letter, one is bound to speak well of the fellow. So it means nothing!" He hated hypocrisy and the absurdities of hero worship. He passed off a cheap military march as his own to a conceited conductor, who assured him he knew "everything by Brahms." And when the Duke of Cumberland and his party went by, he leaned out the other side of his carriage to wave at some country children. He did not want to be lionized. He loathed the women who tried to steal a lock of his hair. They might better have sent him brickbats than bouquets. He pitched them into the gutter.

Once he sent an ambitious interviewer off through the woods a-scurrying to overtake "my brother, the composer."

None of the customary attitudes suggested by fame suited him. It was not his nature to assume an easy familiarity, nor a mechanical friendliness. He was no gladhander. Nor could he fake a showy modesty. He hated painters and photographers . . . didn't mind if a snapshot was taken of him unawares.

He took the only course left to him: to be deliberately austere. He built up a hard, crusty shell to protect a sensitive nature and a kindly heart. When he smoked at his friend's funeral, and when he said on leaving a party "If there's anybody I've forgotten to insult, I beg his pardon"—it was partially a pose. And he was thinking of the effect when he told his host, "How can you expect me to be in good humor . . . what with the lady on my right talking in E major and the lady on my left in E minor. Bah! What a crowd!"

He was inwardly attracted but outwardly repelled by women. His real nature, warm and passionate, needed companionship. He longed for another heart to beat with his, another soul to think and to feel with him. He was not satisfied with the affairs he had—mostly with women of easy virtue—though he boasted he had plenty of time for work as he never frittered it away on "cards or women." He wanted a wife, family and children—yet he could never quite make up his mind. "When I should like to have married," he contended, "my works were hissed. I was perfectly well able to bear this, for I knew quite well what they were worth. And when I returned to my lonely bedroom after such failures, I was not at all discouraged. On the contrary! But if at such moments I had had to go back to a wife and see her eyes turned anxiously on mine and had had to tell her 'No success again'—I could not have borne that! And supposing she

Continued on page 114

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On the Record

Continued from page 113

had tried to console me? For a man to fail and then be pitied by his own wife! Bah! I should not like to think what a hell that would have been."

He told a pert young miss who inquired why the Herr Doktor was not married: "None of them would have me. And if there had been one who would, I could not have stood her on account of her bad taste."

Fame came to Brahms easily. At twenty-five, he had been hailed by Robert Schumann as "He that was to come . . . the Messiah of music" and "Sprung like Minerva . . . fully armed from the head of Zeus." Even before the publication of his Opus One, he was celebrated and everywhere discussed, made famous by one of the most effective of all bits of musical ballyhoo. A lesser man would have been swept off his feet, but not Brahms. Only his unwillingness to hurry, his North German honesty and earnestness kept him his position. He never let an unfinished or an indifferent work leave his hands.

He waited more than forty years before he wrote his first symphony. He heeded not his friends nor was he annoyed by their impatience. He bided his time, and in his entire lifetime turned out only four symphonies. His *Third* symphony, in F major, Opus 90, has just been released by Columbia (M-353), and it is well worth adding to your record library. This is the least known, among the masses the least popular of Brahms' symphonies. It is not a heroic, exultant epic like the *First*, a warm, genial idyl like the *Second*, or an austere temple like the *Fourth*, but it contains certain of his most tender and personal utterances. The two inner movements, intimate and wistful, are cradled between a Jovian introduction and a towering finale. And the final pages subside into an unforgettable golden twilight peacefulness.

Joseph Joachim thought of the finale as a tonal delineation of Hero and Leander; Hans Richter toasted it as "Brahms' Eroica"—not an altogether happy title; and Clara Schumann regarded it as a "forest idyl." You are at liberty to write your own ticket, but whatever you call it, it's great music.

This new recording by Felix Weingartner and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, is sound and is played more nearly as the score indicates than the earlier versions by Willem Mengelberg (Columbia M-181), Clemens Krauss (HMV-118) and Leopold Stokowski (Victor M-42). Felix the Great, now nearing his eightieth year, goes about the whole thing in a businesslike way, secures concise, clean-cut attacks and, as usual, doesn't expend fifty cents' worth of energy to get what he can get for a nickel.

He does not exaggerate as is the habit of his confrères. For him, Brahms is not a lily to be gilded. He demonstrates what a splendid thing it is when a conductor is content to leave a score alone, and not re-orchestrate and monkey with the tempo. Messrs. Stokowski and Bruno Walter project a greater wealth of tone, more sentiment and bombast. They make effects that early wear out their welcome. Making points was not Brahms' way and it does not become the conductors of his music.

* * *

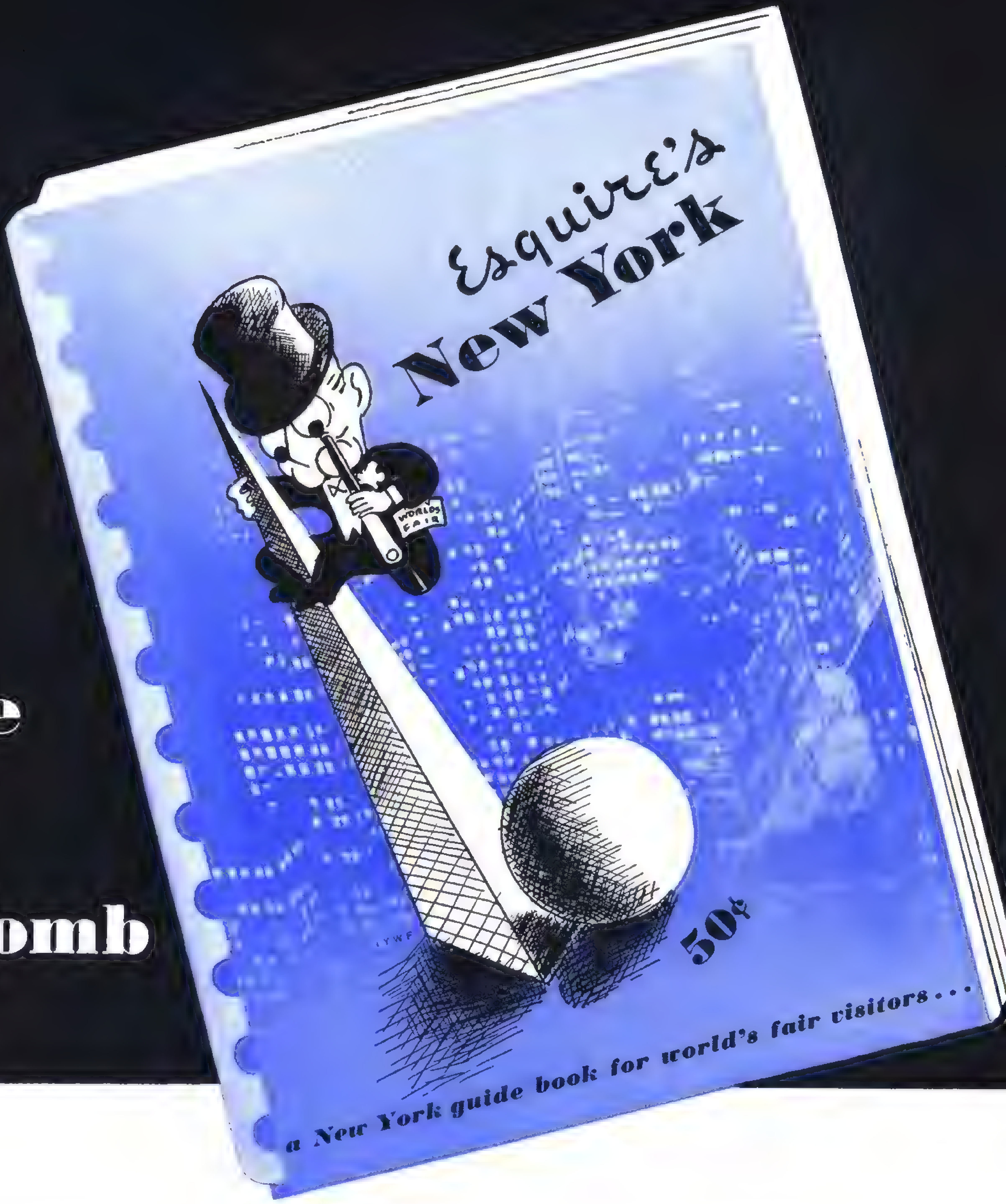
For a party, there's no better gramophone entertainment than Alec Templeton's impressions and satires on *Two German Lieder*

Continued at top of page 116

BEST SELLERS

Permanent	*Transient*
Haynes-Griffin, New York	
Concerto in A Minor (Schumann); Myra Hess (piano) with Walter Goehr conducting. Victor M-473	*This Can't Be Love; Sing for Your Supper;* Horace Heidt. Brunswick 8257
Through the Looking Glass (Deems Taylor); Howard Barlow conducting. Columbia 350	*My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love;* Mary Martin and Eddy Duchin. Brunswick 8282
Tristan and Isolde Prelude; Liebesnacht-Liebestod (Wagner); Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conducting. Victor M-508	*The Stately Homes of England; Mad About the Boy;* Ray Nobel and Male Quartet. Victor 26147
R. H. Macy, New York	
Tales of the Vienna Woods (Strauss); Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski conducting. Victor 6584	*My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love;* Horace Heidt. Brunswick 8257
Sixth Symphony (Tchaikovsky); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy. Victor M337	*Jeepers Creepers; The Devil With the Devil;* Larry Clinton. Victor 26100
Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; Felix Weingartner and the London Philharmonic. Columbia M254	*Umbrella Man; 60 Seconds Got Together;* Kay Kyser. Brunswick 8225

Don't buy this as a guide to Grant's Tomb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New York
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50¢
a New York guide book for world's fair visitors . . .

No, sir, if you're all set on that sight-seeing tour through Chinatown, if your heart goes aflutter at the very thought of the Aquarium—if, in short, these are the sort of "sights" that you'll be seeking your way to—well, then, just skip it... for you're in the wrong guide-book.

And, lest you gain the wrong impression, we have no quarrel with either the "sights" or the usual New York glossary. We simply submit that this one is a very different story.

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AMERICA'S NEWEST HAT HABIT

On the Record

Continued from pages 113-114

Singers, an *Old-Fashioned Italian Grand Opera*, the *Shortest Wagnerian Opera*, an *Amateur Performance of Gilbert and Sullivan* and a *Trip Through a Music Conservatory.* It doesn't matter whether you known you're on the common-room floor of London's Royal College of Music, hearing Mr. H. C. Colles' class in music appreciation, and Malcolm Sargent rehearsing the college orchestra—though if you do, you'll realize how accurate Mr. Templeton's imitations are. Any conservatory, whether Wellington or Portland, will do as well.

And as to that indefinite note by Mr. Templeton's *lieder* singer, how many times have we heard it? And the vocal war in *Jella Jello*—the inevitable Wagnerian calling cards—the take-offs on our most celebrated virtuosi—these must be heard to be believed. The Gramophone Shop—Paradise of record connoisseurs—has caught the blind Briton's satire in *Varieties* Album Set No. 1 and also has brought out an encore set, Album No. 2. The latter includes Mr. Templeton's now world-famous *Bach Goes to Town*, his *Undertaker's Toccata* and several original compositions that are strangely derivative. If you're only going to buy one, I recommend Album No. 1. No. 2 is pleasant but not so penetrating.

* * *

If you judge by Victor record sales, the most popular music of all time is: (1) Schubert's *Unfinished;* (2) Beethoven's *Fifth;* (3) Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite;* (4) Beethoven's *Seventh;* (5) Dvorak's *New World Symphony;* (6) Brahms' *No. 1;* (7) Tchaikovsky's *No. 6;* (8) Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade;* (9) Sibelius' *Second;* and (10) Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony.*

Roulades and Cadenzas

Less than ten weeks before the Fair's opening there was no room for Euterpe

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

THE other Sunday evening after an unforgettable *New Friends* concert, I walked across town on 42nd Street. For once, New York's midtown drag was empty. Hardly a loafer lingered in the park back of the library. No gaper slipped coppers in the telescope to gawk at the gawkers on the 102nd layer of the world's tallest skyscraper. No curious bumpkin wanted to ogle Saturn, even for a nickel. Trolley cars and taxis were elsewhere. The policeman yawned. For all the activity, it might have been Main Street in Bement, Illinois.

Yet, I thought, this is probably the last time in months Manhattan's belt line will be so silent, and deserted. Literature on my desk assures me that this summer America will be more than ever a nation of non-stop land lopers. Medicine men at the railroad and travel agencies declare that in the next six months upwards of sixty million will circle round Times Square and jam through the two-mile midway in Flushing, glimpsing not only the world of tomorrow but the world of today. For a week end or a month they will bivouac in the world's only city, compared to which all other towns are a mere huddle of shacks. They will spend over two billion for a show three times as costly and three times as large as any on record since the city of Venice inaugurated such carnivals back in 1268.

They will go haywire in a big way: be shot to the moon or Venus in "rocket" gun, bail out of a 250-foot parachute tower, descend into the depths of the ocean in a steel-walled bathysphere, wander around inside the model of a human eye while it gazes out on other hicks, shiver at the sight of a snowstorm sweeping down out of a clear spring sky, watch two hundred cows being milked simultaneously on a merry-go-round, buy orchids flown daily from Venezuela, hustle their mistresses out of sight of RCA's mobile televising apparatus, enter phony "life" classes, visit peepshows and see their own heads reflected on a painted naked body.

They will visit first-hand all Manhattan's temples of smut. Their blood pressure will surge at Billy Rose's million-dollar leg show. They will sample the costliest, emptiest fun-making known to man.

And they will wallow in the confusion of the noisiest, most aggressive and impersonal city in the

Continued on page 118

MAN TRIUMPHS OVER TIME

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 116

world. Limited only by the capacity of their pocketbooks and their innards, visiting burghers will indulge in sensations bizarre and fantastic, do their best to vibrate in the groove of their predecessors, the "native" New Yorkers, who only a few years ago themselves deserted green fields, budding trees, sprouting corn, broad valleys, and mountain vistas for a niche amid the darkness of Skyscraper Alley . . . who only yesterday left the still music of night and nature for the snobbery of a Carnegie Hall, under which the subway rumbles with the regularity of "Old Faithful," and a 52nd Street dive where the air hasn't been changed for three years.

Settlers, squatters, and paying guests alike will drink the night through without becoming noticeably gayer or sadder. They will act like mechanized midgets in a drab, unreal, and monotonous tragedy. They will exchange neighborliness, affection, loyalty and other simple values for the competitive savagery, spiritual desolation and exhausting excitement of New York, where, as Priestley says, time is not "merely killed, but murdered, in public."

The question is: Will these rustics from igloo, tepee, shanty and residence have a yen for music? What, if anything, will they want to hear? Will the singing color fountain furnish all the sound they need? Will they stalk out of the organ recitals in the *Temple of Religion, Inc.*, muttering, "Hell, there ain't nothing going on in this joint"?

About this, authorities could not agree. Most of them were apathetic or pessimistic, and predicted, "No sale!" A few were excited. As long ago as 1936 Olin Downes began outlining what he thought should be the basic plan of the Fair's music program:

The conventional thing to do would be to engage a famous symphony orchestra or two, call upon the Metropolitan Opera Association to provide a few performances, hire certain artists of international reputation to appear as soloists, provide some booths for records and music publishers' exhibits, radio a little entertainment of both respectable and popular sorts, and call it a job and turn to other matters. Now these things, or most of them, are desirable features of a great exposition. But they should not constitute its major musical offerings. They should be part of a music program of broader design.

The fact that we in America are able to maintain through private generosity and partial public support the finest orchestras in the world is very fortunate for us, and testimony to our enthusiasm for music . . . But these magnificent orchestras, while they are maintained here and do us infinite credit, are not indigenous to the land, or products of the people. They are not distinct from similar organizations in other countries; they do not represent something uniquely characteristic of America. As for a recital by a celebrated artist, it would be no more typical of our native culture in the Summer of 1939 than if it were held in Carnegie Hall in the winter of a boom year. The principal musical attractions of the coming exposition should be those which could be provided by only America, and they should afford us, as well as visitors from afar, an orientation which has hitherto been lacking in our tonal art.

They should furnish a complete cross-section of the musical life of the whole country, from the Colonial days to the present era. This could be done in a manner that would be of engrossing interest and that would give us a real perspective of our place in creative art.

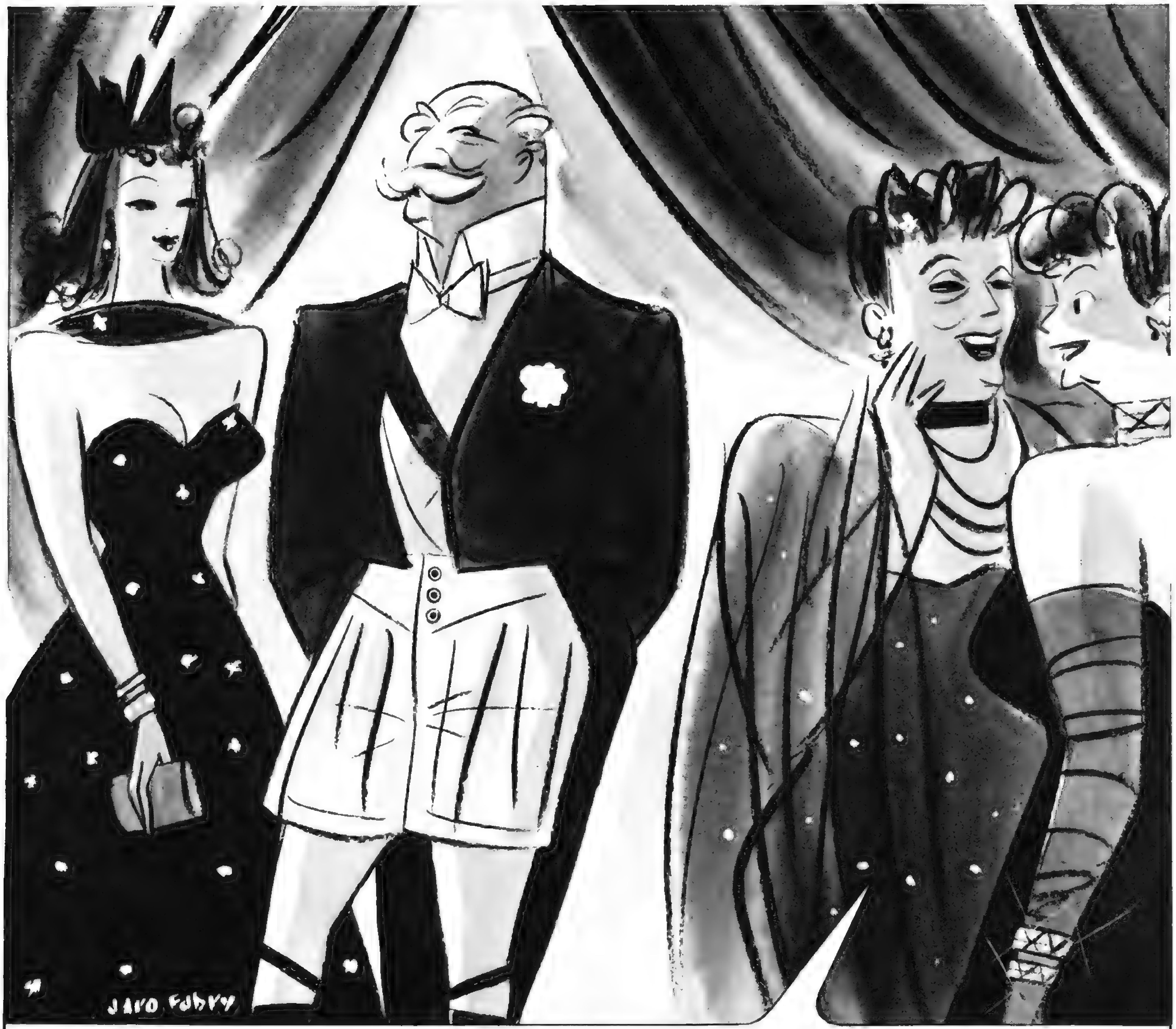
"Maybe," laughed showmen of experience, "but better forget it." No public, they pointed out, has ever clicked Fair turnstiles to hear music. Successful expositions have been those that didn't try to lift interest above the navel. At Chicago in 1893 it was the undulations of Little Egypt's brown, pneumatic belly that lured the rabble. Forty years later the proletariat came for Sally Rand's curves.

But Olin Downes set out almost single-handed to prove that he was right! "If music is properly selected and performed in programs that include all the aspects, popular and serious, of the art, a new and great public, more numerous and more democratic, and perhaps more genuine and original in its reactions than the professional and sophisticated denizens of opera house and concert hall can be reached."

For backlog, he had the single fact that at Chicago's Century of Progress, Joe Doakes, having had his fill of the quaint Belgian Village, the educational Gorilla Village, the tiresome Midget Village (complete with midget jail, midget courthouse, midget barber shop), the yodeling Swiss Village and a dozen other Villages, perfect in architecture and fake in atmosphere . . . having banged his bones about in the Cyclone Safety Coaster and thrilled with a Sky-Ride "five times as high as the Odd Fellows' Hall" . . . and having wearied himself with Ripley's Odditorium, the *Pantheon of the War* and the *Battle of Gettysburg* cycloramas . . . he was only too glad to sit himself down, Kewpie dolls under his arm, in Swift & Company's or Henry Ford's free seats while the Chicago or Detroit Symphony orchestras droned out Schubert's *Unfinished* and Strauss waltzes and Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*.

Mr. Downes installed the first Music Department in any Fair, invited co-operation from far and near, jostled Mr. Toscanini out to Flushing and got him hopped up enough to say that he was "deeply impressed with the artistic and

Continued on page 120



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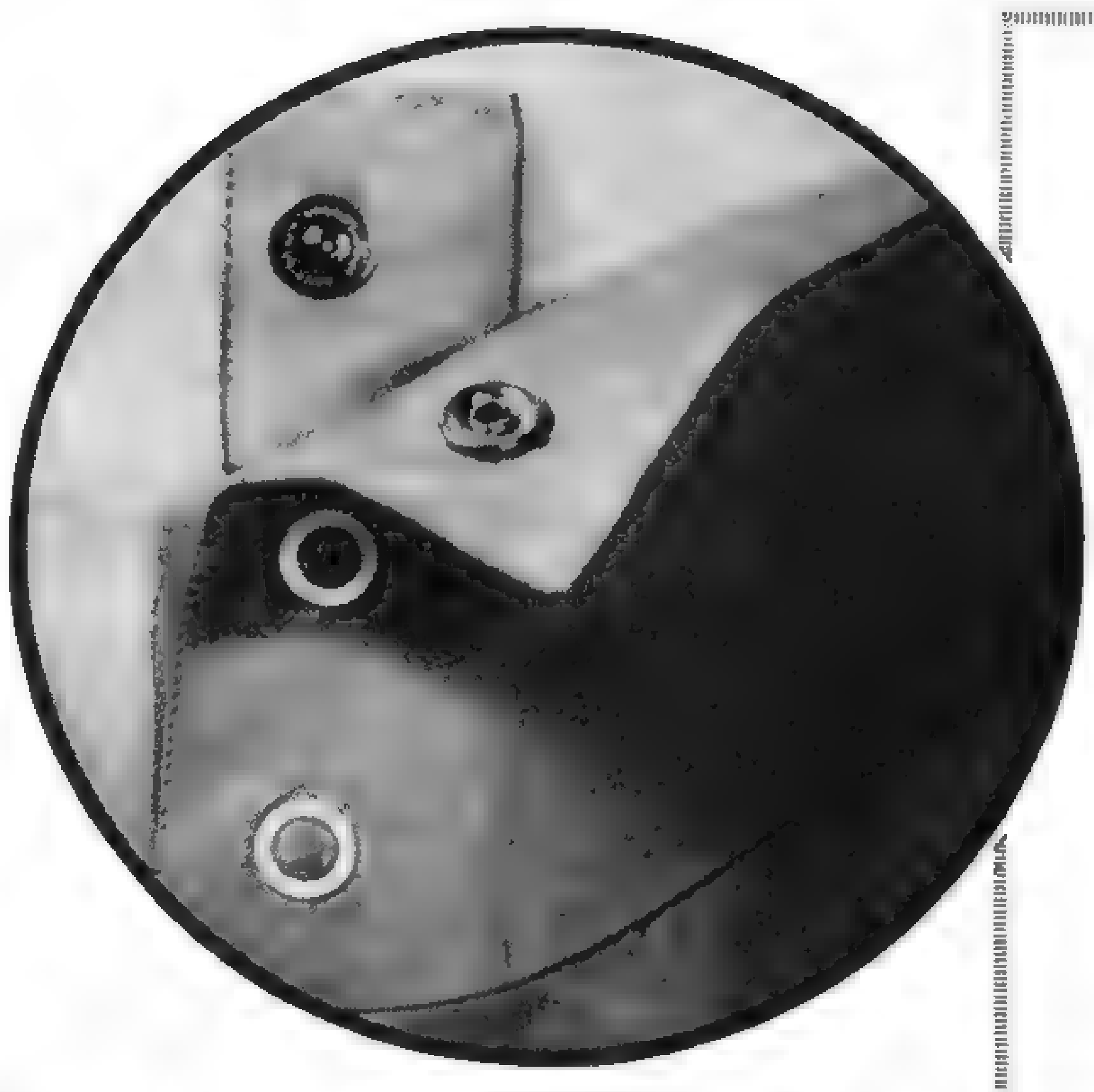

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 116-118

spiritual endeavors planned . . . particularly pleased that the Fair has put artistry above commercialism."

Mr. Downes, in fact, gave skeptics something to think about when six hundred thousand knocked down the police and each other to watch his free May Day pageant of choruses and dances. Eighteen thousand had been expected. He went on with plans for Mr. Toscanini to conduct operas, a Metropolitan Wagnerian season with Kirsten Flagstad, visits from the Glyndebourne, La Scala and Paris Opera companies, the Leningrad ballet, orchestras from home and abroad, folk-song festivals that would make history.

Then, plans hit a snag. Funds for music were withdrawn. Considerable doubt developed as to whether the Fair's air-conditioned Music Building would be used for music at all. Plans were rejected to air-condition the Metropolitan Opera House and/or Carnegie Hall. At our deadline, February 15th, less than ten weeks before the Fair's opening, the Muse is still walking the streets, a gal without a home. Doubtless by the time you read this, someone will have given her board and room.

Though music at the Fair will not be qualitatively and comprehensively what Mr. Downes hoped it would be, it will be worth your visit whether you come in May or September or November. And, Broadway know-it-alls notwithstanding, it will bring a substantial number of receptive visitors to New York, anxious to take away lasting impressions of a noble art. Euterpe may not be as popular as the Sun Valley Winter Wonderland, Their Majesties, or Lentelli's Golden Sprays, but still she has her charms.

* * *

The Music Department of the World's Fair will send you detailed lists of music events now scheduled and also sell you tickets in advance for the Met's Wagner Cycle:

Die Meistersinger	*May 2*
Das Rheingold	*May 6*
Die Walküre	*May 8*
Siegfried	*May 10*
Die Götterdämmerung	*May 12*
Tristan und Isolde	*May 15*
Parsifal	*May 17*

The official concert of the Polish government, with Artur Rodzinski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra: *May 3*

The official concert of the Rumanian government with Georges Enesco conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra: *May 5*

The Philadelphia Orchestra concerts, with Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy conducting: *May 14, 16*, and *22*

The "command" performance of the BBC Orchestra, which Their Majesties are to attend, early in June.

The six New York concerts of the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky, during the first two weeks of September.

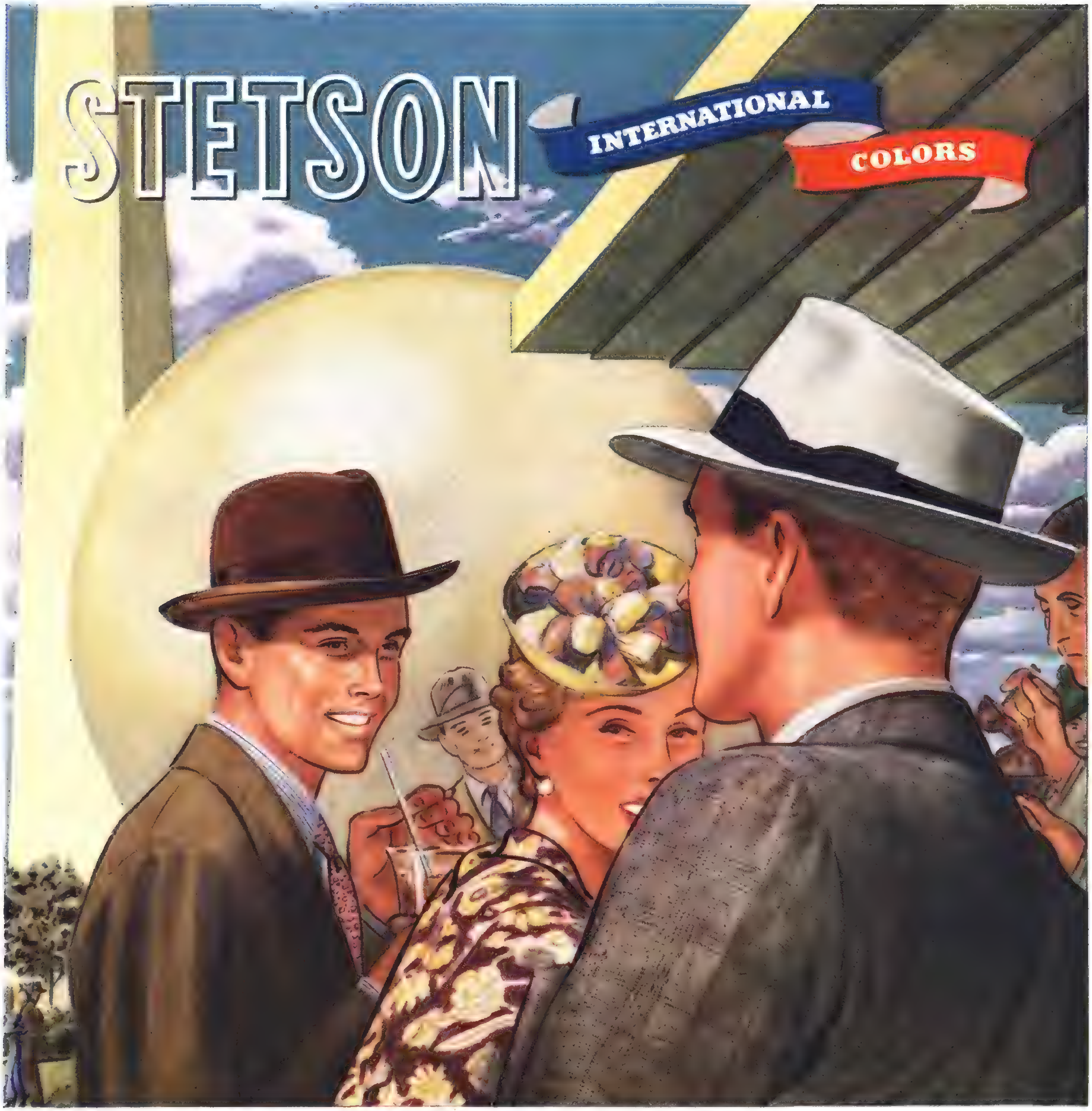
Admissions will be free to the historical series of religious concerts in the Temple of Religion, the appearances of the Westminster Choir on May 26th and 27th, and the Association of Glee Clubs of America on July 1st and 2nd, and scores of daily band concerts and programs sponsored by foreign nations and exhibitors.

The Stadium Concerts, at a dollar top, will continue for ten weeks, beginning June 14th and featuring such soloists as: Jascha Heifetz, Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Moritz Rosenthal, Albert Spalding, Efrem Zimbalist, Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Jose Iturbi, Harold Bauer, Lily Pons and John Charles Thomas.

Discriminating music lovers will not miss the Berkshire Festival at Lenox, Massachusetts on August 3, 5, 6, 10, 12 and 13, easily America's premier summer series of orchestra concerts. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony in Haydn and Mozart symphonies, Beethoven's *Second* and *Third*, Brahms' *First* and *Third*, Sibelius' *Second* and *Fifth*, Tchaikovsky's *Fourth*, Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, Piston's *Concerto for Orchestra*, Prokofieff's *Lieutenant Kije*, Ravel's *La Valse*, Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade* and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyl*.

If you're taking in the Pageant of the Pacific at the Golden Gate Exposition, don't miss The Oyster Grotto and the Twilight concerts on Sundays and make your visit coincide either with the San Francisco Symphony's six weeks' Fair season or that city's unrivaled opera season scheduled to begin October 13th. It includes *Tristan, Walküre, Götterdämmerung, Fidelio, Lakme, Barbiere, Rigoletto, Boris Godunoff, Ballo in Maschera*, and *Bohème* with Flagstad, Pons, Caniglia, Lawrence, Stignani, Favero, Tibbett, Melchior and Bjoerling.

It is expected that our expositions will reverse the flow of trans-Atlantic travel and that fewer Americans will spend the summer abroad. Those who go early will hear the London Music Festival, from April 23 to May 28, including all the Beethoven symphonies and the *Missa Solemnis*, conducted by Arturo Toscanini; orchestral concerts by Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham; opera at Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells and Glyndebourne (which continues on until July 15th); first-class performances of choral and church music in historic places such as Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and Southwark Cathedral; and a concert of seventeenth and eighteenth century music in the Royal Palace at Hampton Court. For the first time, London's musical organizations have combined to promote and advertise an annual Festival, which promises to get the attention formerly given Salzburg. ##



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"Festiru Vestante Stetson"*

JANE: What language is that?

JIM: Esperanto! It takes the international language to describe the international hat.

JACK: But there's one word that's the same in all languages—Stetson.

JIM: And it means the same all over the world—the finest thing in hats!

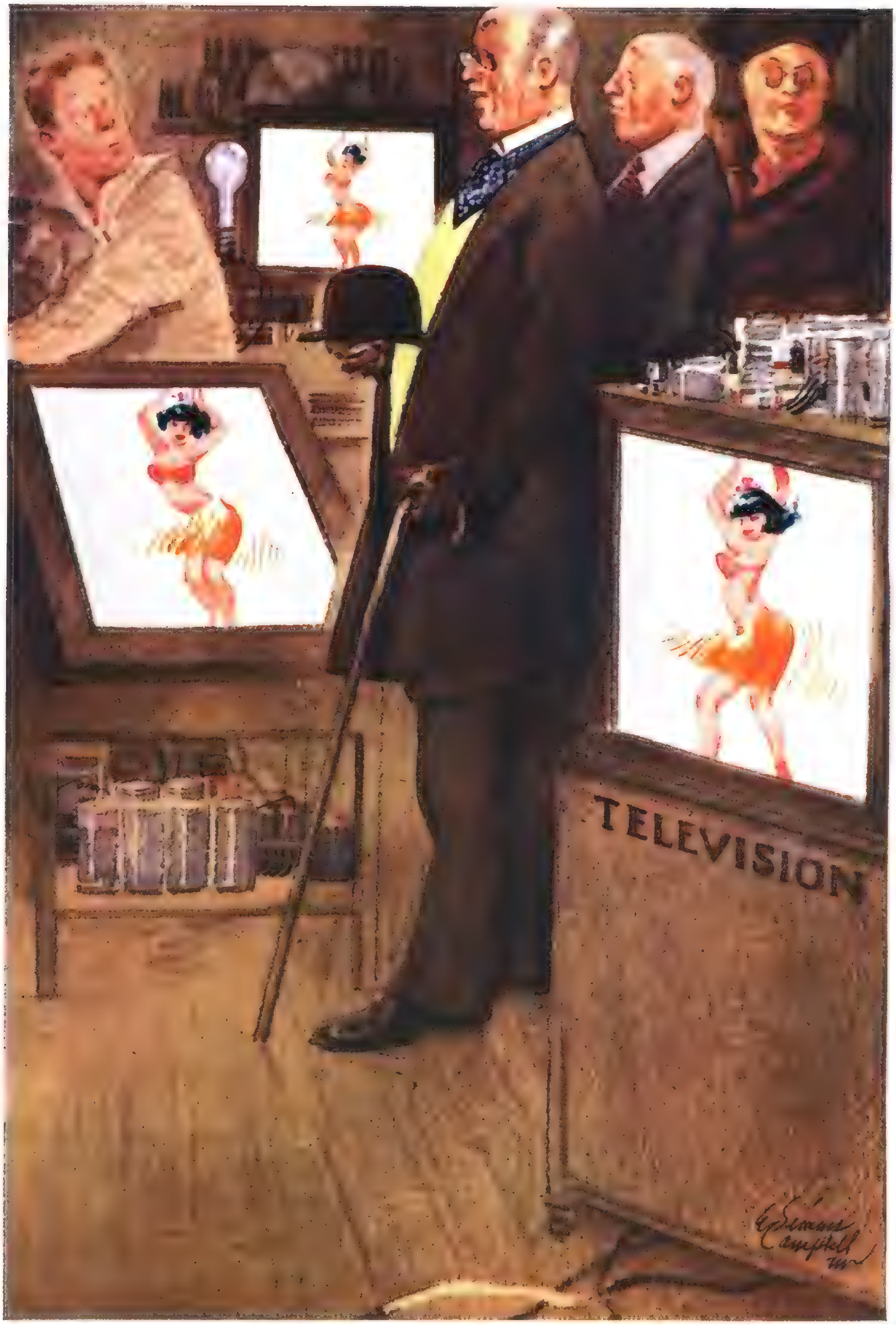
JANE: Is that what gave them the idea for those striking International Colors?

JIM: Exactly! The world's smartest colors for the world's most famous hat!

*Step Out With a Stetson

STETSONS ARE PRICED $5 to $40

STETSONS MADE IN CANADA, FROM $5.50 • JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS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"Mr. McMurtrie! Is this what you've been doing with the Foundation's money!"

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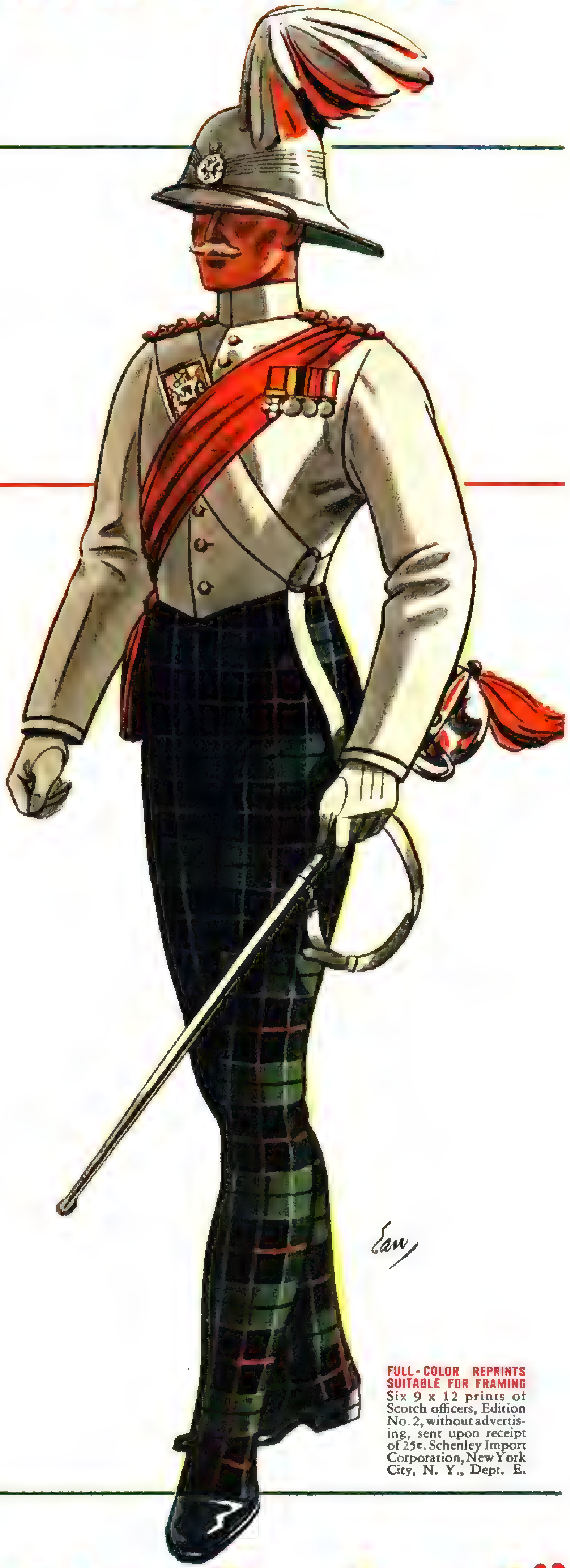

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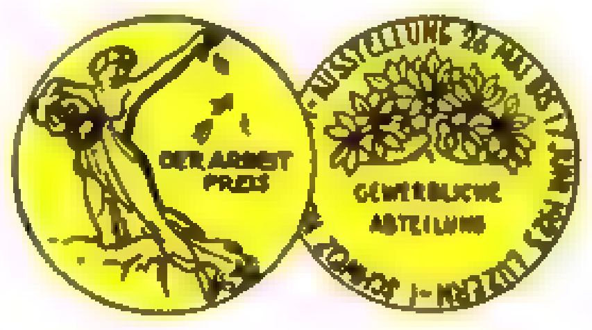
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The Candid Cameraman

Some like Cinderella, some like musicals and others like crime, so how can Hollywood lose?

by PATTERSON MURPHY

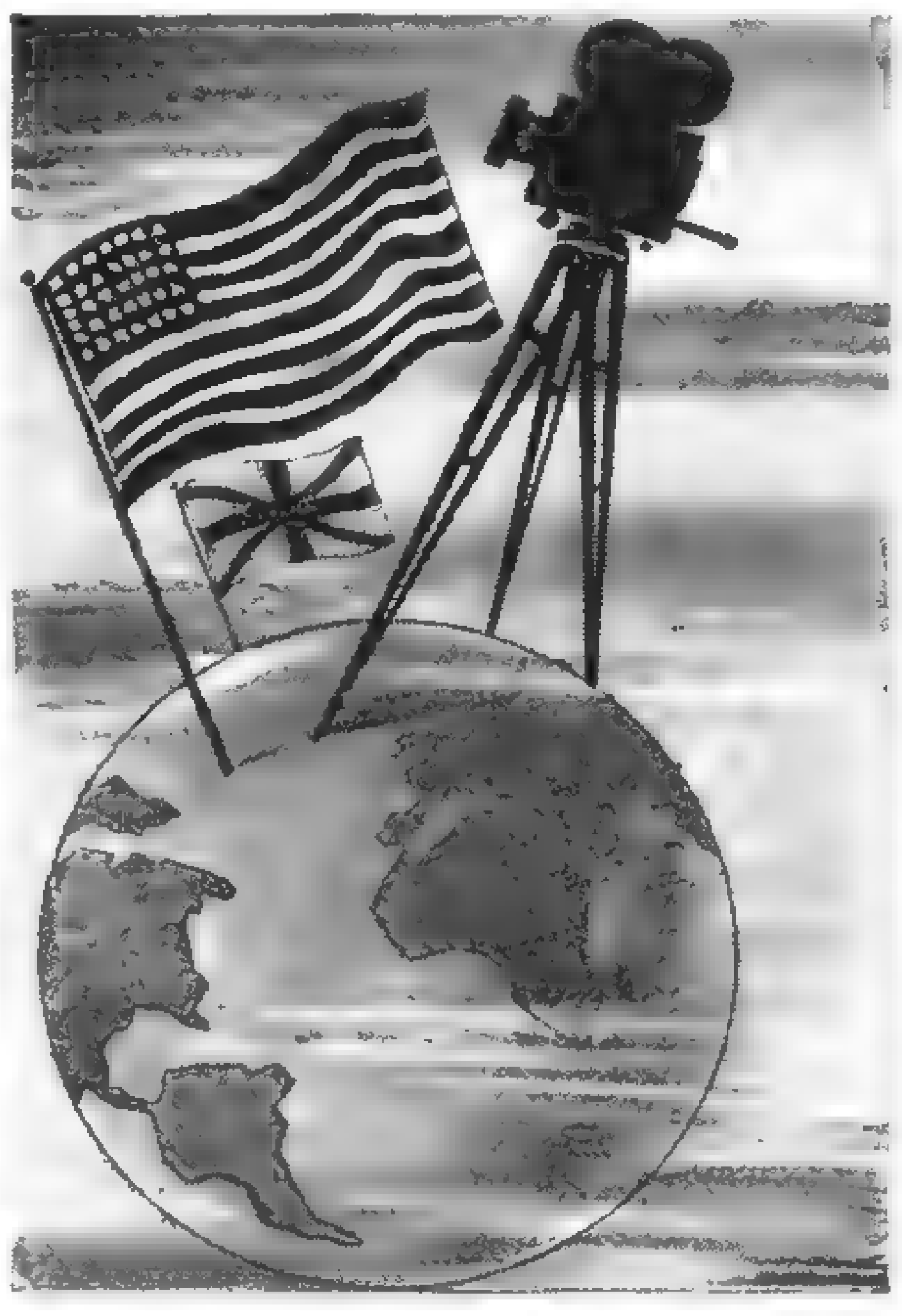
▪ MOVIES ▪

ONCE every seven years the British make a swell picture and maybe even two swell pictures, and the wise men of Manhattan run for their adding machines and figure out how RKO, MGM, UA, WB and Darryl Zanuck had better store up canned goods in their ranch cellars, while they still have checkbooks. For the Kordas are coming, so beware, so beware. This is the year of the grasshoppers for Hollywood, and the British invasion is greater than ever. There are as many as three hit films on the screens, British-made.

What does it mean, when, all in one season, three such films as *Pygmalion*, *The Beachcomber*, and *The Citadel* can take front rank as box-office winners, both on Main Street and Broadway? Not to mention a few assists by such minor hits as Mr. Korda's *Drums*.

First, it means that Hollywood hasn't produced enough pictures to fill the double bills. American producers have had to multiply the Class B output, for the duals, and have at times found themselves short of Class A attractions for the palaces. The upsurge of British effort has been anything but embarrassing to Hollywood. Instead, the films from London have been life savers to the mammoth producer-exhibitor combines.

For it must not be forgotten that Hollywood eats the banana from both ends. Almost every major producing company has a chain of outlet theatres around its neck; the ideal situation for a company is to have a hit picture from its own studio, which makes money in its own theatres, and in addition makes money on rentals to independent theatres and to other, even rival producer-exhibitor chains, and lastly, abroad. But suppose a company is short of hits. Then it not only starves but chokes, for the rentals on its unsensational pictures are few and low; and its own theatre chains do poor business running its own pictures.



The British come along, after taking the risk of making films that are slightly different, and therefore likely to stimulate movie attendance if they click at all; the British hit-pictures, and only their hit-pictures, go into the lagging American theatres. The profits of the showings go back to the American producer-exhibitor combines. Thus, if they can't get both ends, they get at least one end of the banana.

So, as long as British production is confined to a few hit pictures a season, Hollywood has every reason to welcome rather than to fear this "competition." And it is unlikely that British photoplays will ever flood American screens; the British are not geared to mass-production of films. They do make some quickies for home consumption, but these seem to have an unexportable flavor, akin to the unexportable quality of British humor.

What we get are the special efforts of men to whom the cinema is something of an art. To them, each production is an individual matter, rather than an item in a series of similar products. For example, to go back to the first of the British hits, *Henry the Eighth*, which in Hollywood would have been approached as another costume picture; in London it was developed as a character study. And *Pygmalion*, which Hollywood probably would have awarded to Norma Shearer on the basis of her rank as first lady of the profession, could be cast according to suitability, in London.

Immediately, one asks why can't the British multiply production, while still keeping this individual method of approach? They can't, any more than Hollywood can. Witness, for instance, the case of Alfred Hitchcock, who, six years ago, was the big directorial menace to the lads on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Hitchcock had a fresh approach to melodrama. He made the *39 Steps*, and bowled the customers over, on an international scale. On the basis of that one picture, it was widely predicted that the English had at last learned the technique of film production, and that with their brains and American machinery, so to speak, they would soon take the world market away from Hollywood.

What happened? Mr. Hitchcock made a few more pictures, all characterized by the elaborately casual approach to melodrama which he had uncovered in *39 Steps*. He developed his own little trend. The novelty wore off.

British studios have become to

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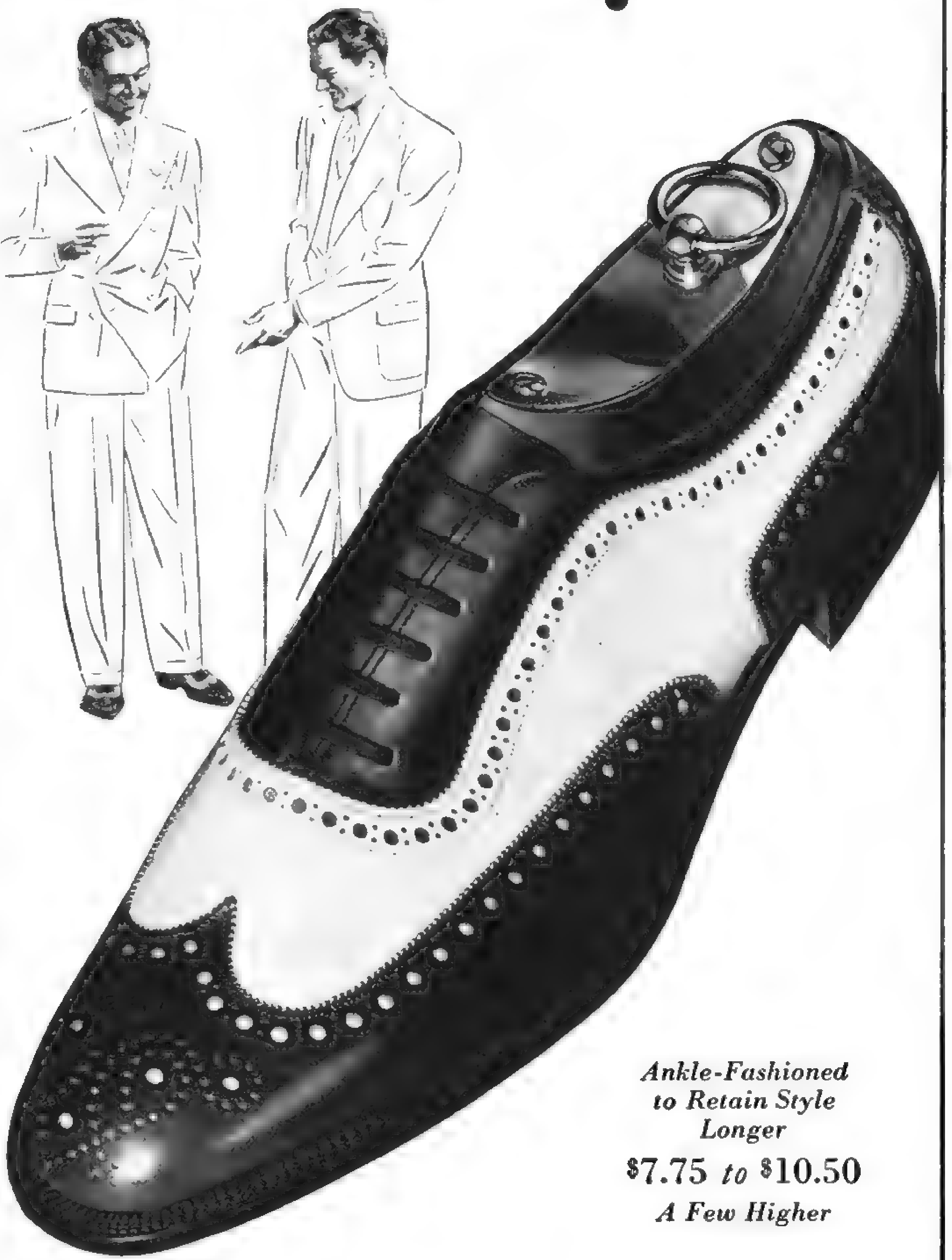

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Ankle-Fashioned to Retain Style Longer

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A Few Higher

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 125

a certain extent the experimental outposts of the Hollywood plan. And because they serve this function there is plenty of co-operation from the home office. The most obvious tieup is, of course, the inclusion of Mr. Korda in the United Artist setup; but when Hollywood lends its best artists and directors to Great Britain, it becomes plain that Gaumont-British and London films are regarded as little brothers rather than as foreign rivals. In some corners it is explained that the major producers find it cheaper occasionally to turn out pictures like *The Citadel* in London rather than in Hollywood, because of certain quota and tax regulations that can be avoided over there. So it may be that when, and if, British movies come over by the dozen, it will turn out that the English studios have merely become assembly plants for Hollywood parts.

Through standardization of product, Hollywood has developed a high dexterity appeal, similar to the appeal which brought people to the vaudeville theatres week after week, to see the same succession of acts.

For instance, in vaudeville, one set of acrobats does practically the same set of tricks as another set of acrobats. Yet fans will not turn away from an acrobatic number because they've seen that type of thing before. Rather, they'll greet the parting of the curtain on the old familiar spring stands with a welcoming, "Ah, acrobats. I like acrobats." And settle down to see how well this troupe performs. Same goes for ventriloquists and jugglers and apache dancers. There's nothing new in the plot.

Hollywood has developed a similar series of categories. Some folks like westerns, some like the Cinderella story, some like backstage musicals, some like crime pictures; there is no expectation of plot surprise any more, but a comfortable interest in the way a familiar thing is done.

But even in the present low state of vaudeville, along will come a couple of acrobats with a new number. I saw them the other day during the stage show at a movie palace. They were two stocky thick-necked men, and they did a series of gymnastic tumbling stunts that depended entirely on wrist-strength and balance. No spring jumps, no spectacular triple somersaults. Just slow, muscle-controlled movements.

That reduction to fundamentals happens every once in a while in every art, in every form of entertainment. The simplest forms return with surprise-appeal. Pictures are ripe for such surprise.

Look at two of this season's pictures, and you will realize how completely and how frankly the film makers have come to rely upon dexterity. *Café Society* and *There Goes My Heart*, are both, of course, remakes of *Reporter Marries Heiress*, which in turn falls into the male-Cinderella class that includes everything from *The Lady and the Cowboy* to the Lady and the Fuller Brush Man.

Only, the two reporter-heiress pictures of this season are so frankly related that they even sport the same grandfather—played in both by the beautifully named Claude Gillingwater.

Now, when a film opens with a reporter assigned to interview an heiress coming off a boat, even a teacher of grammar-school English would be justified in marking the plot interest nil. For if the reporter is Fredric March or Fred MacMurray, the audience comfortably settles down to the secure feeling that the acrobats will all wind up on top of each other.

So there is no plot interest. Another major factor in our classic understanding of what-keeps-people-in-their-seats is the element called character. But obviously there can be no character interest in a typical Hollywood release, for the simple reason that the characters are known as soon as the cast is listed. Mr. Gillingwater may be a trifle more crochety in *There Goes My Heart* than he is in *Café Society;* but the ground man in an acrobatic pyramid, no matter what kind of face he makes, remains a ground man. As for glamour stars, they may not depart from their screen selves. So we know Virginia Bruce and we know Madeleine Carroll, and there can be no curiosity about character. Plot and character, out.

What remains? That thing called situation, which is technical parlance for how-they-do-it. Does number one acrobat leap from the left or from the right? Does he cartwheel or somersault? Can he do double or triple turn in the air?

Now, this element of dexterity must not be belittled. Shakespeare borrowed his plots, often used stock characters. And this pair of similarly engendered films is excellent proof of the high state to which the entertainment art of Hollywood has developed. For the films are quite different, and as independently enjoyable as two sets of ballroom dancers following each other on the floor. They even manage to convey an atmosphere of originality!

There Goes My Heart manages to be original in a few gags, like the scene where Patsy Kelly and

Continued on page 128

Here's that Remarkable New Inner-Suit that cushions the body against stiff outer garments

Gives Freedom for Action as unyielding cloth can never do

Golfers led the rebellion against underwear that pinches and binds

Stretches with Movement— Shaped at the Thigh so it *Can't Ride Up*

Zephyr-Light—weighs 4 to 5 ounces

● Now has come a vast improvement in men's inner wear. A new type Knit Suit—Zephyr-light—that "gives" with every movement of the body. Yet returns to shape without bunching.

Golfers spread the news of the comfort this gives. And started thousands of active men wearing it daily. This new type garment, called the Lewis Golf Inner-Suit, is ousting cloth garments that can't stretch as the body moves. It's taking the place of "panty" types that bind because there's no fabric to fit at the thigh.

These suits are knit a new way. Of Zephyr-light Mercerized Lisle. They weigh only 4 to 5 ounces. They're designed without an inch of excess fabric. So there's no loose ends or ruffles.

Moreover, they stretch four ways. And spring back to where they were without creeping or crawling.

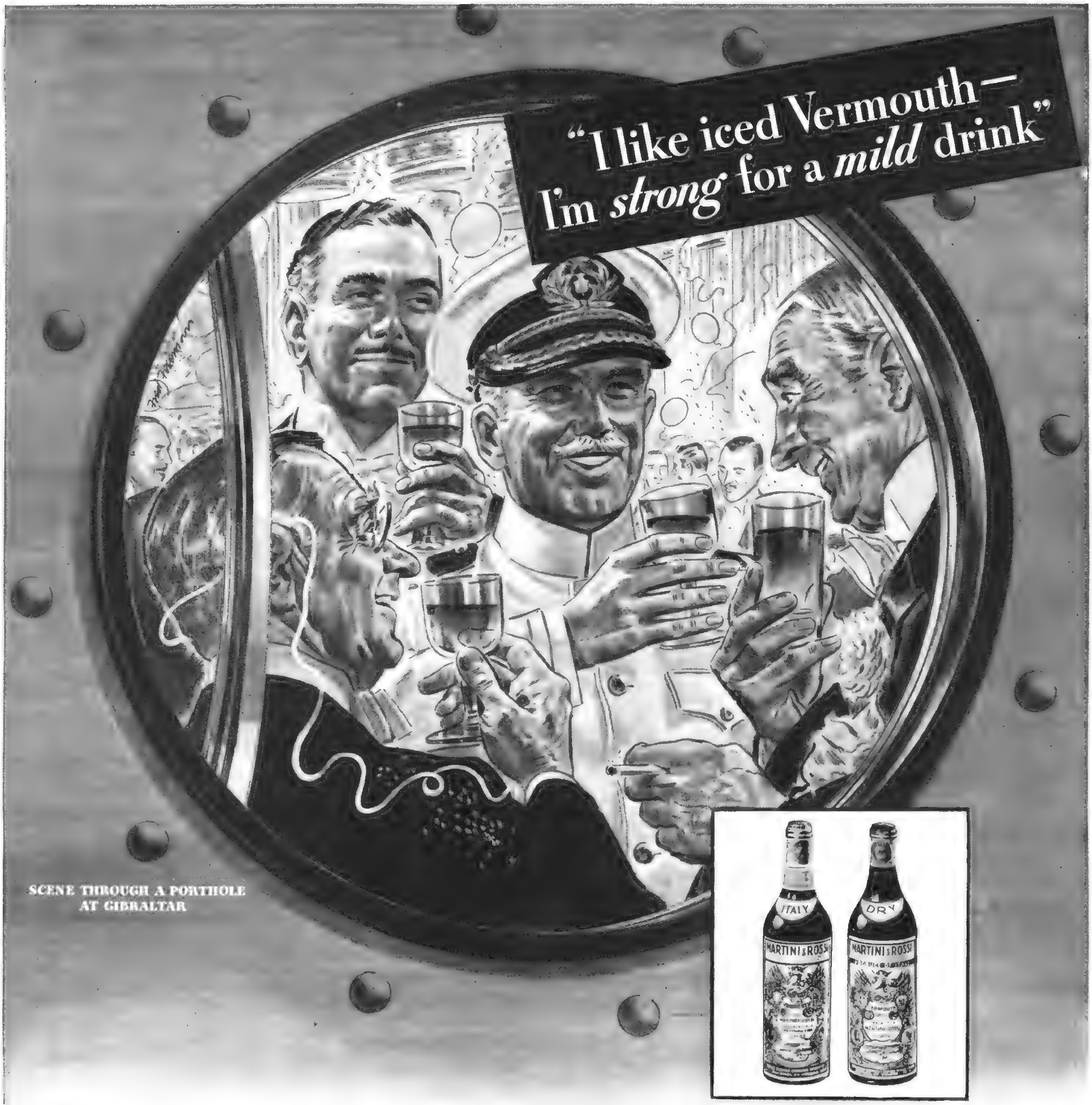
This porous knit gives you an air-conditioned inner suit which evaporates perspiration. So it's cooler in summer, warmer in winter. Hence thousands wear them the year around. Women hail them for they need no ironing. And they give full protection from skin contact with outer garments.

This new comfort is now available at leading retailers. Ask for the Lewis Golf Inner-Suit. We make every style of underwear. But this is the one we recommend. If your retailer can't supply you, send $2.50 and your size to Lewis Knitting Co., Janesville, Wisc. Three-quarter length leg 50c extra.

FITS HERE
SO IT CAN'T WORK UP HERE

The LEWIS Golf inner-Suit

Air-conditioned knit—*hence far cooler in summer and warmer in winter*



SCENE THROUGH A PORTHOLE AT GIBRALTAR

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Vermouth is a spiced wine with a subtle, bitter-sweet flavor—carrying a touch of the warm Italian sunshine that ripened the grapes and herbs it's made of. Try vermouth straight (and chilled) and *find out what makes a Manhattan taste good!* It's not only an adventure for the palate—it's a whetstone: vermouth is the great international appetizer before meals. It's a delicious proof that *a strong drink may be good but a good drink doesn't have to be strong!*

You'll know vermouth by the company it keeps—people who have been around. (For "vermouth" read "Martini & Rossi," the standard for over 100 years.)

Sole Agents for U.S.A., W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N.Y.

Alcohol by vol. Italy 15.95% — Dry 18%

3 MOODS IN 1 BOTTLE
(Either Bottle)

1. Be gay—have a Manhattan or Martini.
2. Be moderate—have vermouth straight. Served chilled in cocktail glass.
3. Be conservative—have vermouth and soda. Mixed like a highball, using vermouth instead of whiskey.

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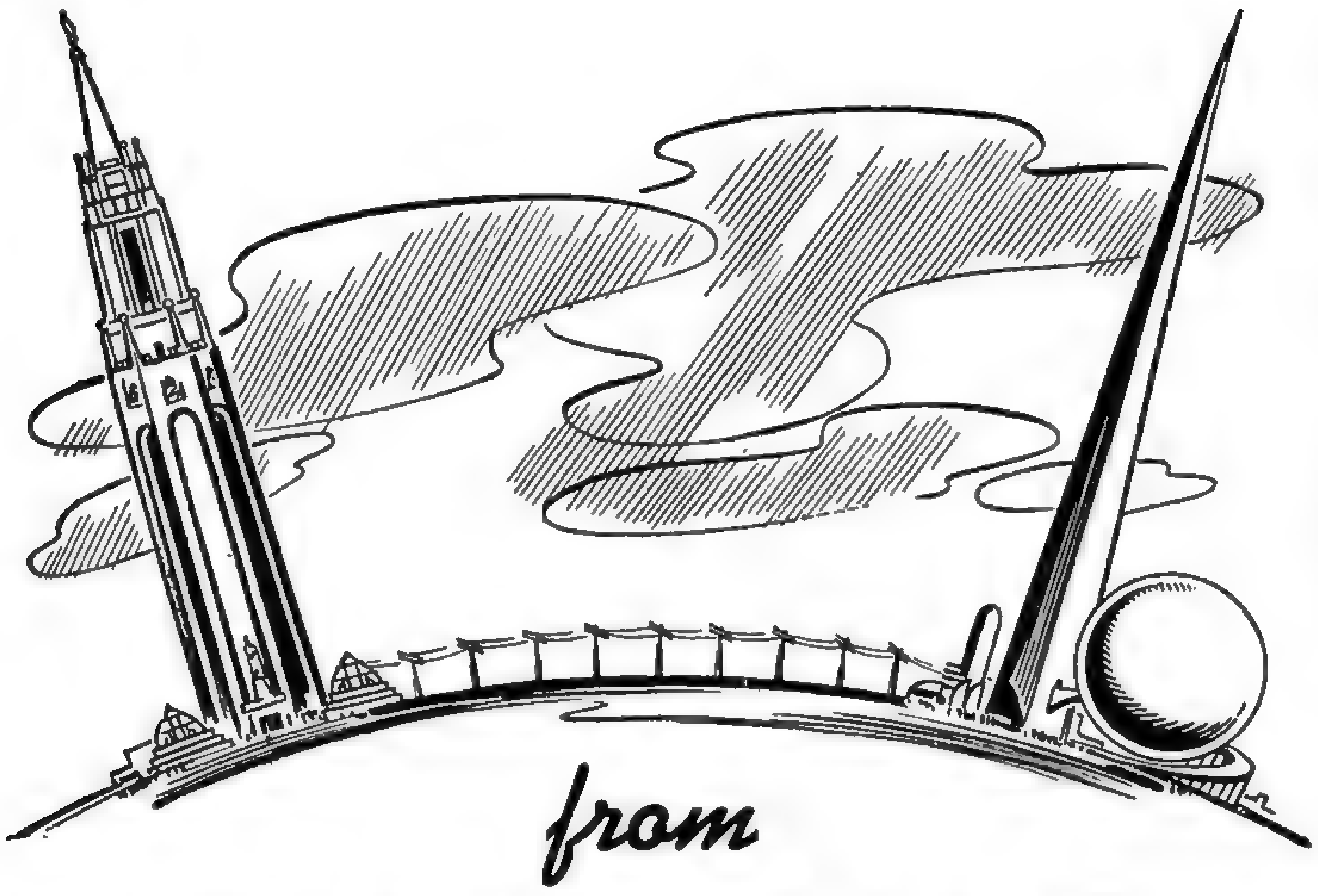
THE **VERMOUTH** THE SUN NEVER SETS ON



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Postal Telegraph

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 125-126

Virginia steal electric current by plugging into a sign that hangs outside their window. *Café Society* has originality of a higher type. It has a New Yorkerish self-consciousness in attitude, applied even to such standard scenes as boy-and-girl-in-a-parked-car. They are aware of each other's "lines." They frankly discuss their methods of attack. (Of course the same scene is contemporaneous in *They Made Me a Criminal*, and it doesn't matter who swiped from whom, or what novel both swiped from.) Or take the scene in *Café Society* where the other girl, caught making coffee in the hero's apartment, sheds her wrapper to reveal that she's fully garbed underneath—that, too, has a brisk brashness that's fresh in films.

It's to such things as situation and tempo and gag that the overdeveloped craft of film making is forced. This is okay for a while, even a long while, but periodically the public gets tired of acrobats.

Then you don't see them for a few months or years, and presently the two little men doing the fundamentally simple tricks come along and the cycle starts all over again.

Hollywood has a testing ground for that, too. The quickies often turn up the new, or renewed trend. Pretentious, arty experiments with a literary appeal may be made in England. (*Pygmalion, The Citadel, Rembrandt.*) But the humble experiments are made right in Hollywood.

Thus, several years ago, there was a quickie called *The Informer*, and after it had made film history the men who produced it—Robert Sisk and Cliff Reid—did a few pretentious things, and a few years went by, and they were taking their turns at quickies, and Mr. Sisk tried a new young director named Garson Kanin on a simple little script called *A Man to Remember*, without a "name" star. *A Man to Remember* was, to my mind, a better picture about the medical life than *The Citadel;* but anyway, back came the day of the character actor. The unappreciated old codger immediately got a repeat engagement in *The Great Man Votes*, and this time he served as a try-out comeback for John Barrymore, and a tryout for baby Peter Holden.

The Ritz Brothers' version of *Three Musketeers* is a parallel to that phase of acrobatics where the performers themselves kid the act, but nevertheless stick to the routine for them as likes it. This is, of course, the final stage of artifice; sophistication bordering on cynicism. Audiences twenty years ago would have been puzzled, perhaps angered by such mockery. Today it's the only way the *Three Musketeers* could be done. A "straight" version a few years ago was a complete flop. The Ritz Brothers have developed brilliantly since their days of unembellished slapstick. Now, when they slap each other, they do it in a cymbal dance. The funniest scene of the year is the one in which they grab Binnie Barnes by the ankles and turn her upsidedown, shaking love notes out of her bodice, because they are too prudish to go in to get them. It's forthright lunacy of the kind Ed Wynn used to dish out, but they're funnier than Ed Wynn used to be, being three.

WHAT'S GOOD, WHAT'S BAD

Huckleberry Finn:

Good: The scene where Rex Ingram as Negro Jim lies on the grass with Mickey Rooney as Huck, and they just talk about kings and things. This is the only scene that truly catches the Mark Twain flavor. Ingram in jail, waiting for the lynchers, is memorable.

Bad: Mickey's self-consciousness. Surface-acting all the time, using a lot of cheap tricks and mugging à la Wallace Beery. Stodgy handling of the swindler episodes.

Idiot's Delight:

Good: Clark Gable's winsome trouping. Hearty enough to give him another ten years as a star. Looks more like Hemingway every day.

Bad: Norma Shearer in the early scenes. Norma Shearer in some of the later scenes, in blonde wig. She overplays, like an amateur.

Jesse James:

Good: Nearly the whole thing. Especially Fonda's showdown scene, with Tyrone.

Bad: Nancy Kelly's eyebrow acting in scene with baby in bed.

The Little Princess:

Good: About seven minutes of dream scene in which Shirley sees things in a child-story palace setting.

Bad: The rest of it.

Made for Each Other:

Good: The idea, showing the first few years in the life of a typical young lawyer and wife. The bit in stateroom, where she insists on seeing what he has in a package, jumps all over him to grab it.

Bad: The melodramatic sequence flying serum through storm for baby. Has no relation to the rest of the picture and seems to have been injected by folks who feared the picture would flop without some "action." Mr. Jimmy Stewart should wear a strait jacket on his face for an hour every day. It would improve his acting.

St. Louis Blues:

Good: The unpretentious, simply entertaining tone that characterizes so many class B pictures; the workmanlike acting of Lloyd Nolan, in this as in another recent quickie called *Ambush*. It seems to say, "this is just another picture, relax." Requires nothing of the audience, and gives it something if a little; in contrast to many class A pictures which require a lot of attention, but give back small entertainment, leaving a debit-balance. Maxine Sullivan's plain singing of *St. Louis Blues.*

Bad: The insistence on putting Dorothy Lamour into a sarong. Why not teddies for a change?

They Made Me a Criminal:

Good: Nothing especially.

Bad: Nothing especially. Unless it's the dragged-in tank-swimming scene, to prove the *Dead End* boys are the genuine *Dead End* boys from *Dead End.* And some of Garfield's Cagney-isms.

The most heartening propaganda to come out of Hollywood to date is the propaganda for democracy contained in such recent films as *Let Freedom Ring* and *The Great Man Votes.* Both films deliberately teach the value of the ballot. With hokum, sure, and with a certain amount of show-patriotism, sure; but they teach it as definitely as a course in citizenship. And the value, particularly of *Let Freedom Ring,* lies in the fact that the democratic method is not simply praised in a series of flag-waving speeches. There is none of this bludgeoning patriotism. Both films show the dangers of misuse of the ballot, the possibilities of control by politicians or plutocrats, but both wind up with solutions that are practical as well as inspirational.

If *Let Freedom Ring* is an example of the kind of propaganda we may presently expect in pictures, the prospect is bright. It may be that whispers have come down from high places to Hollywood, intimating that the screen is the best mass teaching medium. And if the screen undertakes this job, I am all for it, as long as it sticks to the line laid out in these two films.

Let no one shout, What! you ask for propaganda! you beg for propaganda in pictures that should be only entertainment! It has long been pointed out that every picture is propagandistic, whether deliberately or not. Most pictures are propaganda for the continuance of the illusion that every poor boy can marry a rich girl, or vice versa. Simple happiness and family life pictures are propaganda for the *status quo.* But to preserve and even improve our *status quo* as a democracy is going to take positive belief rather than mere acceptance; and I would rather have the positive type of propaganda expressed in *Let Freedom Ring* than the opium propaganda of an Astaire-Rogers picture.

Not that *Let Freedom Ring* is a series of pep-talks to voters! It is a western, a super-feature with burnings and stagecoach robberies and fist fights in which the sound effects are like no bone ever sounded on any other bone, unless one thousand times amplified. It is a glorified western, a melodrama, but with a message.

The message: all you hunkies building the railroad, all you Polacks, Dagos, Russkis, Jews, Irish—you are Americans. You can vote any way you damn please. You don't have to vote the way the boss tells you to. You are Americans. It is sung out, spelled out, yelled out at the end of a crude but effective situation in which a railroad builder tries to force the farmers to sell him their land, not merely the right of way for his road, but all their land, at a song, so that no one but himself may profit from the rise in land values when his road goes through. He controls the situation by controlling the local court, and controls that by "voting his hunkies."

The opposition is a stubborn farmer whose son secretly prints a newspaper which tells the truth and which is smuggled to the hunkies. Lesson: free press.

Most significant character in the film is a tough, stupid, good-hearted slave driver played by Victor McLaglen—he is the railroad boss's strong-arm man; he keeps the hunkies terrified. This brutish character is finally awakened by a lot of flying fists on his jaw to the realization that he has sold his allegiance and his power to the wrong party, and that it is only through the use of dupes like himself that injustice by violence is maintained, that the use of the ballot is perverted.

So he joins in telling the hunkies they are free to vote the way they think right, that they don't have to vote the way the boss tells them.

This is good propaganda, too, because it scarcely protrudes from the surface of entertainment. The film is imposingly mounted, with a cast as big-named as the cast of *You Can't Take It With You;* plus a mass of unknown faces that are superbly effective; in many scenes the workers' faces, in the background, are composed and lighted with Rembrandtesque beauty, taking the eye completely away from the flat, pretty, characterless hero-and-heroine faces in the foreground.

While *Let Freedom Ring* stresses the power of the ballot in the hands of the group, the easily swayed, easily controlled mass, *The Great Man Votes* deals with the individual's relationship to his voting right. It handles the theme in a more sophisticated, perhaps consequently a more whimsical manner than does *Let Freedom Ring.* In fact, *The Great Man Votes* essentially praises a kind of cynicism. The hero allows his name to be used in a trick ballyhoo scheme that swings the election for a certain candidate, then he cutely goes into the booth and votes for the opposition candidate, squaring himself with his conscience, for having taken a bribe, by the rationalization that after all he didn't sell his vote, he voted for the other guy. But, as every audience detects, he really "sold" the election by influencing thousands of other voters to vote the way they thought he had voted. This cynical effect is counteracted only by John Barrymore's beautiful and dignified wind-up speech about every man being a king on election day.

They may merely be oiling up the propaganda machine out there; but so far, so good. #

British

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Stephen Etnier: Bad-Boy Artist

Continued from page 61

and the white men were law. He was given a job with surveyors. Life was pleasant although he didn't fit into it. With lots of time at night he started another novel, à la F. Scott Fitzgerald. He would spend hours on a sentence, a whole night polishing a paragraph. This for six months and the following fall he entered the class of 1928 of Haverford College, again a freshman, but a gentleman of sophistication compared to many of the yokels who were in the senior class. He chummed with the aesthetes, messed around with painting, took out chorus girls and played his part in the lighter side of Philadelphia life. Just before the mid-term exams President Comfort, an understanding sort of man, said to our hero: "I think you're in the wrong place. Why don't you do something about this painting of yours—that and literature?" About this time the senior Etnier met Harvey Dunn, by whose masculinity he was impressed. Dunn told father and son they ought to cut this college business. Dunn told Stephen to go see N. C. Wyeth, who concurred in this advice and urged that Stephen get into the Pennsylvania Academy, start at the bottom and prepare for a long, hard grind.

Father consented, finally, but Stephen's troubles were far from finished. He moved to Philadelphia and rented an attic—the proper Bohemian note. Father saw the attic, called it a firetrap and raised son's allowance so that he could rent a better place. In time he began visiting the antique class, and remained in it for two years. He found the casts as awful as Yale's wooden bricks and divided his time between chatting with the girls and other students and painting pictures of the Maine coast. On the whole he enjoyed this business of being a painter. He established contact with a group of students who had already passed through the antique class and among them were several who deeply admired John Carroll. Among them was Georgia Finckel, the present Mrs. Carroll.

With them he talked about art and remained bogged in the freshman class. He even submitted the more competent Georgia's drawings as his own, and still he didn't pass. He could never find out what was wrong. Finally he squeezed through and into the life class. The new instructor was just too polite to everybody, too polite certainly to put a dull student on the right track, too polite for honest criticism. Rockwell Kent and Carroll were giving exhibitions around that time, and Kent made a speech which visibly impressed the freshman. An unpromising art student, he assumed the responsibilities of marriage. He spent a summer at Gloucester and did what his instructors told him to do, but with little understanding. He was terrible and his teachers were just too nice and neuter. Maybe he was beyond their help but he resented their incapacity to put him on the track of art.

After four years of this he felt he must be too awful for words. He probably was. "Everybody's painting looked good but mine." He could not make a picture look right—even academically. It took him a long time but he finally made up his mind that talking art in the back halls of an art school wasn't getting him anywhere. The only thing to do was to become a good painter's single student, a good painter who would not instruct with polite evasion.

Secretly he preferred Kent's painting, particularly his Maine marines. He ran over to see Kent, bringing some of his pictures. Kent spared no words and his basis for a teacher-student relationship was happily accepted. With wife and child Etnier moved to Ausable Forks, New York, and spent the winter of 1927-28 in Kent's house learning to be a painter. He straightened out his sense of values. After awhile his pictures began to look right. His hero worship for Kent, much as even Etnier may smile at it today, was a means of imposing on the student the most rigid discipline which he had ever known. Kent rose at five, so did the student. He was tremulous in his eagerness to do the thing that Kent would consider proper. When Kent laid down a dictum the student faithfully wrote it down; he saved every scrap of Kent's drawing, every book and magazine in which Kent figured either as author or illustrator. He called Kent Master until Kent offered to autograph a lamb chop for his student's Kentiana. About that time Etnier had the honor of meeting Hergesheimer, whereupon he suffered a secondary stroke of hero worship This took the form of writing short stories, à la Hergesheimer, on those nights he wasn't able to paint. An agent rejected the stories, which concluded Etnier's literary career.

The student-artist had found the Kent arrangement so profitable that he wrote to John Carroll, at Woodstock, New York, and a similar relationship was entered into, Etnier paying for his summer instruction at Woodstock by renting the following winter in New York a studio in which Carroll also could do some work. The two became fast friends long after the student-teacher relationship had been transcended. They were always talking painting, a source of refreshment to Etnier's sometimes wavering faith. In New York they hired models and worked on the figure, Etnier's particularly weak point. The following summer Carroll came up to Maine and they cruised up and down the coast, painting at various ports. They spent several winters and summers together and through Carroll, Etnier strengthened the bones of his art. In some way Carroll broke the log jam which impeded the

Continued on page 132

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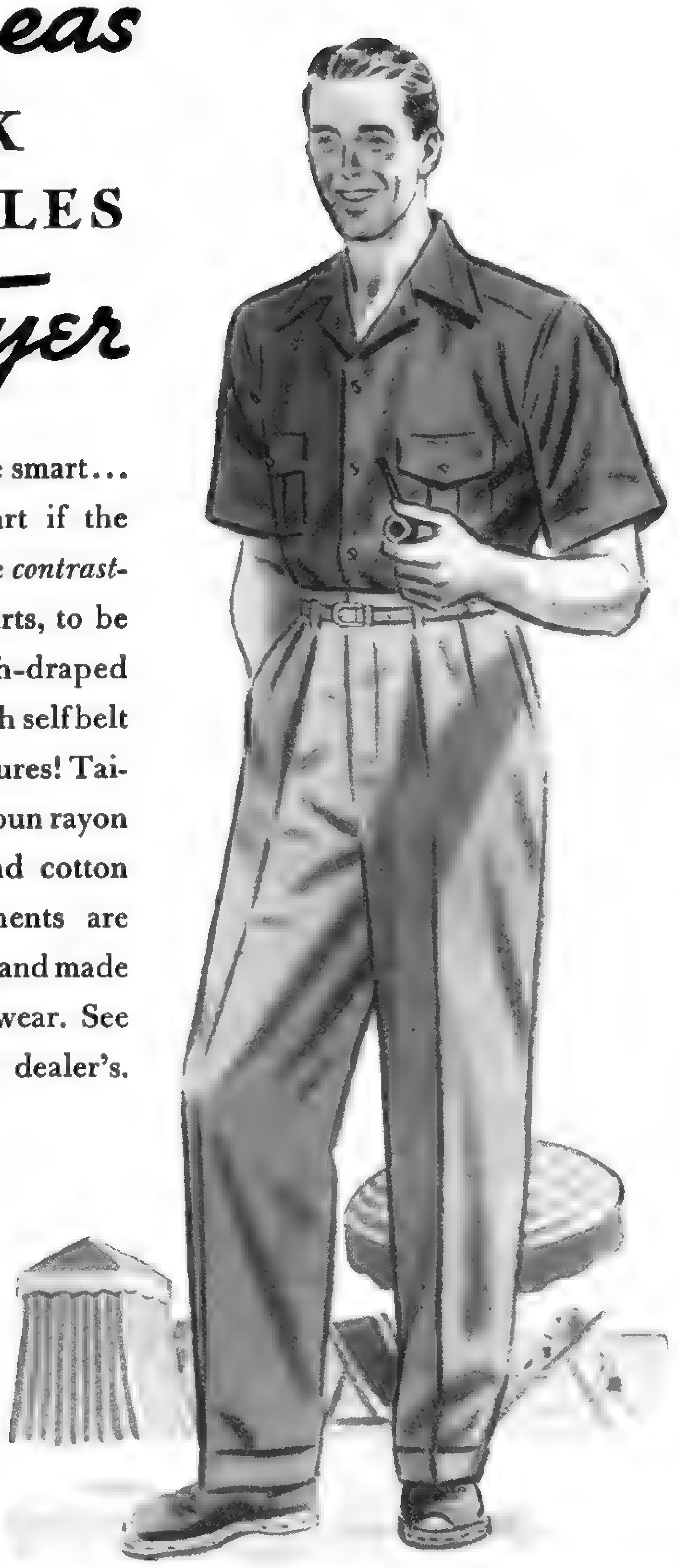

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Stephen Etnier: Bad-Boy Artist

Continued from pages 61-130

free flow of Etnier's artistic personality. It is strange but true that despite the intensity of his hero worship for Kent and the warmth of his more comradely admiration for Carroll, his own work, certainly of the past five or six years, in no wise reflects these personal feelings and influences. Whether or not his pictures are poor things, they are his own, and they do strike an individual note in the capture of atmosphere; even a landsman can tell the season of the year and the time of day from the reflection of light in his pictures, be they on sea or land.

Etnier was reconciled to years of struggle before inflicting his work on the public. It did not occur to him that he was ready to make a display of his canvases; then one day during the winter of 1929, a photographer visiting his New York studio offered to take some of his pictures around to the galleries. This implied praise encouraged Etnier mightily and he himself carried some of his things to Rehn, the dealer, who gave him a list of likely galleries. Etnier visited the first on the list, which at once accepted several of his things. With paintings at a dealer, Etnier felt like a poet on Pegasus. Subsequently the gallery asked for more pictures; they then suggested a show. The artist suspects that his family's financial status had been explored in the meantime and been found not wanting. He bought himself his first one-man show in 1930. Father had a gathering of the clan, which bought five or six pictures. An outsider bought a picture. The reviewers were kind. Father saw the Etnier name in print and felt better about the fruitless freshman years. The gallery continued the show a third week, without rental charge. The painter was excited. He set to work toward a 1931 show. He was represented in the Carnegie International of 1931. He began to paint realistically to prove that telegraph poles and gas stations, parked cars and electric signs could have beauty, partly in protest against the saccharine notions of art held by his family and friends. Critics gave him attention for his fresh material, for he anticipated, without planning to do so, the vogue for the American scene in art. In 1932 the Milch Gallery gave him a one-man show and he has since made other appearances in that gallery, and he has won serious consideration from serious critics as a serious artist. His pictures are in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, the Duncan Phillips Memorial Gallery and the Wadsworth Athenaeum.

When he works he works intensely every day. He will start a canvas for every single day of six weeks. When late fall comes he starts working them up except for those which he had completed at the first session. He estimates that he rejects sixty per cent of his pictures and that of the remainder he shows only half. Every year he visits the gallery to examine his canvases and to discard those that cannot sustain scrutiny. He admires generally artists furtherest removed from him. Himself a landscape artist predominantly, he admires figure painters chiefly and Carroll leads all the rest. A painter, says Etnier, is as good as his mentality and many, he finds, are immature and inexperienced. Few have a large outlook. As for himself he gets a sense of values easily. He can put the sky and the tree in their right relations instinctively. Rarely has he to repaint the landscape elements; the figures only give him trouble. His year is pleasantly divided between work and play, between the responsibility of managing a home and entertaining guests and the irresponsibility of travel, to Bermuda, to Egypt, to Haiti and so forth in quest of subject matter, between the pleasure of painting and the pleasure of running a boat.

He was eight or nine when he discovered the delights of sailing. "The sea makes you masculine and gives you that respect in the masculine world you can't have as a painter." In 1928 he had his first big boat, a sloop large enough for a cruise to Nova Scotia. Around 1933, the year of his second marriage, he acquired a schooner and lived on it for two years, going down the coast as far as Charleston, painting. Subsequently he sold the boat and with the proceeds bought sixty acres of Long Island, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, in Maine, and facing the Atlantic. With the necessary minimum of help he remodeled the old house on the island and used the rocks which he forced out of the soil to build a dock and put up a stone wall. Boatless for two years, in the Spring of 1938 he bought a 50-foot cutter, sharing it in partnership with his mother.

Etnier declares that the operation of a sailboat gratifies instincts in a way beyond the power of any other activity. Sailing a boat recreates pioneer satisfactions. You become the controlling force in a world of your own. You can—at least Etnier can—spend months going from one port to another fairly close and not realize you have been on water for more than four days. His friend Carroll testifies to Etnier's delight in the dangers of the sea. He tells of the time the two of them were returning from Nova Scotia and a heavy blow swept overboard mast and rigging. For a day and a night the boat wallowed in a heavy sea, mast and rigging serving as sea anchor. "Steve seemed to enjoy the situation, although it was a lucky break to be hauled out by a fishing schooner thirty miles out of Booth Bay Harbor."

Perhaps that sums him up: "Steve seemed to enjoy the situation." Seemed? He did. He does. ⁂

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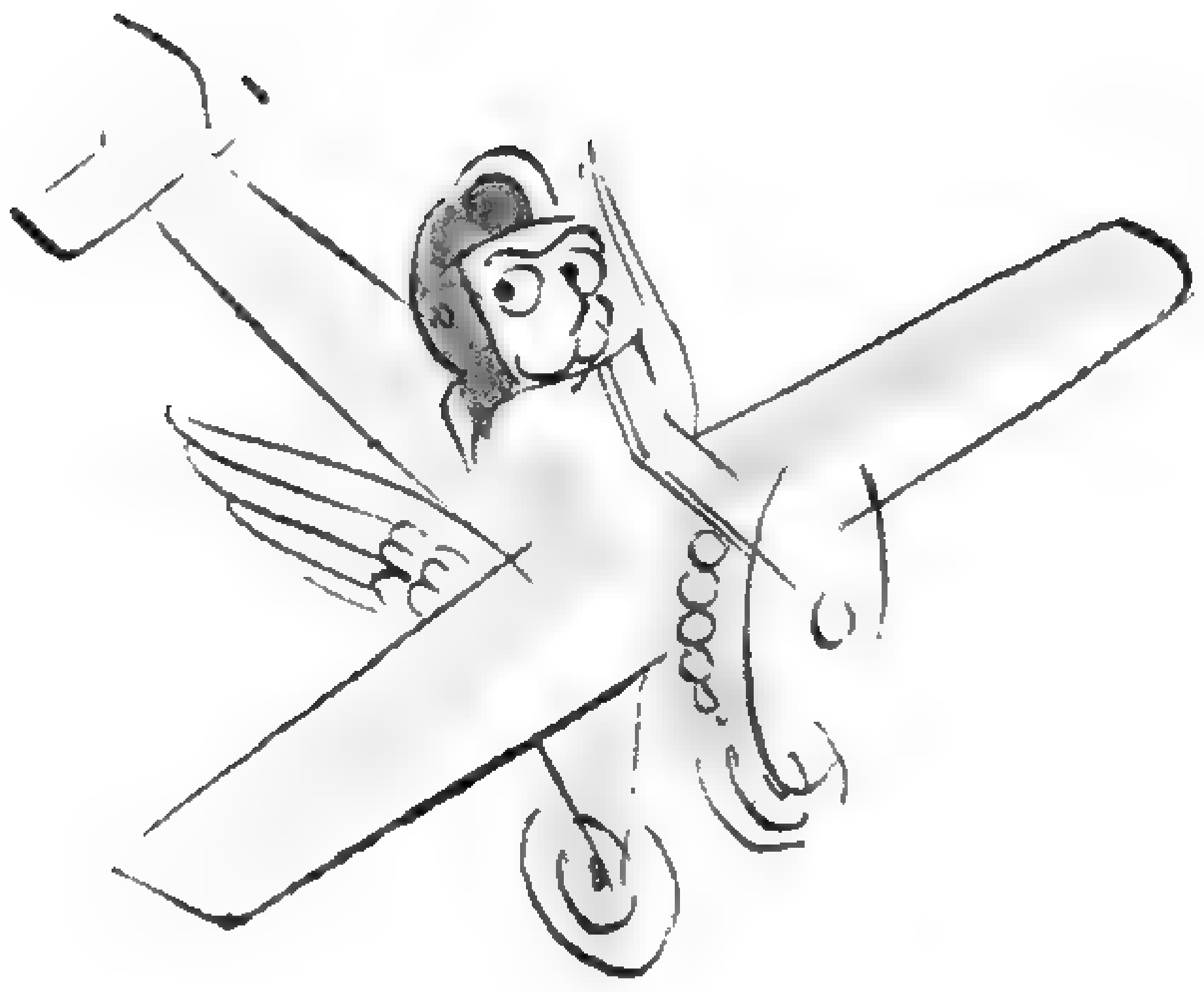
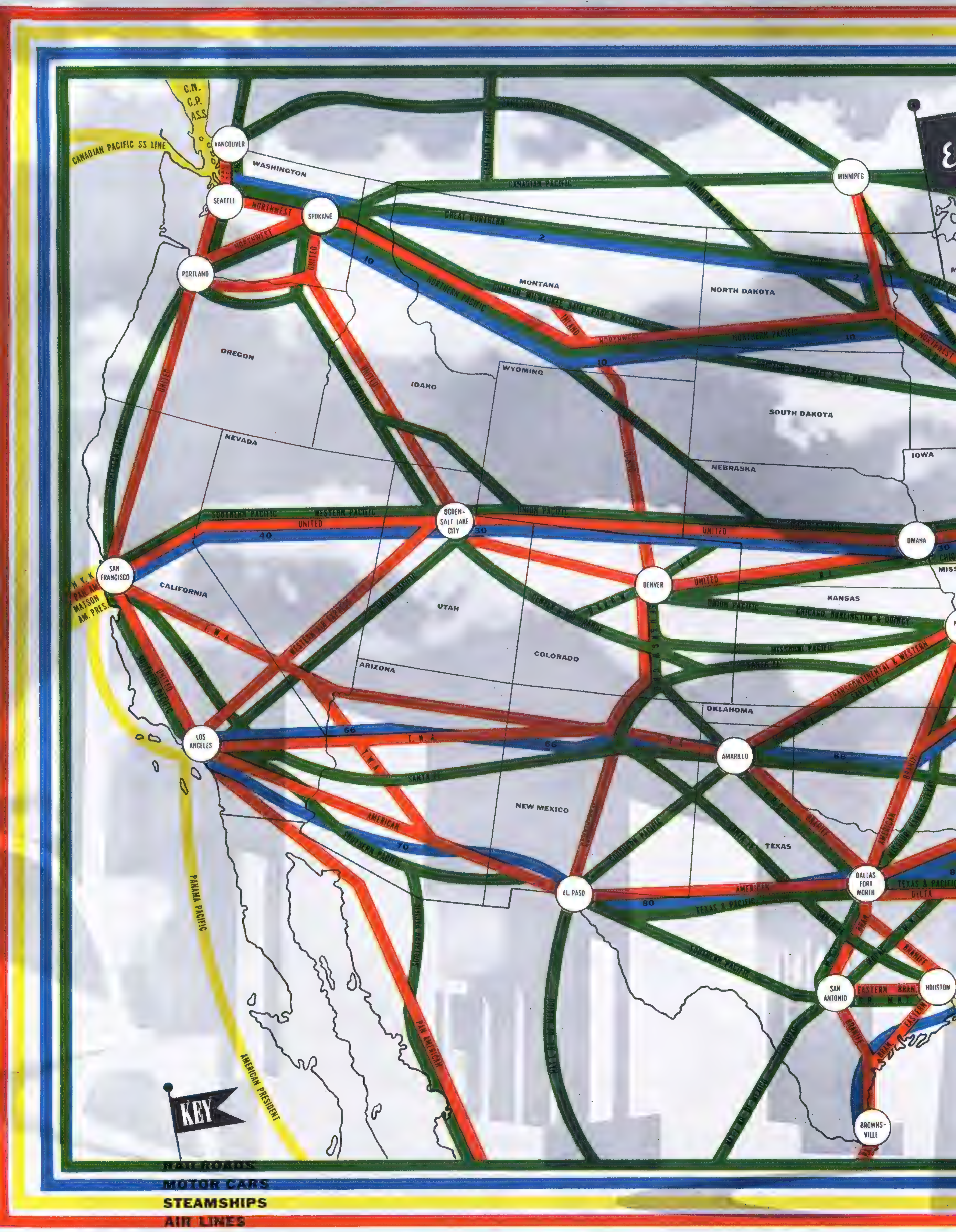


now try and get lost on your way to the fair

The gorgeous, sublime, four-color map appearing on the opposite pages for your poisunul pleasure, gentlemen (and your lady, too, if she's reading over your shoulder) . . . which shows in complete and modern detail all the ways to the New York World's Fair, 1939 by rail, air, motor, sea, etc., from all over the country . . . represents positively the gol darndest headache we ever had to put together . . . and no kidding. What detail! Well, we hope our readers never have to go through anything like it. But virtue and effort are their own rewards, or something . . . and, anyway, the railway officials and the airline magnates and the steamship bigwigs, etc., who have checked and double-checked it, tell us it's the finest thing of its kind they ever did see . . . and the most useful to travelers. So we hope you're the same. Because, of course, you're going to the Fair.

It's easy to make your way to the Fair Grounds, once you've been wafted into the Big City on the wings of the rails, air, seas, or rubber tires. The best routes from mid-town Manhattan to the Fair are: by motor—look at night at the right side of the road for the amber lights, which are the official World's Fair highway markers; by subway—the IRT from Grand Central Station and other points, and the BMT run a joint service into a special station at the north end of the grounds, while the Eighth Avenue, or City Independent, deposits you plump in the center of the grounds, or amusement section; both subways take about 20 minutes from mid-town New York; by train—the Long Island RR runs special trains to the north end of the Fair Grounds. Time—10 minutes. Both will leave on the 8½-mile trip every minute or so. So have fun. It's the biggest thing ever.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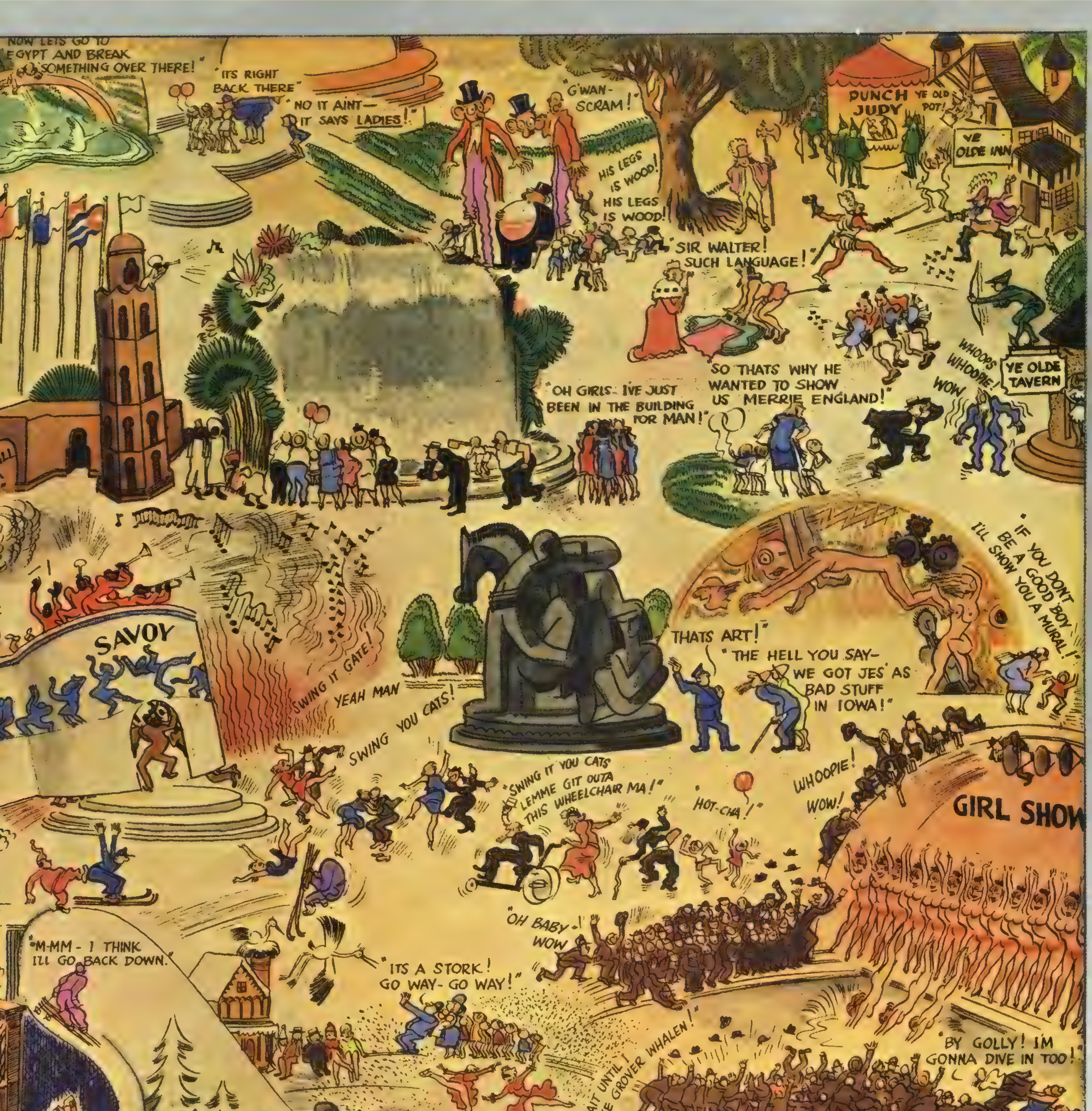
"WHERES A COMFORT STATION?"
"ITS A FAKE - THAT AINT NO MOUNTAIN."
"THAT AINT NO PYRAMID!"
POP! SODA COCA COLA SARSPRILLY
SODA - LEMO POP ICE CREAM! LEMO LEMO
"I THINK ILL MAKE EM ALL MICKY FINNS!"
CHOC'LATE! ICE CREAM CHERRY
"JUNIOR!"
NO SWIMMING IN THE NILE
HEY! WHATA YOU TWO DOIN' IN THEM BUSHES!"
PATROL
"THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY!"
"SO THIS IS THE WORLD TOMORROW"
"THEYRE FACING THE WRONG WAY."
"CAN I CONTROL TH' WIND?"
SWEDEN
"I WILL NOT PAY A DIME! IT AINT WORTH A DIME!"
SMÖRGASBORD! I THINK I'LL JUST STAY IN SWEDEN UNTIL THE FAIR CLOSES."
"PULL UP YOUR PANTS! AFTER YOU ARENT HORSE"
JUNIOR WANTS A BOA CONSTRICTOR
"TWO MORE RIDES UP HERE AND I'LL HAVE SEEN THE WHOLE FAIR."
MR SMITH! I'LL CALL GROVER WHALEN!
"ISNT THAT THE GUY WHO GAVE US THOSE STALE PEANUTS AT THE 1906 WORLDS FAIR?"
HI-HO-SILVER-R-R-!
"I KNEW I SHOULDNTA HAD THOSE VODKAS AT THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT!"
"23-SKIDOO!"
"SURE I GOT THE FAMILY. ITS THE FAMILY ENTRANCE AINT IT?"
OLD NEW YORK
NIGGER MIKES
SW-W-EET AD-D-D-OLINE!
JOHN. L. SULLIVANS PLACE
"I SAID WHERES SALLY RAND?"
"WHERES HER FAN?"
HAYMARKE
CAN-CAN GIRLS
BOWER
STEVE BRODIE JUMPS TO-NIGHT
"GO SEE GROVER WHALEN THEN. I AINT JUMPIN FROM UP THERE UNTIL I GET MORE DOUGH!"
JUNIOR!
COMFORT STATION
"SHE'S A MAN."
STRATOSHIP
"TWO MORE COUNTRIES TO GO AND I'LL HIC- BE AN INTERNATIONAL -HIC- COCKTAIL."
"HEY- THIS BELONGS IN CUBA!"
NEW YORK WORLDS FAIR 1939
The World's Finest ~ wines ~ liqueurs foods ~ beverages
Swing dancers
Ballet ~ Oriental


NOW LETS GO TO EGYPT AND BREAK SOMETHING OVER THERE!
"ITS RIGHT BACK THERE"
"NO IT AINT— IT SAYS LADIES!"
"G'WAN— SCRAM!"
PUNCH JUDY
YE OLD POT!
YE OLDE INN
HIS LEGS IS WOOD! HIS LEGS IS WOOD!
"SIR WALTER! SUCH LANGUAGE!"
"OH GIRLS- IVE JUST BEEN IN THE BUILDING FOR MAN!"
SO THATS WHY HE WANTED TO SHOW US MERRIE ENGLAND!"
WHOOPS WHOOPIE! WOW
YE OLDE TAVERN
"IF YOU DONT BE A GOOD BOY I'LL SHOW YOU A MURAL!"
SAVOY
SWING IT GATE!
YEAH MAN
SWING YOU CATS!
THATS ART!"
"THE HELL YOU SAY- WE GOT JES' AS BAD STUFF IN IOWA!"
"SWING IT YOU CATS LEMME GIT OUTA THIS WHEELCHAIR MA!"
"HOT-CHA!"
WHOOPIE! WOW!
GIRL SHOW
"M-MM - I THINK I'LL GO BACK DOWN."
"OH BABY-! WOW
"ITS A STORK! GO WAY- GO WAY!"
"WAIT UNTIL I SEE GROVER WHALEN!"
"BY GOLLY! IM GONNA DIVE IN TOO!"
"WERE FROM FLORIDA."
"WELL DONT SPOIL THE ILLUSION THEN. KEEP OFF THE ICE!"
NAW! YOURE TOO YOUNG!"
"NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL PROGRESS! LOOKIT THOSE FIGURES!"
DAILY SNOWSTORM
"YEAH! IM A MIDGET!"
"AHM GITTIN FAIR EXPENSES!"
"GOLLY! SOME GUYS CAN EVEN NECK IN A MIDGET CAR!"
"A FIFTY CENT BOOTH!"
COMFOR STATION
Skaters
Folk Dances
Movies
—and the world's most beautiful girls to serve you these.

Night Was Made for Engine Trouble

Continued from page 78

night. Lutzi drove up to the entrance of Lulu's castle with his insane looking car. He put on his thick gloves.

"Come, Kitty, and sit up here with me."

The countess grabbed Kitty's arm.

"Kitty will sit in the back with me."

The boy sighed. The girl felt crossly that there are moments in this life when one's mother becomes a burden. The old lady climbed up into the car. The grooms spread a blanket around her knees. At her feet they placed three jars of potato salad, which was a specialty of the house and which was tendered as an answer to the package of black pansy seeds that the guests had brought with them.

The little Ford started out down the alley of poplars in front of the castle. Kitty turned back to wave to her friends, who stood out on the terrace waiting for the lights of the car to disappear behind the bend.

There was no moon, but it was a gorgeously clear, warm night, made deeper and darker by the distant stars. Not one soul in the whole black countryside. Just the tubercular little motor rattling along ambitiously among the sleeping hills.

Kitty said nothing. She was mad at everybody. It seemed to her that if Lutzi hadn't been so clumsy in allowing himself to be dragged into the bridge, they might have danced together, and perhaps could have slipped out to the dark terrace.

The countess thought of a clever impasse by means of which she had made her third grand slam.

All of a sudden the car stopped and Lutzi crawled out from his seat.

"What's happened?" the countess asked, obviously frightened.

"I shall see in a moment," said the boy reassuringly. And slowly he walked around the car.

Now that the car had stopped and the motor was silent, deep nocturnal silence was born, full of the chirping of crickets, croaking of frogs. In the path of the car lights, shadows of moths appeared. The stink of benzine and burnt metal settled around them.

"A tire?" Kitty asked curiously.

The boy answered, annoyed:

"Oh, no. Something is wrong with the engine . . . or maybe the brake. He raised the hood and took a look. Then economically he turned off the car lights and lighted a little candle stub, holding it over the car. He came and went, examining everything. He took tools out with noisy carelessness. He put a jack under the rear axle and started raising the car.

"Shall we get out?" asked Kitty. And at once she got out. She was glad to move around. She stood by to watch her cousin work. The countess too started to move among her blankets. But the boy tenderly repacked her legs in the blankets.

"Just stay inside, Aunt Otti. The road is full of frogs."

Quite so. On the dark highway clods were coming to life and leaping around the car.

A resentful expression appeared on the countess' face:

"How long is it going to take?"

"Oh, maybe half an hour," said the boy. And he spread his coat on the ground well under the car between the rampant hind wheels. Then he lay down and disappeared down to the waist. Only his legs and his hips could be seen. Then he called out:

"Kitty, would you please come and hold the candle for me a minute?"

Kitty took the stub, kneeled down on the coat, and scrawled in beside Lutzi under the car.

"What's wrong?"

He whispered softly into her ear:

"Nothing!"

And at once he kissed her neck; kissed the fine down, the smooth skin which breathed a gentle almond scent: Chanel's *Fantasy*.

"Lutzi, you're *so* clever," she whispered. And she allowed him to bite the tip of her nose with greedy tenderness.

After two weeks of starvation, now they were lying beside each other on the greasy coat beneath the rearing wheels, precisely under the feet of the old lady, who was sighing up above, wrapped in her blankets.

But one had to be careful. After three fast, hungry kisses Kitty got up and walked up to the tool box. Lutzi yelled out from under the car:

"Bring the monkey wrench too!"

"The monkey wrench?"

Then a little tightening of the screws with one hand, a little embracing with the other. Then five little kisses. Then again a little walk around the car.

The countess was mad:

"To the devil with all cars!"

Lutzi played the incensed:

"That's how it is when one goes around in an old crate like this."

But in the meantime he felt a mild compunction, because his beloved little car was as good as new—innocent, benevolent, self-sacrificial, the shelter that modern technique had bestowed upon young lovers.

There was much ado; hammering, screwing, adjusting. And time was passing. In the warm starry night slowly the countess' eyes became heavy. She retreated to the corner of the seat and stretched out her legs comfortably. One simply had to fall asleep to the chirping of the crickets. And the countess did fall asleep, as becomes a pure-souled elderly lady who is not accustomed to nocturnal deceptions. Kitty slowly walked around the machine and then went back to the boy:

"Mamma has fallen asleep," she whispered softly.

"Then why waste the benzine?" said the boy, and swiftly he blew

Continued at top of page 140

Ballet
Symphony
Opera

MILIZA KORJUS
New M-G-M motion picture singing star and Victor artist

Yours ON VICTOR RECORDS
...the Musical Highlights of 1938-39
by the World's Greatest Artists

The season of 1938-39, so important musically, so gay, so memorable from an entertainment standpoint, is already in the past. But you can re-live many of its most enjoyable moments in music whenever you wish...with Victor Records. Here are just a few of the many Victor Recordings from the 1938-39 season.

MILIZA KORJUS was a motion picture find of the season. She will sing her songs from "The Great Waltz" for you whenever you wish on Victor Records. "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Record No. 4410, is $1.00. "One Day When We Were Young," and "There Will Come a Time" are on Record No. 4411 . . . $1.00

"THE FINEST RECORDING EVER MADE" applauded critics of the Victor Recording of the Sibelius Fifth Symphony, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. Album M-474 (AM-474, automatic) 10 sides $10.00

THE TRAPP FAMILY CHOIR enchanted everyone who heard it on its first American tour. This Austrian noble family also made its first Victor Recording . . . Early Choral Music. Album M-535, 10 sides $7.50

THE MONTE CARLO BALLET delighted thousands. You'll recall many happy moments with the Victor Album of "Nights at the Ballet" by the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Album C-30 (AC-30, automatic), 8 sides, $5.50

Your RCA Victor Music Merchant can give you complete lists of Victor Recordings from "Leave It To Me," "The Boys From Syracuse," "Set To Music," and the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas ... All the newest dance music is also on Victor Records (75c) and Bluebird Records (35c).

MUSICAL MASTERPIECE OF THE MONTH

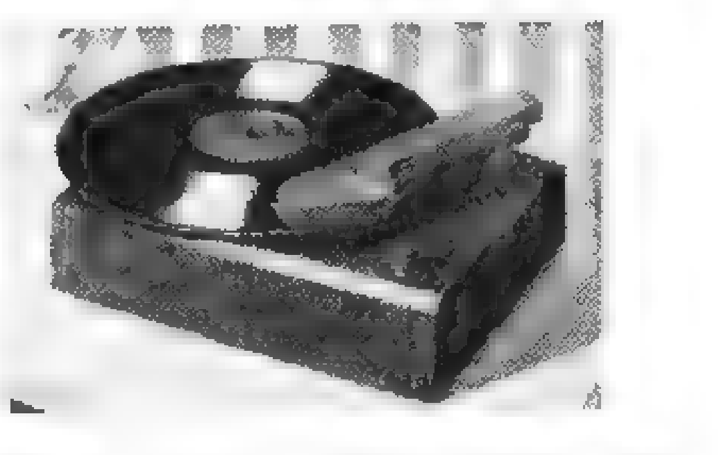
AN ALBUM OF VICTOR HERBERT'S MELODIES, by the Victor Salon Group, Nathaniel Shilkret, Conductor. Album C-33, 10 sides, ... $7.50

For finer radio performance—RCA Victor Radio Tubes

Listen to the "Magic Key of RCA" Sundays, 2 to 3 P.M., E.S.T., on the NBC Blue Network

Play Victor and Bluebird Records Through Your Radio

Get $24.45 value, in Victor or Bluebird Records and RCA Victor Record Player for $14.95



Get $14.95 (list price) RCA Victor Record Player...$7.50 in any Victor or Bluebird Records . . . other Victor Record Society benefits . . . for $14.95. RCA Victor Record Player can be connected to any modern AC radio at little or no expense, plays records with full tone of set.

•

You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna. *Price f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

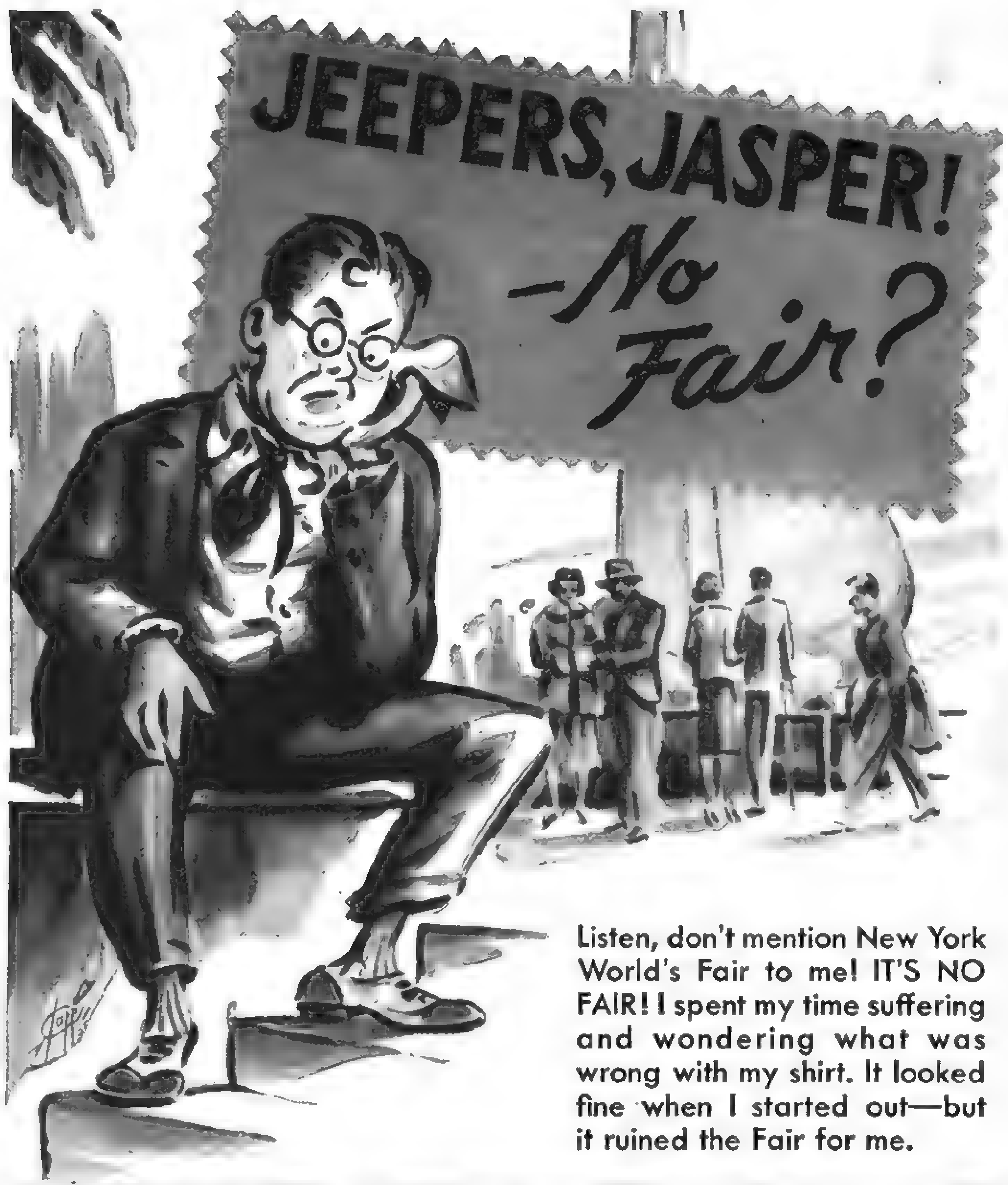
Automatic Record Changing RCA Victrola U-123

Price includes $17.50 in Victor Records

Combines Victor Record and radio entertainment. Has Automatic Record Changer and Electric Tuning. Price includes $17.50 in any Victor or Bluebird Records you choose, 12 months' subscription to Victor Record Review — value $2.00 — and Victor Record Society membership . . . $129.95*

RCA Victrola

Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA


JEEPERS, JASPER!
-No Fair?

Listen, don't mention New York World's Fair to me! IT'S NO FAIR! I spent my time suffering and wondering what was wrong with my shirt. It looked fine when I started out—but it ruined the Fair for me.

THOSE CAN-CAN DANCERS, for instance. I couldn't even turn my head to see all of them. That starched collar was frayed into saw-teeth inside—and it cut my throat every time I moved . . .

AND TALK ABOUT HEAT! By noon my collar and cuffs looked like wet dishrags. I thought they'd melt off. That cloth wilted just like a cut flower . . .

AND THEN IT RAINED! And if you think that shirt didn't shrink, you're crazy. It nearly choked me to death. I ask you, is that any way to enjoy a World's Fair?

NO, JASPER, it's NOT. Wise men wear WINGS shirts—for that poise-creating smoothness—at the World's Fair and everywhere else. WINGS' collars and cuffs of GENUINE AEROPLANE CLOTH never fray or wilt. Made of the same tough fabric specified for aeroplane wings, they are guaranteed to outwear the shirt, itself guaranteed for a year.

WINGS are SANFORIZED-SHRUNK, too. Rains and tough laundries need never worry you. Custom-tailored to please the most discriminating—cut for men of action in a modern world—WINGS come in standard whites, solid colors, and fancy patterns.

ONE STANDARD PRICE $1.65 Look for the identifying red stitch in the collar. *An Exclusive Product of Piedmont Shirt Company, Greenville, S. C.*

WINGS
AT MOST MEN'S AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Night Was Made for Engine Trouble

Continued from pages 78-139

out the candle stub which he had pasted on a matchbox . . .

It happened about this time that János Kovács-Kis, gendarme corporal, was going his nightly round on his bicycle; his rifle across his back and across the breast of his green blouse the thin ribbon of war medals. He was a serious, moustachy, forty-year-old man. The cock feathers stirred on his helmet when, stepping on the pedals, he sped up his bicycle. With his eyes accustomed to the darkness, he noticed the dead machine on the roadside. The two caught under the car looked into the light blushing and squinting when the beams of the bicycle lamp fell unexpectedly on them. But they didn't have time even to get scared, because they could hear that quiet baritone in which a chivalrous man speaks when confronted by a situation where tact is needed.

"Pardon. I thought something was wrong."

And János Kovács-Kis was already on his way on his bicycle; subtly, smoothly, quietly. The light of his small lamp was soon like a firefly in the distance. #

The Gay Dude Banditeer

Continued from page 84

tomato can and keep it jumping at every shot for six shots. But, if you are serious in your hero worship of John Slaughter and Wyatt Earp, never fire all six shots; always leave one in the cylinder for emergencies. A veteran gun fighter never has an empty gun if he can avoid it. He reloads after firing five shots, not to be caught napping if the sheriff overtakes him from the rear. Also, we must consider the time-honored tradition of good horse opera. The hero always retains his last bullet to shoot the heroine lest she fall into the amorous clutches of the fierce Apaches, or the infinitely more repulsive embraces of a white Rudolf Rassendyll.

Do not make the mistake of firing too fast, although one isn't likely to be in error here. Larry Cardwell, postgraduate dude rancher on the VV near Payson, Arizona, fired so fast at a charging mountain lion that he split the barrel of his pistol. Larry claims the bullets must have piled up on one another in the barrel. But we all think that Larry was so scared that the vibration of his anatomy contributed itself to the overworked pistol barrel.

After one is able to make the ignoble but obliging tomato can perform like a jumping bean, he must become proficient in the draw. And for really fast draw shooting, says authority, we need more help from our old-time gun smithy. In brief, he must ruin utterly the streamline effect of our fine, new frontier model by filing off the trigger guard to prevent its interference with the trigger finger. It is inconvenient, to say the least, when facing a ferocious enemy, to be forced to wangle our finger inside of a trigger guard as if threading a needle on a runaway camel's back. Further, the sight must be filed off, as this is unnecessary in hip shooting and is only another gadget to catch in the holster when pulling the gun in a deadly emergency.

Now the draw is not, regardless of fictional preconceptions, a process of standing at a stiff crouch, as if we had lumbago or had gone swimming too soon after dinner. Nor do we clutch at the pistol butt frantically and tear off a fingernail or two on the mounting. Stand at ease, and with a smooth, gliding movement, draw and align the pistol with wrist and forearm, firing as we sense that the "point" of the substitute forefinger is in alignment on the wildly pounding heart of our opponent or the tomato can.

The draw has been much maligned and distorted by fiction writers living and dying in Manhattan. The art of the draw originates in the same talents that are responsible for a good game of golf, namely, the kind of nerves advertised by cigarettes with two humps. Nerve—cold nerve—is the secret that applies to all kinds of good shooting. However, one may be a master of fast and accurate draw shooting on a practice field, but in a case of life or death his nerve fails him, and a rheumatic, old reprobate of a desert rat will plant his leisurely bullet through our breasted bag of Bull Durham, the badge of dude ranch apprenticeship.

Some very deadly records have been filed in the turbulent records of western history on the sole superiority of cold nerve in the six-gun duel. We can't help believing in the "evil eye" when we consider how long Wild Bill Hickok lasted against men every bit as fast as he with a gun. Reputation and hypnotism decide it. We can almost say that in gun fighting, reputation is hypnotism. The famous gunman is the serpent paralyzing his prey.

Also, some very fictitious records have been set down as facts in our western arcana. We may cite the rather persistent rumor that Billy the Kid's reputation did not depend so much on superior nerve or speed in the draw as it did on the simple fact that cunning Billy carried a double action pistol, a rarity then, whereas his luckless adversaries were armed with old-fashioned single actions.

But the gay dude banditeer of the guest ranch synthesis for stark adventure need never discover whether he has the nerve to put his acquired skill to the test in a gun battle. To the contrary, he should be infinitely cautious how he handles his doctored hardware when in company with his fellow

Continued at top of page 142

Life's great moments

Only a movie camera gives you the complete record

GRADUATION DAY . . . It's the end of an era for your boy or girl. The day when they say good-by to youthful friends and associations, and begin life in earnest.

Think what it will mean to them, in after years, to have a movie record of this great occasion—and make your Commencement gift a Ciné-Kodak. Nothing else will be so timely and so deeply appreciated.

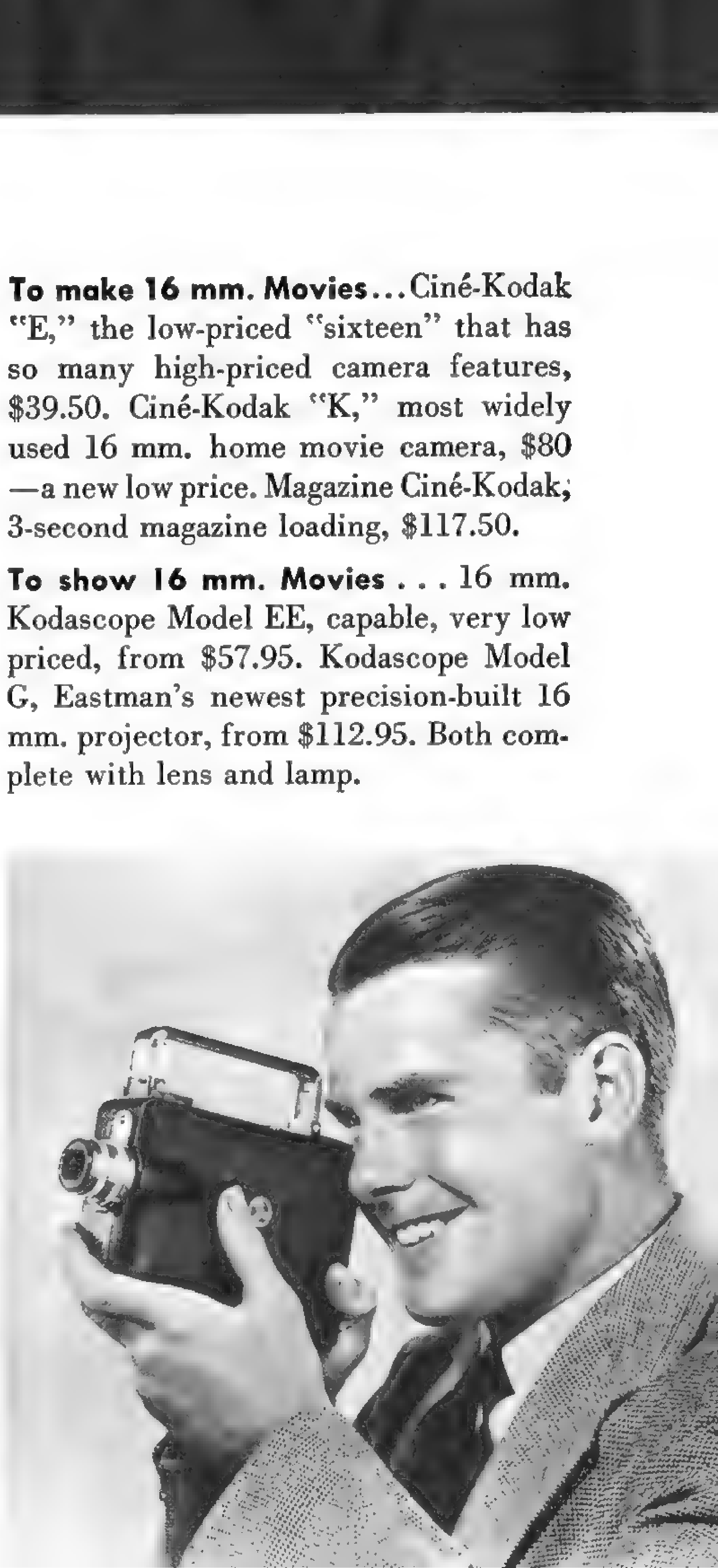
Today hundreds of thousands of people are keeping movie records of the great moments in daily life, events that mean so much to them—knowing that, some day, these living records will have a value beyond price. Don't fail to keep one of your own. Start this week and see what endless enjoyment and satisfaction you'll get out of movie making.

Only Eastman gives you Complete Equipment and Service . . . *Ciné-Kodak*—the home movie camera exactly suited to your needs . . . *Ciné-Kodak Film . . . Processing service* that's world-wide and included in the price of the film . . . *Kodascope*—the projector that shows your movies clearly, brilliantly—Eastman all, and all designed to work together. Your dealer will show you the range of Eastman home movie equipment and project sample movies for you.

GOING TO THE NEW YORK FAIR? Be sure to take your Ciné-Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the GREATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW ON EARTH. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

To make 16 mm. Movies... Ciné-Kodak "E," the low-priced "sixteen" that has so many high-priced camera features, $39.50. Ciné-Kodak "K," most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera, $80—a new low price. Magazine Ciné-Kodak, 3-second magazine loading, $117.50.

To show 16 mm. Movies . . . 16 mm. Kodascope Model EE, capable, very low priced, from $57.95. Kodascope Model G, Eastman's newest precision-built 16 mm. projector, from $112.95. Both complete with lens and lamp.



Ciné-Kodak *EASTMAN'S FINER HOME MOVIE CAMERAS*

He: "...and we have to be dressed and ready for dinner at the Fair at seven!"

She: "Thank goodness, we're travelling HARTMANN"

Hartmann

Luggage has been keeping clothes wrinkle-free for travellers to every World's Fair since 1876.

* The TOUROBE. A trunk in miniature that keeps 3 to 5 suits, or 6 to 10 dresses in perfect press. And there's lots of room for other things. Light enough to carry. Ideal for air travel. Compact; it fits under train seat or berth. *From $15.50 to $95.00*

The KNOCABOUT. A man's bag. Fine, soft, resilient. Built to "take it." Holds 2 suits wrinkle-free on hangers with lots of room for accessories. *From $16.50 to $200.00.*

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT WRINKLE-FREE TRAVEL WRITE TO HARTMANN, Racine, Wis.

"You never know what care-free travel is until you travel Hartmann"

HARTMANN Luggage

The Gay Dude Banditeer

Continued from pages 84-140

banditeers. Especially he should be gun conscious when in the presence of the old timers among the guide hands. Never point a hair-triggered pistol, or any other type of shooting iron, at the lean, wasp waist of a guide hand whose neck looks like the remains of a Tuzigoot mummy. He is likely to look at us with the stony stare of a rattlesnake and announce meaningly:

"Turn that ar thing tother way, pa'dner. Turn it, Ah said!"

And if you persist in disobeying, you are likely to have your prized sidearm removed from your custody and bent over your head.

Keep in mind that a hair-triggered pistol is as dangerous to oneself as it is to the villain in the drama, else manufacturers would sell weapons hair-triggered. Do not put your hip-shooting gun in your pants pocket, for it is likely to go off through your leg when you scratch at an explorative wood tick, and if you have an overdined frontage the danger is vastly increased.

The fine art of gun throwing western style is not completely mastered until one knows the method of turning the tables on the enemy when the enemy has "the drop" on one. It is simple, but requires excellent nerves, as do all phases of good shooting. Nine chances out of ten, a man who has "the drop" will point his pistol at the middle of one's chest. Simply turn the shoulders sidewise. The enemy will fire instantly and the bullet will no more than graze the front of the chest. Before the enemy can fire again, you have drawn and shot him. Against one who knows this trick, the drop is not an advantage, but a disadvantage. The gun goes off instinctively before the alignment can be changed on the shifting target.

Believe it or not, this trick has been proved to work by using imitation paper bullets. But not by the Smithsonian Institute. For our scientific societies we reserve the more heroic achievements, such as climbing a big rock in the heart of the dude ranch country and finding a stone monument built up there by a curious hunter one afternoon between lions. ⧻

The Other Whalen

Continued from page 53

out the United States and abroad have issued during the past few months special World's Fair editions entitled "The World of Tomorrow." Every Sunday afternoon for the past few months, there have been three international chain radio programs. On these programs, the heads of foreign nations hail the "World of Tomorrow" and pay glowing tribute to the New York World's Fair.

In the center of the Fair grounds are located the massive eighteen-story Perisphere and the sky-reaching seven-hundred-foot Trylon, which are symbols of "The World of Tomorrow." Within the great Perisphere will be located the theme exhibit, namely "The City of Tomorrow" as designed by Henry Dreyfuss. Millions of miniature Perispheres and Trylons were struck off and used by manufacturers in their merchandising which resulted in plenty of free advance publicity for the Fair. All the 1938-39 New York State automobile license plates carried mention of the World's Fair, as did the uniforms of three New York major league baseball teams.

Incidentally, in the Fair's budget of millions, there was not a single dollar for the Fair's advertising per se. With no dough for advertising and yet still landing the tremendous advance and current ballyhoo which the Fair has enjoyed and is enjoying from every form of advertising medium—newspapers, magazines, radio, outdoor, carcards, movies, etc., is a glowing testimony to Whalen's ability. Such an achievement speaks aloud not only for his own personal salesmanship, but for his ability in picking the right people to assist him in the highly specialized jobs of grabbing proper publicity and securing good advertising tieups.

True, the Fair itself is a perfect live news story for editors and a natural for smart advertisers to tie in with. Yet to interest editors and keep them interested; to persuade publishers to get out special editions gratis; radio chains to donate free time on Sunday—the best radio sales day of the week; and to cajole the right type of manufacturers to spend their own money on publicizing the Fair in their own advertising; all required a highly competent, experienced, progressive organization that is alert to all such opportunities for free Fair promotions and understands thoroughly the varied problems associated with them.

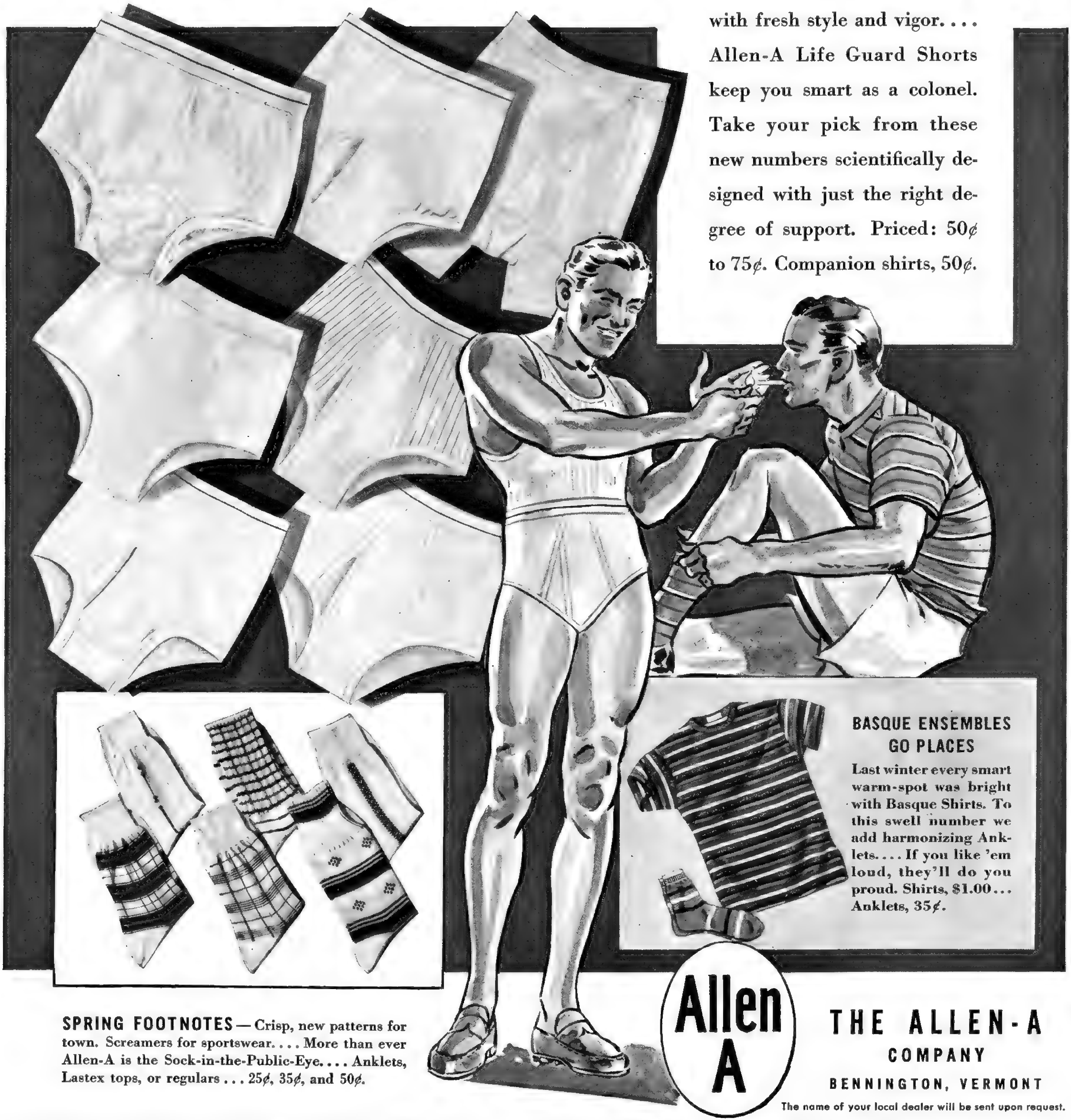
Whalen personally put together just such a promotion organization a year before the Fair opened. Every member of this Fair's Promotion staff is well known in his own particular field and has a splendid record of achievement. Charles C. Green, who heads up the Promotion division, formerly had his own advertising agency. Louise E. Bonney and Jo Milward, who direct the Special Features, are writers in their own right and are thought well of by magazine editors everywhere. Perley Boone, in charge of Press and Photography, is a former newspaper man of high repute. Beatrice Mabry, in charge of Advertising Tieups, was once an executive of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne Advertising Agency. John S. Young, formerly associated with National Broadcasting Company, takes care of radio features. Walter O. Robinson, famous around Manhattan for his classes in public speaking,

Continued on page 144

SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SHORT-SHORT STORY

PRESENTED BY ALLEN-A LIFE GUARDS

Now you can step into spring with fresh style and vigor. . . . Allen-A Life Guard Shorts keep you smart as a colonel. Take your pick from these new numbers scientifically designed with just the right degree of support. Priced: 50¢ to 75¢. Companion shirts, 50¢.



BASQUE ENSEMBLES GO PLACES

Last winter every smart warm-spot was bright with Basque Shirts. To this swell number we add harmonizing Anklets. . . . If you like 'em loud, they'll do you proud. Shirts, $1.00 . . . Anklets, 35¢.

SPRING FOOTNOTES—Crisp, new patterns for town. Screamers for sportswear. . . . More than ever Allen-A is the Sock-in-the-Public-Eye. . . . Anklets, Lastex tops, or regulars . . . 25¢, 35¢, and 50¢.

Allen
A

**THE ALLEN-A
COMPANY
BENNINGTON, VERMONT**

The name of your local dealer will be sent upon request.

"ALLEN" FOR THE MAKER'S NAME . . "A" FOR FIRST AND FINEST QUALITY

Copyright, 1939, The Allen-A Company

The Other Whalen

Continued from pages 53-142

is director of the Speakers' Bureau, while Frank Monaghan, with a wide editorial background, is in charge of the Research and Library.

The same distinctive judgment in personnel has been shown by Grover A. Whalen in staffing every other division of his organization. Christy Walsh is in charge of Sports; John Krimsky, Entertainment; Olin Downes, Music; Gerald Wendt, Science; Holger Cahill, Contemporary Arts; Colonel John P. Hogan, Construction, and Stephen F. Voorhees, Design.

I talked to a number of these key executives. All testified that Whalen always allowed them a free hand in operating their jobs. That went too for engaging assistants. He never suggested any candidates to them. Instead, Whalen let them choose their own aids. However, he did reserve the right to pass upon the best candidate whom they selected.

Though Whalen permits the key executives and their assistants to work out their assignments in their own way, they must be prepared to sell the results thereof to the Management Council of the Fair. This body is composed of the top executives of the Fair with Whalen as Chairman. The Management Council meets every week and takes up for discussion and approval all the work then in progress by the various departments. At these Management Council meetings, everyone has the privilege of saying exactly what he thinks about any proposal made by any departmental head. In fact, Chairman Whalen encourages such discussions because he feels that every one of his key executives should be fully informed of the progress of the Fair as a whole.

What is decided at the Management Council meetings, President Whalen takes up at Monday meeting of the Board of Directors of the World's Fair 1939, Inc. At some meetings Whalen may have as many as two hundred important items to put before the Directors. Those who attend these conclaves are always tremendously impressed with his familiarity down to the last detail of every item brought before the Directors. Evidently, Whalen has trained himself to tune out of his mind anything else except the subject under discussion. What likely made him train himself along these lines was the enormity of the $156,900,000 expenditures for the New York World's Fair. Every one of the eight major items which made up this expenditure sheet could mean far-reaching complications aplenty unless he, as President of the Fair, keeps in constant touch with the progress of all details connected with each of these items and the parties responsible for them. Said items are:

City of New York	$ 26,700,000
State of New York	6,200,000
United States Government	3,500,000
New York World's Fair, Inc.	40,000,000
Foreign Governments	31,000,000
State Governments	2,000,000
Amusement Concessions	17,500,000
Exhibitors	30,000,000
Total	$156,900,000

The above figures top by far the sums spent by any previous World's Fair. The Chicago Fair cost only $50,000,000, while the recent Paris Exposition involved an expenditure of $60,000,000. The New York Fair represents perhaps the greatest temporary peacetime business in history. Because of the tremendous expenditures involved and the gigantic publicity accorded these cost figures, Whalen is fully aware that the public expects this New York Fair to be the greatest of all Fairs in every respect.

If it isn't, the public will blame him. And he knows this. Hence, Whalen has probably worked harder on this assignment than on any other he has ever tackled.

In his lifetime of fifty-two years, Grover A. Whalen has had good-sized jobs, which called for some real personal responsibility. Since taking over the Presidency of the World's Fair a year ago, Whalen has worked an average day from 9 a.m. until 11 p.m. He is at the Fair Grounds every day except on Monday forenoons when he attends the Board Meetings of the World's Fair 1939, Inc. in New York City. According to reports, Whalen's salary as President of the Fair is $75,000 a year plus $25,000 for expenses.

Despite the grueling daily pressure of the Fair's business, Grover A. Whalen hasn't changed any in appearance. He is the same unruffled, immaculately clad, black wax mustached business-like gentleman who some years back headed the New York City Committee in welcoming home Lindbergh after his epic flight to Paris, Queen Marie of Rumania, Gertrude Ederle and other celebrities. He retains his athletic figure through daily exercises and horseback riding on week ends.

Whalen was born on the lower east side of New York City, on June 2, 1886. On that day, President Grover Cleveland married Frances Folsom in the White House. His father, Michael, a con-

Continued at top of page 146

"I'LL BE HOLDING MY BREATH 'TILL I SEE YOU AGAIN!
SWELL IDEA!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Sweetens the breath . . . keeps it sweeter long after!

● There's nothing that adds to your self-confidence like knowing your breath is sweet *for critical close-ups!*

And it's so easy to keep your breath sweeter and fresher the PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC WAY! Take just a moment, three times a day, to gargle and rinse your mouth with this golden, tangy-tasting liquid. Just swirl it around . . . rinse it out . . . and presto! . . . enjoy a new spick-and-span freshness! . . . The best thing about PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is that you draw dividends from it *long after* you use it. Yes, PEPSODENT not only sweetens your breath . . . but in addition, helps *keep it sweeter!* BUY PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC TODAY!

NO OTHER LEADING BRAND CAN SAY THIS:

1. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in seconds even when diluted with 2 parts water.

2. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL tests show these results. Gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted with 2 parts of water immediately reduces the bacterial count in the mouth by as much as 97%; and that reduction still amounts in many cases to 80% after as long as 2 hours!

3. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic makes your money go 3 times as far. When diluted with 2 parts of water, it is as effective as other leading advertised brands used full strength.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC keeps your breath Sweeter for Critical Close-ups!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

The Chicago Daily News Building

CHARACTER *in Crisis and in Calm*

"Character is a by-product; it is produced in the great manufacture of daily duty."
—Woodrow Wilson, in an address, May 31, 1915

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS has been engaged "in the great manufacture of daily duty" for sixty-three years. A contemporary described its birth as "the latest curiosity in the newspaper line." And, as its character was forged, its honesty and sincerity proved, it did become a curiosity.

Its "daily duty" simply was to serve its readers as faithfully as it knew how; to distinguish clearly between news and editorials and paid advertising matter; to be enterprising and accurate in its reporting; to be fair and alert in its editorial comment; to fight unreservedly for what it believed to be best.

Chicagoans, as a consequence, have pitted their faith in this newspaper. They know it stands strong in time of crisis or in time of calm. It has weathered wars and hard times. It has battled corruption. It unhesitatingly has thrown its support behind the men and measures it believed would be of greatest service to the most people.

Today, The Chicago Daily News is truly an important Chicago institution. It has *greater* Home Coverage and reaches *more* Able-to-Buy families than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. Its circulation, penetrating every section of the city, exactly parallels Chicago's purchasing power. As evidence of its economy and effectiveness in the movement of goods and the sale of services, The Chicago Daily News has carried *more* Total Display and *more* Retail Advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago — morning, evening or Sunday — *as far back as the records go.**

* *Sources: Advertising Record Co., Media Records, Inc.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

•

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* · DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building* · SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

After Six
ON SUMMER EVENINGS

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The Other Whalen

Continued from pages 53-142-144

tractor, lately arrived from County Galway, Ireland, was a staunch Democrat and hence proclaimed his politics and loyalty by naming his first-born, Grover. His mother, Esther DeNee Whalen, was a French Canadian. Whalen's Galway ancestry is very evident in his quick, penetrating eyes and very dark complexion and jet-black hair. In Ireland, people from Galway are known as the "Black or Spanish Irish," for Galway was the haven of many ships from the Great Spanish Armada which was wrecked off the British Isles. Many of the Armada survivors settled in Galway and married Irish lassies. From his French-Canadian mother, Whalen states he inherited his firmly rooted belief in courtesy.

Like most other lads from the lower east side of New York, Whalen attended the public schools, later went to De Witt Clinton High School and the Clason Point Military Academy and the Packard Commercial College. He entered the New York Law School. However, the sudden death of his father when Whalen was twenty, put an end to his law career and forced him to leave school. This was necessary because, with his father's passing, Whalen became the head of the family, the main support of a widowed mother, a brother and two sisters.

This was in 1906. Since entering the business world that year, Grover A. Whalen has held fourteen national and municipal offices, executive positions in six business concerns, membership in one educational, four philanthropic institutions, and directorship in nine public service agencies. He has been Secretary to the Mayor of New York and Police Commissioner; also Director, America Trans-Oceanic Company, Coty, Inc., Interborough Rapid Transit Company, John Wanamaker, New York and Philadelphia; Trustee, Metropolitan Savings Bank; Chairman, Board of Directors, Schenley Products Company. The later important post Whalen resigned from to accept the Presidency of the New York World's Fair.

In 1933, President Roosevelt drafted Whalen as New York City Administrator of the National Recovery Administration. In this task, he settled by arbitration, 130 strikes in New York industries and organized and mobilized the greatest mass demonstration of industry and commerce ever held in the world—the N. R. A. Parade on September 13, 1933.

He married on April 13, 1913, Miss Anna Dolores Kelly, daughter of Hugh Kelly, a West India merchant and banker of Washington Square. They have three children, Mary, Grover, Jr., and Esther Ann. They have a town house in Washington Mews and a country place at North Hills, Long Island.

Just what the other Grover A. Whalen plans to do after the World's Fair, he doesn't know. "Sleep for at least a year" is his own laconic reply to any such inquiries. However, it's not likely that Whalen will get any opportunity for resting even during 1940, the year after the Fair is supposed to close. Not at least according to the astute F.P.A. who forecasts in his "Conning Tower" in the *New York Evening Post* that "The World's Fair will continue during 1940. If it is a financial success, it will continue in the hope that it will be even more so; if it isn't, it will continue in the hope that it may get off the hook." #

Dreiser at Spoon River

Continued from page 66

track. He commented on their sturdiness and vitality. When we passed through the first little village and saw the typical American idlers standing by the station to watch the train arrive he contrasted their listless behavior with the spirited manner of the Italians we had seen. I pointed out to him places identified with my boyhood; the blacksmith shop at Cantrall where I had almost burned my fingers off; the Chautauqua Grounds near Petersburg which had been established in memory of Lincoln, and near at hand the place in the Sangamon River where I was nearly drowned. There was nothing there but the bend; for long before the water mill which succeeded the mill of Lincoln's day at New Salem, had vanished, and even the dam was all but obliterated. At Petersburg, twenty miles from Springfield, the train stopped long enough for me to tell him about various houses and buildings; the Old Menard House where Lincoln used to stop when he came to Petersburg to court; various buildings of local note about the square; the little brick station, no longer used, standing back from the track which was used when I was a boy in Petersburg, and from which I left when we moved from Petersburg to Lewistown, fifty miles north. When we left Petersburg we came to the farm country with which I was familiar, and to the hamlet of Atterberry, where the store still stood that was there when I was a boy, and was still managed by the man who had run it all these intervening years. A few miles beyond we came to Oakford, sighting first the grain elevator which John Armstrong owned and conducted; for he was a man of means, and had led a thrifty and industrious life, along with fiddling and hunting.

John was standing on the station platform. I knew him by the pictures of him that I had seen. He was glancing about with wild-bird eyes for someone that looked like his idea of me. But I knew him

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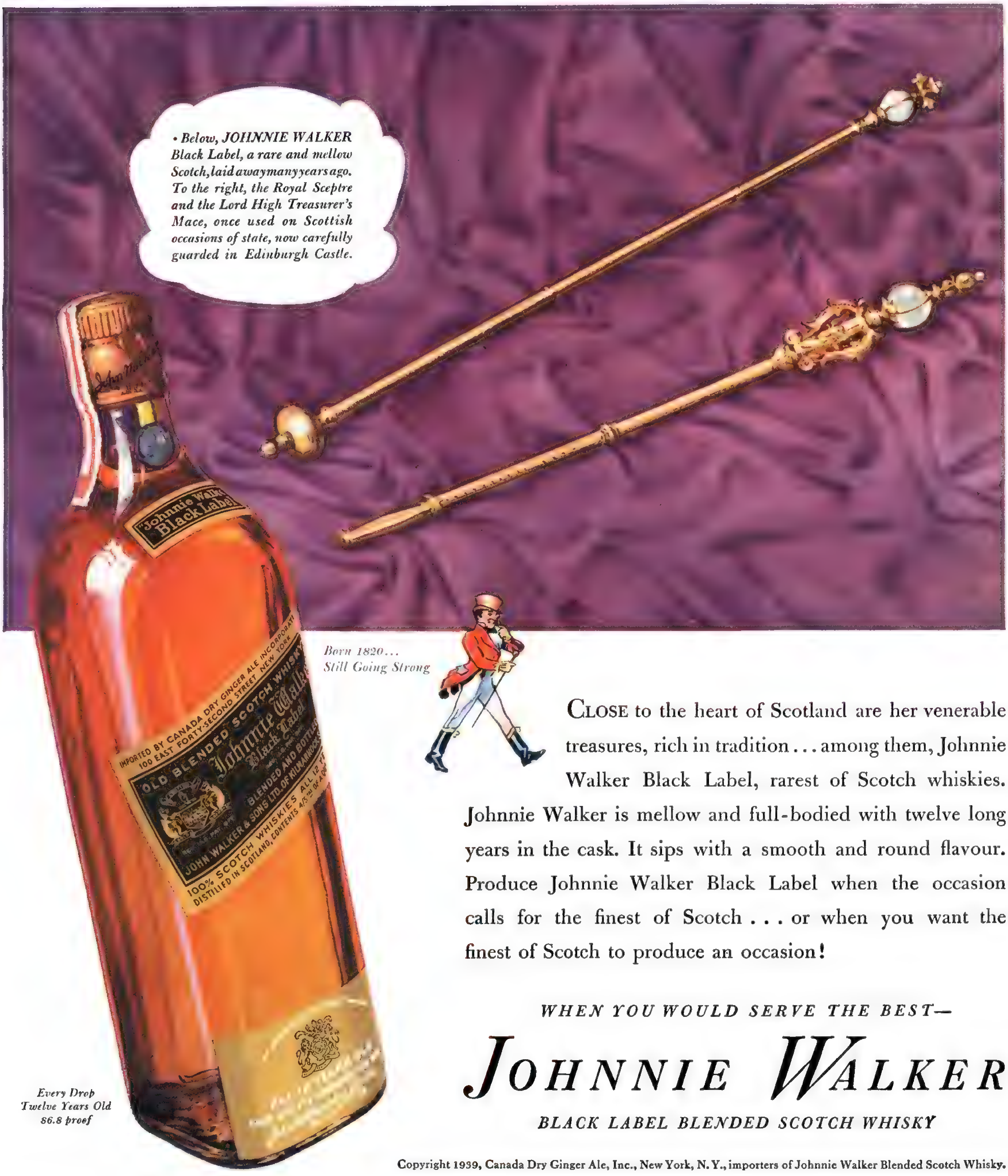
Treasures close to the Heart of Scotland



• *Below, JOHNNIE WALKER Black Label, a rare and mellow Scotch, laid away many years ago. To the right, the Royal Sceptre and the Lord High Treasurer's Mace, once used on Scottish occasions of state, now carefully guarded in Edinburgh Castle.*

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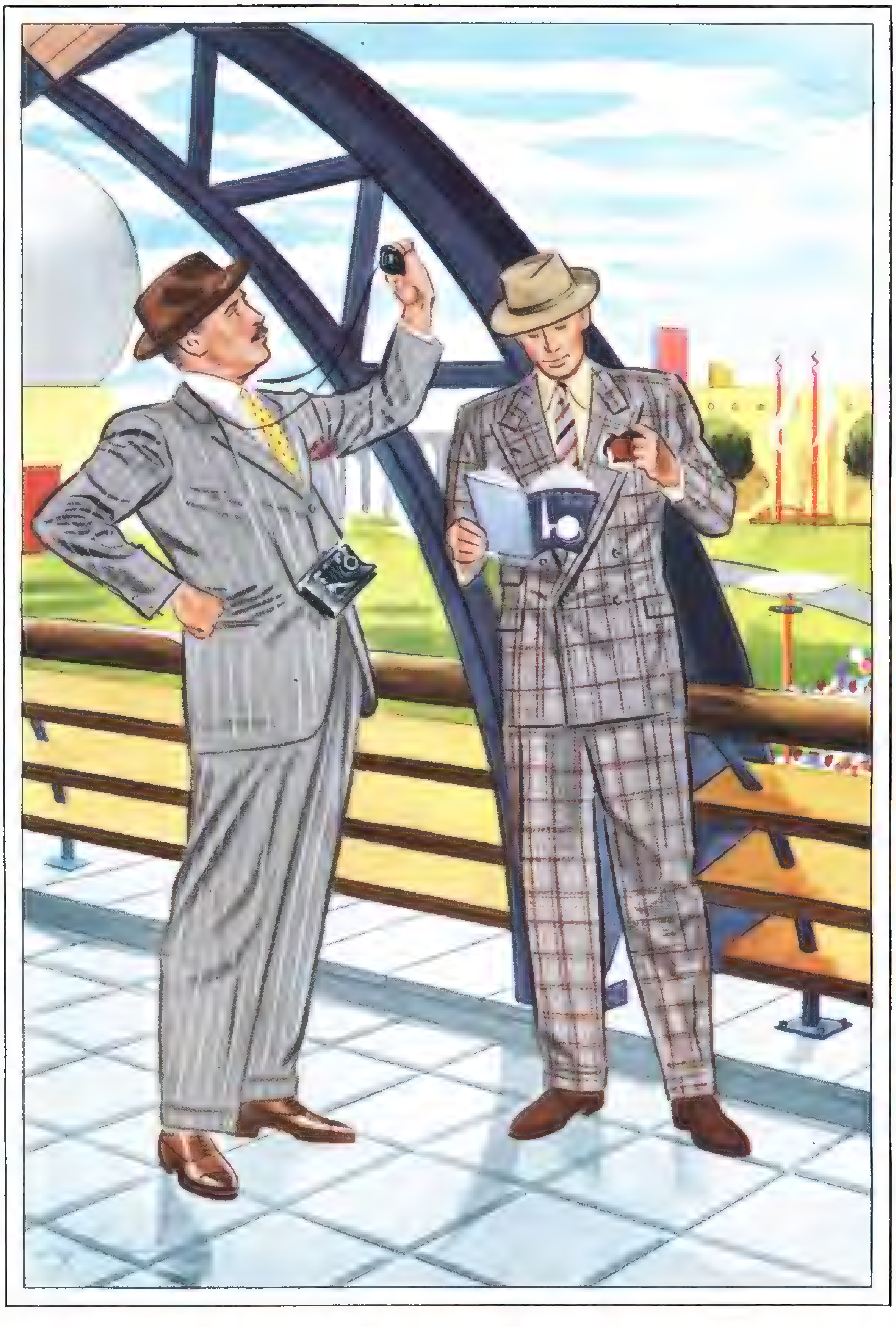

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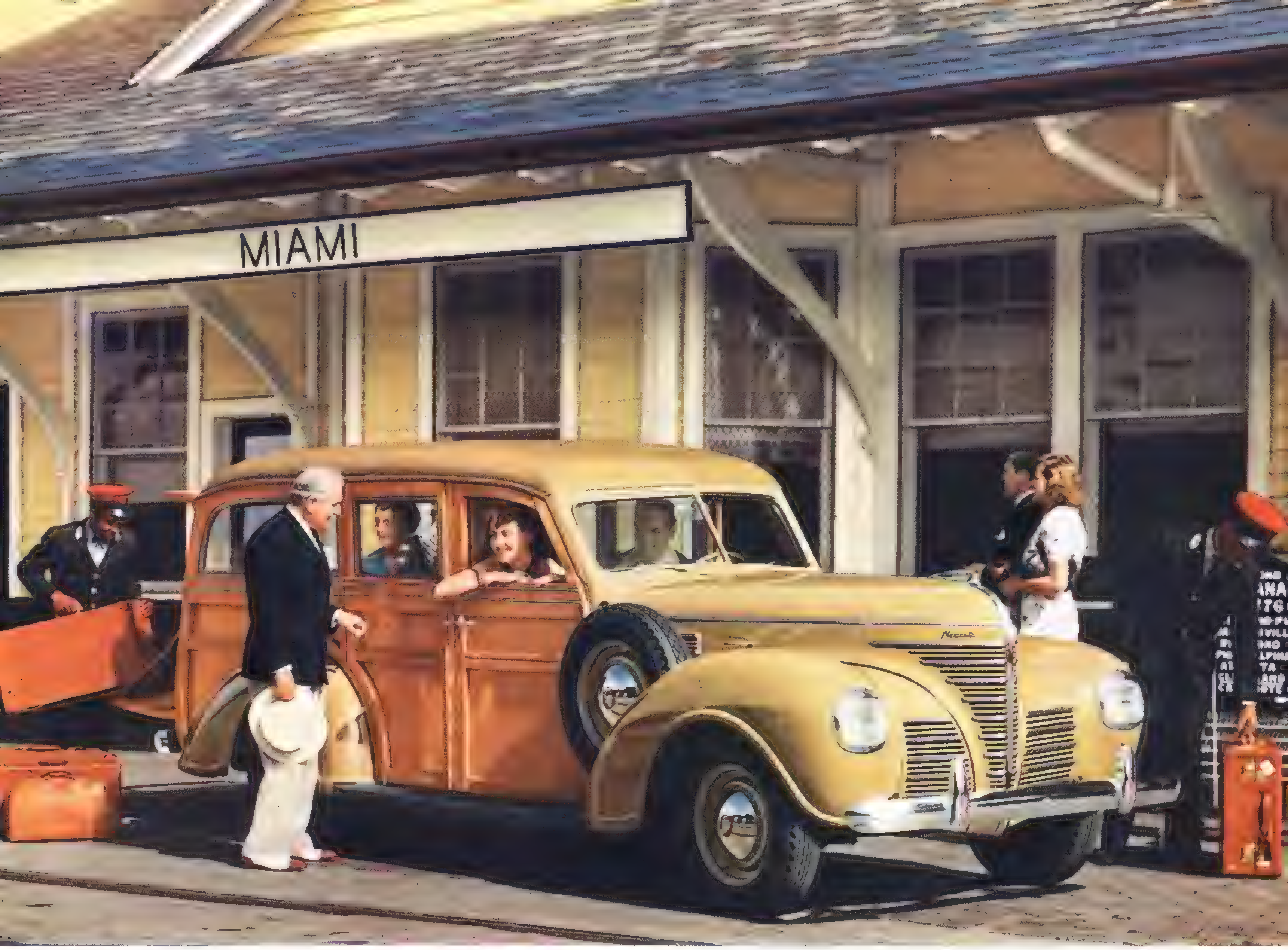

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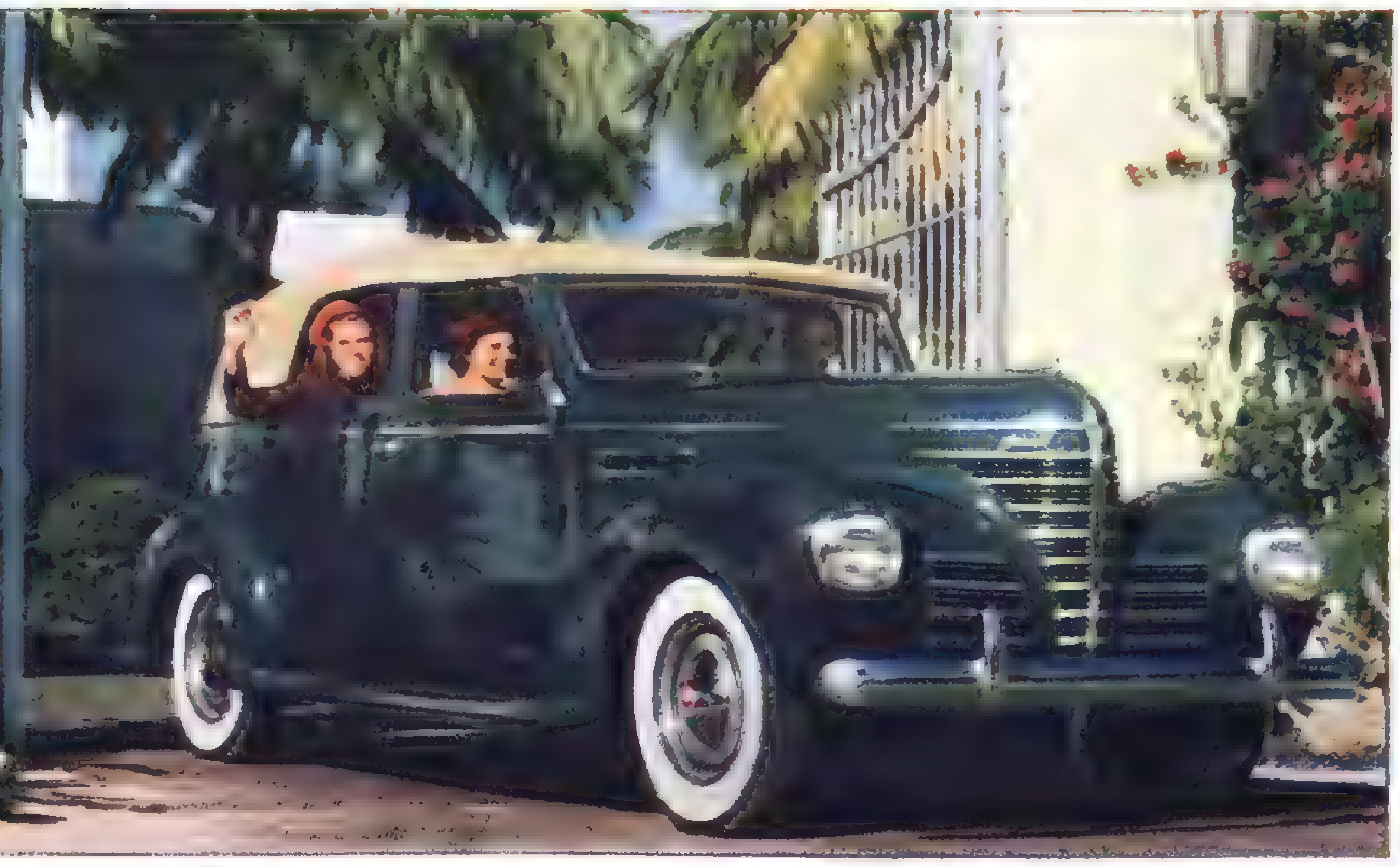

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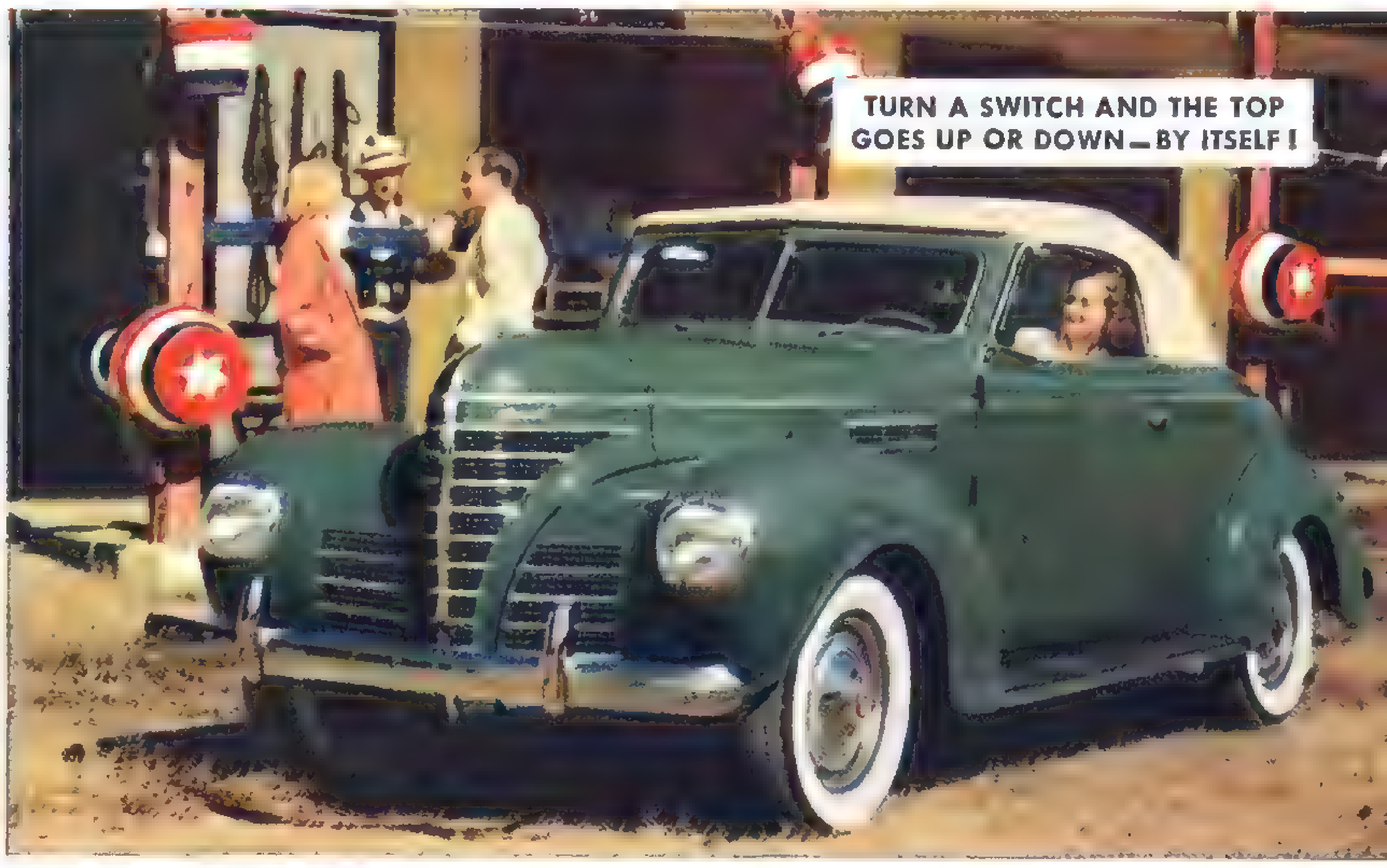

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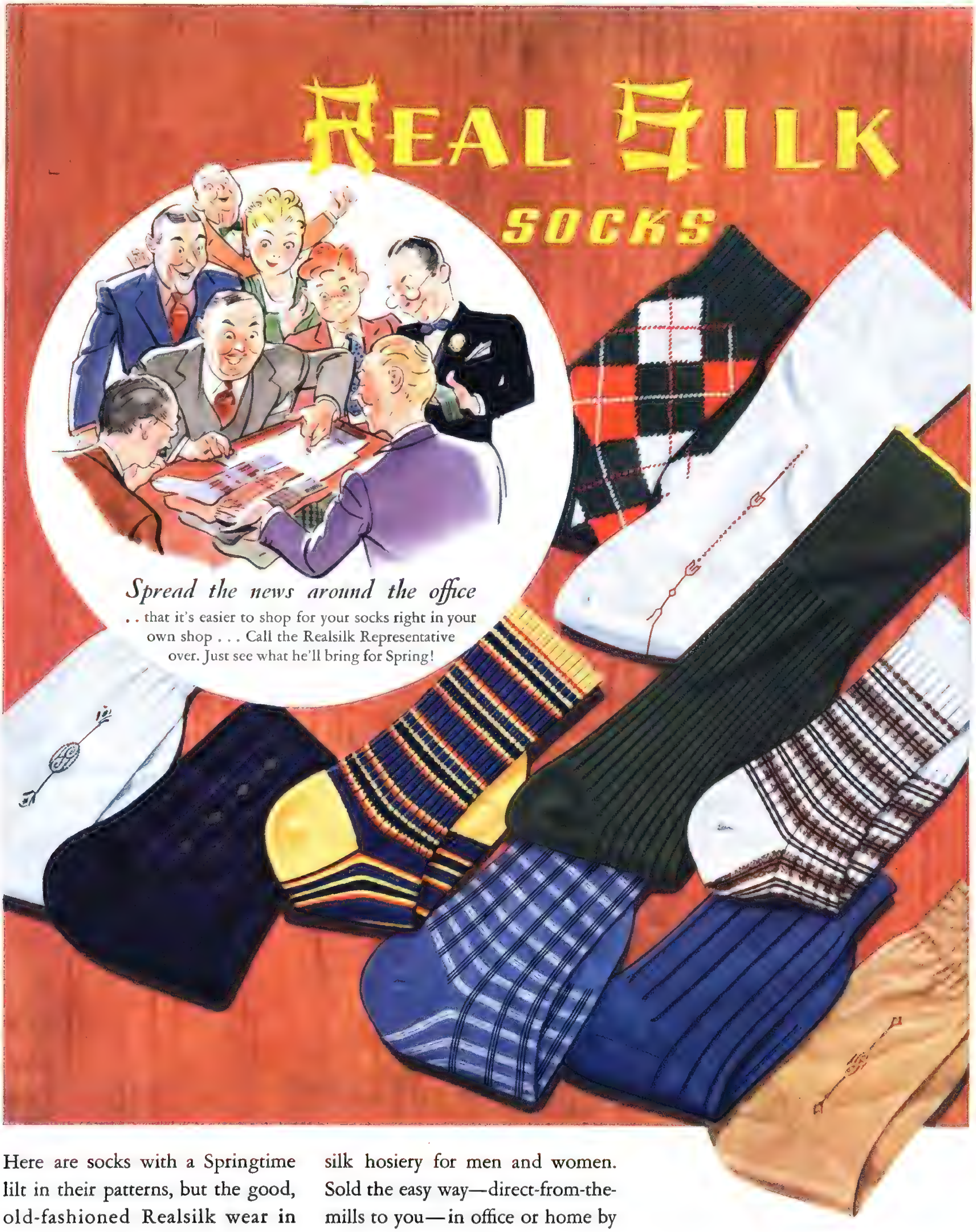

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. . that it's easier to shop for your socks right in your own shop . . . Call the Realsilk Representative over. Just see what he'll bring for Spring!

Here are socks with a Springtime lilt in their patterns, but the good, old-fashioned Realsilk wear in every toe and heel.

Short socks that stay up by themselves. Regulars. Ribs. Silks. Lisles. Name the type you like, we'll show patterns you want. Made by the world's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery for men and women. Sold the easy way—direct-from-the-mills to you—in office or home by Realsilk Representatives.

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DIRECT FROM THE MILLS TO YOU

Dreiser at Spoon River

Continued from pages 66-146

at once and went to him, introducing Dreiser, who turned his eyes upon John and bored him through with scrutinizing penetration. John was not conscious of Dreiser's stare, nor did he seem to betray any curiosity in Dreiser, though Dreiser's coat with its fur collar, and his city apparel and city manner might well have caused a countryman to look the newcomer over. For himself John was freshly shaved, he had on clean linen and a good four-in-hand, his shoes were polished, he looked eminently respectable. I might have supposed that he had dressed for us, but it turned out that John was always careful of his appearance. His mother, Hannah, though a pioneer woman, had a certain breeding; and according to my grandmother, who knew and loved her for years, she was a woman of excellent character. John had derived from his home environment under her an understanding of good habits of life, of a kind of homely etiquette, of the ways of hospitality. As a liver and a hunter, as a man who had gone about his own country for years meeting all sorts of men in that locality John would have been at ease with anyone. He took Dreiser for just another man, one perhaps of a new type, but no matter for that. So we stood momentarily on the platform of the station, where Dreiser's great height contrasted with John's low stature. John said, "They say you're a writin' feller." And when Dreiser laughed and admitted that he was, John remarked, "Wal, by God, that was what I was told. Come on now boys we'll go to the house. Aunt Caroline has dinner about ready, and I've got some fine whisky for you. A feller over in the 'Burg giv' it to me."

Oakford was a village of just a few houses and about one hundred people. We passed up a street where there were two stores on one side and some houses on the other. "You remember Oakford, don't you, Lee?" John asked me. When I said I did, he went on, "Do you remember when Porky Jim Thomas run a sample room right thar?" John pointed to one of the stores which had become a drug store. With this Dreiser exploded with laughter. To which John paid no attention. "Where is Porky Jim?" I inquired. "Wal," replied John, "I don't know exactly where he is at. He died about ten years ago. We buried him here in Oakford. We'll go and look at his grave tomorrow." Though I knew why the man was called Porky Jim I asked John for Dreiser's benefit where he got such a name. "Why, Cy Skaggs giv' him that name. You see runnin' that sample room he got as big around as a barl, and as purple in the face as a gobbler. He drank a quart of whiskey a day, by God, and said that no man could be healthy without it. Cy Skaggs called him that, and it stuck."

Dreiser stopped to laugh which John seemed to take as a matter of course. He and I paused waiting for Dreiser, while John went on telling me about the last days of Porky Jim. "He had the dropsy, the doctors called it, and almost bust. They had to tap him; and a man told me they took off ten gallons of water. Once we had a hoss race here. One of the Atterberrys was raisin' quarter hosses. Porky Jim was thar takin' bets. He could hardly get around. 'Pears to me that's the last time I saw Porky before he got down at home." By this time Dreiser having laughed himself out came up to where we were standing, and on we went to John's house, which was only two blocks from the station.

John's house was a cottage of one story, but it was freshly painted and in good repair. His yard was large and surrounded by a picket fence. There were lilac bushes and other flowering growths on the lawn. At one side was a large vegetable garden where the stalks of last summer's corn stood, blasted and shaking in the February wind. A brick walk led from the gate to the front door. From the chimney a cloud of soft coal smoke was pouring. John opened the door, held it ajar for us to enter, and we came in and set our handbags down and began to take in the room. It was small with a low ceiling. On the wall were black crayons of relatives; in the corner was an organ; in the center a soft-coal base burner with windows of isinglass through which the flames of a hot fire were flickering. On the floor was a rag carpet of many hues, and in a good state. John went on into the dining room, which we could see into. There a long table was already set, and from the kitchen beyond we could hear the steps of John's wife, Aunt Caroline, and her daughter, and the sizzling of food in the skillet. Dreiser looked at me and was still laughing. We stood there, thinking that John had gone out only for a moment. That proved to be true. He returned bearing the promised whisky, and we drank together. John was chuckling and talking and swearing with no stay. In a moment Aunt Caroline and her daughter came in. I shook hands with them as Aunt Caroline said, "I've knowed your pap since he was fifteen years old. He was at a dance about then where my brother fiddled, I knew your grandpap and your grandma, but I never knowed you before. They say you live in Chicago."

Meantime Dreiser stood unintroduced. "This here, Caroline is a writin' feller from New York. By God, I've forgot your name." Dreiser told him in a quiet voice as his eyes flamed with mirth. "Yes," said John, "Dresser. Why, Caroline, you remember them Dressers that lived over thar by Salt Creek, just east of Dutchland. They was Dutch. Ain't you Dutch?" Dreiser replied that he

Continued on page 152

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Dreiser at Spoon River

Continued from pages 66-146-151

was of German parentage. "I thought so," observed John.

Aunt Caroline and her daughter now disappeared to the kitchen and we sat down by the fire while John talked a stream, telling about various things that had happened in the neighborhood, about the horse races, the odd characters of the past. He was running over with stories. Dreiser sat there and laughed quietly to himself. John seemed to be oblivious of everything but the stories that he was telling. He kept punctuating his remarks with "by Gods," and laughing heartily at his own humor. Finally Dreiser asked him, "Did you know Lincoln?" "Well, I kain't say that I knowed him," John replied. "I seed him onct that I remember well. You see when Duff was tried—thar's his picture on the wall—I was only nine years old. And my mother, that's Aunt Hannah as they called her, took me to Beardstown whar they had Duff in jail. That's when I seed Linkern." "What did he look like?" asked Dreiser, growing more interested. "Wal, by God, that's hard to answer. He looked like one of these here cranes you see along the Sangamon River—tall, you know, and thin. He didn't have no beard, that I remember. I know damn well he didn't have no beard, because my mother said so many times." "Did you see him sitting down as well as standing?" John looked at Dreiser sharply, seeing that the questions were growing acute. "You ain't no lawyer, are you Dresser?" asked John. Dreiser answered that he wasn't a lawyer. "By God you sound like it," remarked John. "You sound like old Breese Johnson that used to be over at the 'Burg forty years ago." "I wanted to know how Lincoln looked when he was sitting down," Dreiser explained. "Wal, I expect he looked like one of these here grasshoppers with their jints stickin' up when they squat. You see Linkern had awful long legs. My mother said so. Over at Havaner thar was a man named Colonel Prickett. He told me that he seed Linkern on the platform thar onct, and that his knees stuck up half way to his waist." This was the tenor of the talk as Aunt Caroline entered to announce that dinner was ready.

"I expect you boys want to wash," John observed. He opened doors off the living room where we had been sitting and showed us into our separate rooms. There we found bowls and pitchers of water, and fresh towels. We also saw the very comfortable beds built up with feather ticks, and log-house quilts which Aunt Caroline had spread for us with hospitable care. We came back into the living room, though John had been standing as we washed near our doors in order to finish one of his stories. He was swearing and talking in the husky amusing voice that was his. All the while Dreiser was smiling or chuckling, or looking about with his penetrating eyes, as if he felt that he had never seen anyone like John, or any house just like this cottage was. John now took us into the dining room, and then as suddenly left us as he passed into the kitchen, remarking, "By God, I believe I'll wash myself." We could see him as he hid his face in his hands, and exploded the water about his face from a tin basin.

We sat down to a table of fried chicken, boiled ham and boiled beef; to potatoes, cabbage, rutabagas, carrots and onions; to hot biscuits and corn bread; to wild honey and every variety of preserves and canned berries; to pickles made of tomatoes, watermelon rinds, cucumbers; to blackberry pie and many kinds of cake; to milk and excellent cream; to coffee that was better than one usually finds in country households. John did not wait for us to begin. He started at once to feed, eating heartily, talking without remission, while Dreiser sat there silently partaking of the fare, rather delicately, not saying much, but laughing to himself at times at John's stories. His mood seemed to be one of respect for the household, of appreciation of the hospitality which was so generous, of comprehending interest in John as a veritable character. He really noted everything; even though at times seeming to be far away. Long after he referred to this visit, and repeated some of John's picturesque vernacular, showing that it had fastened itself in his memory.

An evening then followed in which Dreiser laughed and rocked; or sat with his head against the back of the chair, folding his handkerchief into squares, or leaning forward to ask John something, or to hear him better. At times he howled with delight. Aunt Caroline and her daughter washed the dishes, and came in the living room after the fun had started. Neither said anything; while Aunt Caroline was knitting and looking down at her work in respectful silence to John. He was going on as before, growing more animated, and piling one anecdote upon another, and calling the character he was portraying, or telling about nicknames that were in themselves as funny as the comedies he sketched. By seven o'clock the hour seemed late, for it was winter and darkness by then had long come upon the prairies, and the woods which skirted the Sangamon River two miles away, and the hills just near Oakford. And such silence without, save for the wind!

"The storm without might rair and rustle" we "did na mind the storm a whistle," there comfortably grouped about the coal stove watching the flames flicker against the isinglass doors. Aunt Caroline sat attentive upon her knitting, the daughter looked down demurely, somewhat abashed by John's guests; Dreiser folded his handkerchief, and John went on

Continued on page 154

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VERITABLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
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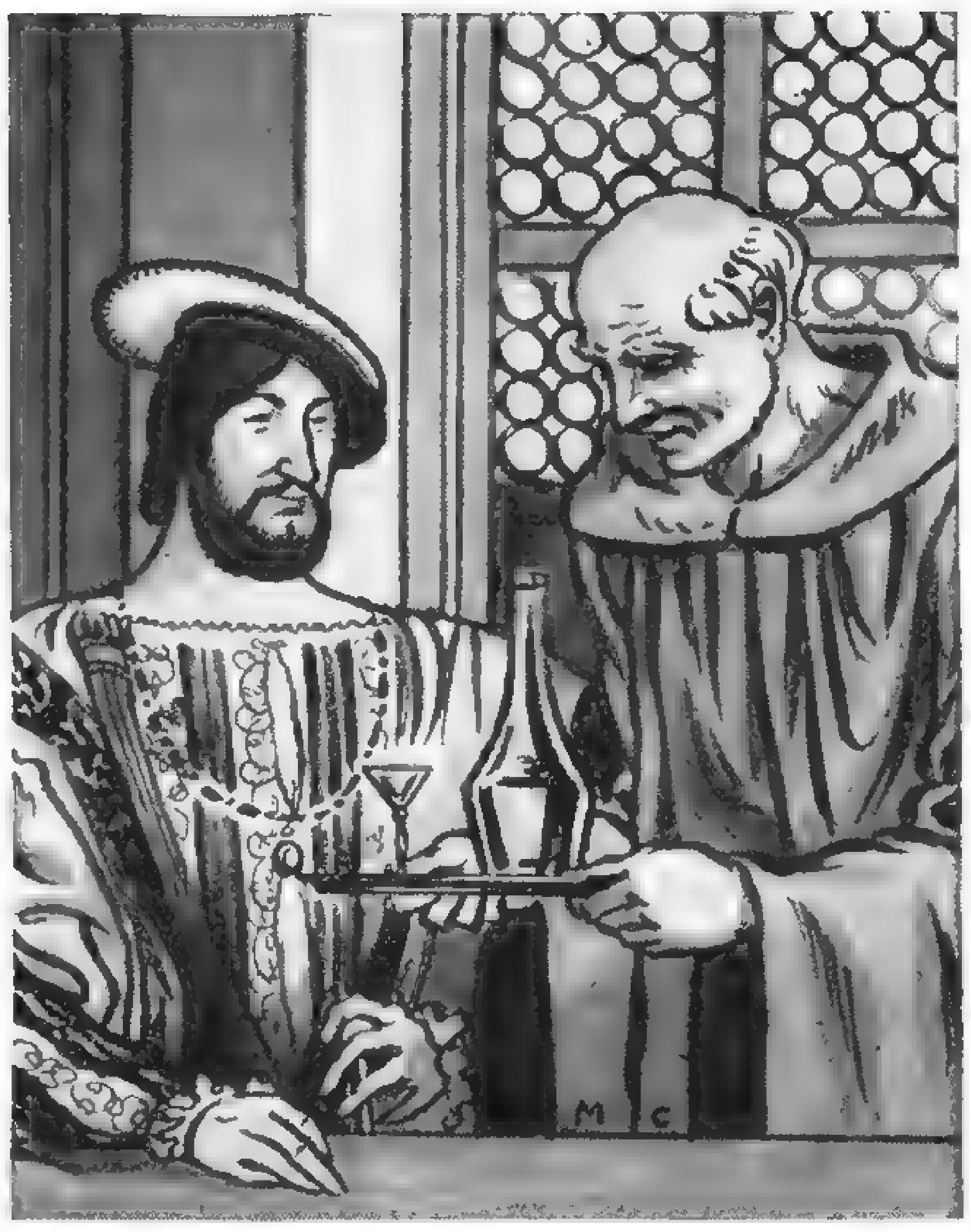

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". . . After Coffee . . . a Bénédictine!" Thus speaks smart America today. Through four centuries, Bénédictine has endured and grown ever more famous.

Your first sip tells you why. Bénédictine has a subtle, unique flavour that thrills your palate. And, in over 400 years, its flavour has never been successfully imitated. When you come to New York join the thousands who say, "After Coffee . . . a Bénédictine."

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Perfectly blended in Bénédictine's own centuries-old cellars at Fécamp, B AND B is far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy. Ask for *Bénédictine's bottled* B AND B.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dreiser at Spoon River

Continued from pages 66-146-151-152

telling about quarter horses, camp meetings, dances, fiddler contests in which he had figured. Sometimes as many as fifty fiddlers came together at Havana, or one of the near-by towns, there in some hall to strive for a set of harness, a whip, a five-dollar gold piece as the prize for the best fiddling. And John had often won the prize. "By God, I won 'er this time," was his comment.

Perhaps John would have talked on until sleep vanquished him, if I had not said that we wanted to hear him play the fiddle. He made no excuses, he just got up and got his fiddle. He asked his daughter to play the organ for him and to give him the key. The daughter arose without a word, with no expression on her face, just arose like a wraith and sat down at the organ and gave John the key. Then John tuned the fiddle, and sat back and began to tell stories again, rather he began to preface the playing of each piece with words concerning its origin and where it got its name, and where he heard it first. Nearly every tune was associated with something that had happened at a dance, at the county fair, at a camp meeting, a party, or a festival of some sort. For years he had attended these things which were a continuation of the New Salem events, of dances at the Rutledge Tavern, of horse races, on the prairie west of New Salem. Thus if he had lived at New Salem when Lincoln did we should not have had a truer recreation of those days.

John played such pieces as *Rocky Road to Jordan, Way up Tar Creek, Foggy Mountain Top, Hell among the Yearlins, Little Drops of Brandy, The Wind that Shakes the Barley, Good Mornin' Uncle Johnny, I've Fetched Your Wagon Home*, as well as the more familiar pieces like *Zip Coon, Turkey in the Straw.* Sometimes he sang words as he played, like this:

"There was a woman in our town,
  In our town did dwell,
She loved her husband dear-i-lee,
  But another man twict as well."

He played a piece which he called *Toor-a Loor*, and another called *The Speckled Hen*, and another which he called *Chaw Roast Beef*. He sang and played *Swingin' in the Lane.* He played and sang *The Missouri Harmony:*

"When in death I shall calm recline
  O bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine
  Of brightest hue while it languished here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
  To sully a heart so brilliant and light.
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow
  To bathe the relict from morn till night."

Concerning this, John said by way of preface before beginning, "This here is *The Missouri Harmony*. Linkern used to sing it, but he couldn't carry no tune. That's what my mother told me. But he'd try at it."

Between playing he was piling up anecdotes about "One Eyed" Clemons, "Corky Bill" Atterberry, "Quarter Hoss" Sam Lounsbury, "Snaggle Tooth" Engle, "Slicky Bill" Greene. Dreiser sat there convulsed with laughter, just quietly folding his handkerchief.

John played a piece which he called *Pete McCue's Straw Stack*, and he told us before playing it, "This here is called *Pete McCue's Straw Stack* named after old Peter McCue, who lived down by Tar Creek. They had a dance thar one time and the boys tied their horses close to a straw stack, and when they came out the hosses had et all the straw. They had been playing this piece that night, but after that they called it *Pete McCue's Straw Stack.* I forget what they called it before this."

Resting at times from the fiddle, John held the instrument against his arm and talked, telling us what platform dancing was, and about the famous platform dancers that he had known, one of whom growing excited with drink and music, had looked about the room and called out, "Clar the cheers out. I'm goin' to take off my shoes and come down on her." He did so and his feet went through the puncheon floor and that resulted in renaming the dance music. After that it is was called *Skinnin' Your Shins* for the dancer had skinned his shins pretty badly. And John told about a noted strong man of Oakford who had whipped a savage bulldog with his own hands, and about Clay Bailey, who had entered the circus ring and taken an escaped leopard by the tail and dragged it back to its cage. "He couldn't have a-done that withouten he was drunk. The likker made him powerful strong and keerless." Aunt Caroline didn't bat an eye as John told these marvels. The daughter still sat at the organ waiting for John to name the next piece. Dreiser was red in the face from suppressed laughter.

John was as good a fiddler as I had ever heard; but he protested that he was a poor performer compared to his wife's brother, who had gone from Oakford years before, and had died in Iowa. "As fur as that's concerned," John confessed, "Fiddler Bill Watkins could beat me all holler, and he warn't a patchin to my wife's brother. He used to play for all the dances here and up Tar Creek—and fight! Why, by God, onct over near the Lattimore, just this side of Dutchland, they was havin' a dance, and some fellers from Mason County was thar and had cum over to break it up. 'Fiddler Bill' jest laid down his fiddle, stepped from the platform, and whooped the whole lot. Now you see my Pap was Jack Armstrong, a powerful man he was in the arms and back; and the

Continued on page 156

SPORTSWEAR
by
PURITAN

STANDISH—For the young man from 17 to 70—full zipper cardigan—belted back—made of the finest quality spun rayon and mohair. 12 shades (heathers and solids)—$5.

SHORTS of Rayon Sports Satin, a brand-new idea for 1939! In striking colors for beach or active sports—$3 to $5.

PURITAN'S PROGRESS

A True Story

One year ago, our first advertisement appeared in Esquire. In it we featured sportswear for men, made of cloth containing what we believe to be the finest rayon yarn in the world.

That rayon yarn has been improved. Puritan has progressed with it.

So this season, the best retail stores in the country are featuring Puritan garments like those illustrated, made of rayon (either spun or filament), rayon combined with cotton, virgin wool or mohair.

In each case, the same rayon is used as that to which we committed ourselves a year ago. It may be identified by our label and, further, by its manufacturer's symbol which always appears on the finished garment.

Buy it with confidence—great names stand behind it, including

PURITAN KNITTING MILLS CORPORATION
1270 Broadway, New York City
Merchandise Mart, Chicago **Plant: Altoona, Pennsylvania**

SPORTS ENSEMBLE (shirt and slacks) styled for 1939. Smarter than ever... in the newest colors. Still, of course, in the finest of spun rayon materials—$5 to $15.

THE ALDEN—casual, easy-fitting slip-over of finest quality spun rayon and mohair. 12 colors (heathers and solids)—$3.50.

SPORTSWEAR
by
PURITAN

Dreiser at Spoon River

Continued from pages 66-146-151-152-154

truth is Linkern never throwed him. It was a tie. My Mother told me so a hundred times before she died."

"How big was your father?" I asked John. "Why he warn't so big," John replied. "He was short like I am, but husky, big chest, and weighed about one hundred eighty. He never was throwed, is what they tell me."

Dreiser by this time had looked at all the pictures on the wall. In an interval of fiddling he asked John about Duff Armstrong, whose picture hung near the entrance door. It was the face of a hard man, with wild eyes, rather cruel on the whole. John saw Dreiser looking at the picture and remarked, "You can believe Duff was a fightin' man. It was a fight that got him into the court at Beardstown where Linkern defended him with the almanac."

"How about that almanac?" asked Dreiser. "You were not at the trial, I have heard."

"No, I warn't," John admitted; but I was down one time to Beardstown with my mother when Duff was thar in jail, before the trial."

"What did your mother say was done? She was present at the trial, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she was thar. She said Linkern handed a almanac to the judge which showed that the witnesses had lied about the moon."

"Yes, I know all about that," Dreiser interjected, "But do you know where he got the almanac? Did you ever hear that Lincoln had it printed for this case?"

"Yes, by God, I heard that," replied John with spirit; "but it ain't true. He got that almanac at the drug store. He went up and handed the almanac to the judge, and the judge seed that the moon was settin' and not at the meridian as the witnesses said. So how could they see Duff hit that feller with a neck yoke, because the moon was bright?"

"Yes, yes," said Dreiser, folding his handkerchief and leaning back, as if he had satisfied himself that John did not have anything of importance to reveal upon this subject.

"There's lots of stories about that almanac," said John. "Why one time over at Springfield I seed a affidavit that said that Linkern didn't change the almanac. And right on the wall thar is a picture of one of the jurymen that tried Duff. He was a smart man, and no one could play any trick on him."

Dreiser was now rocking and singing *Turkey in the Straw* to himself. "Came to the River and couldn't get across, Paid five dollars for an old blind hoss—Turkey in the straw, Turkey in the hay . . . etc."

I thought I'd suggest an idea, so I said, "John here's something that hasn't been talked about much. That almanac was not legal evidence, and the judge was either fooled or else he admitted it in evidence, knowing it was illegal. "It has turned out that an astronomical survey made at Harvard, I believe it was, showed that the moon was just where the almanac put it that night. But an Ayers or Sarsaparilla almanac would prove the state of the weather, or the position of the moon just as much as a Montgomery Ward catalogue would prove what their prices were; that is, if you just put the catalogue in evidence without someone from the store to swear that those prices were correct."

"Is that so?" said John in great surprise. "Wal, by God, Linkern got it in evidence."

"Yes those were the good old days. No one thought of bringing an astronomer into court to testify where the moon was on a certain night at a certain hour and minute. An almanac was believed in. But here's something else; even if the moon was setting and not at the meridian the witnesses might have seen your brother strike that man Metzger with the neck yoke. What happened was that the evidence of these witnesses was clouded by the almanac. They said the moon was at the meridian, and the almanac showed it was setting. But, what of it? Your brother hit the man, didn't he?"

"You bet he did," was John's quick reply. "And I'll tell you why, by God." "You see my brother and this man was here in Oakford before that. Duff was asleep on a barl; and this man come up and cotched him while he was asleep, and pulled him off the barl. So they fit right then and thar. There was bad blood betwixt them. And that night when Duff used the neck yoke there was a general fight with several in it; and this here Metzger was hit with a slung shot by somebody, and Duff hit him with a neck yoke. But what Duff did didn't kill him. It was the slung shot. A doctor got on the witness stand and swore that it was the slung shot that cracked his skull. Besides all that, the evidence showed that Metzger ridin' home that night fell off his hoss several times. So how could you say that ary blow at the fight killed him? He might have cracked his head fallin' off his hoss; for as fur as that's concerned he rode home after bein' hit with the slung shot and the neck yoke. And Linkern's speech which made my mother cry, and everybody in the court room, freed Duff right thar."

"According to this, the position of the moon had as much to do with the case as the astrology of the Babylonians," I said.

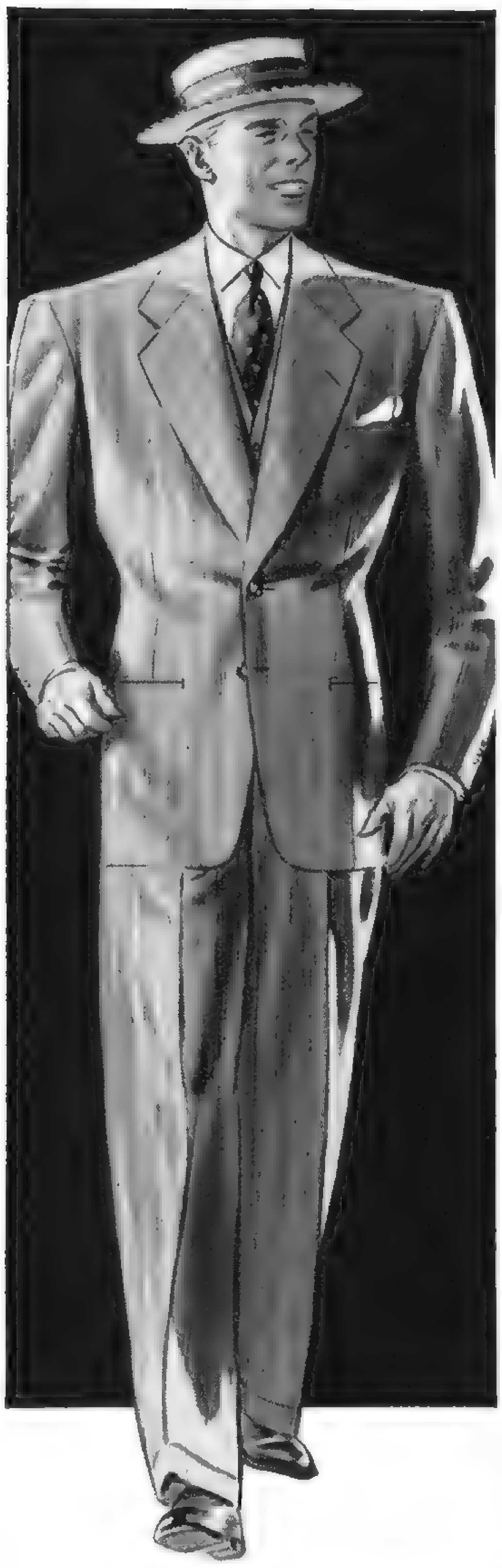
"Is that so?" said John mildly. "Maybe you're right."

Dreiser began to sing:

"The prettiest girl that ever I saw
Was sucking cider through
a straw."

"Play *Turkey in the Straw* again John," he requested. And John played it with more spirit than ever, if that had been possible, keeping time with a loud thud of

Continued on page 158



STYLE-MART Clothes

AT LAST

—You can buy a suit with the style and quality you demand—and at a common sense economy price that means money saved. Just slip into a STYLE-MART Suit this Spring. The fabric, the patterns, the built-in smartness will mark you as a man who's in the know. Your STYLE-MART dealer has YOUR suit at YOUR price. See him today.

STYLE-MART Clothes

Free Sport Quiz—and Style Folder. Answers to 100 assorted sports questions. How to get it? See opposite column.

MERIT CLOTHING CO., INC.
Mayfield, Kentucky

STYLE-MART Clothes

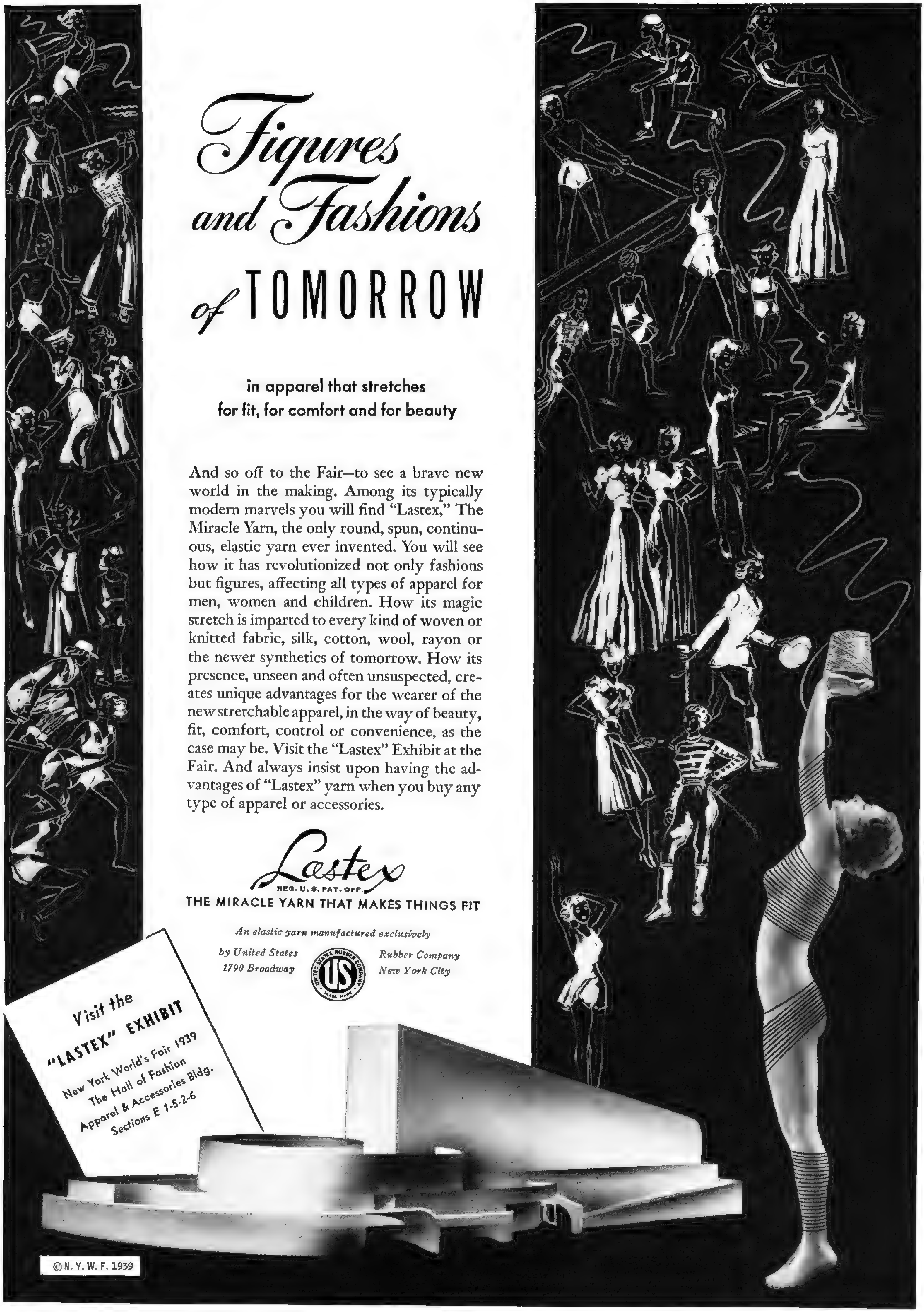
IT'S HERE!

The summer suit that links two famous names. GULF-TONE—imported Welsh wool loomed by Botany and tailored by STYLE-MART. Cool, wrinkle-resistant . . . as smooth and fine feeling as the "folding money" you will save on GULF-TONE's economical price. Comfortably at home in the smartest company, for it's correctly styled and tailored by STYLE-MART. See your STYLE-MART dealer today.

THE NEW Gulf-Tone
IMPORTED WOOL FABRIC BY BOTANY

Free Sport Quiz—For your free Sport Quiz and Style Folder—Write

MERIT CLOTHING CO., INC.
Mayfield, Kentucky



Figures and Fashions of TOMORROW

in apparel that stretches
for fit, for comfort and for beauty

And so off to the Fair—to see a brave new world in the making. Among its typically modern marvels you will find "Lastex," The Miracle Yarn, the only round, spun, continuous, elastic yarn ever invented. You will see how it has revolutionized not only fashions but figures, affecting all types of apparel for men, women and children. How its magic stretch is imparted to every kind of woven or knitted fabric, silk, cotton, wool, rayon or the newer synthetics of tomorrow. How its presence, unseen and often unsuspected, creates unique advantages for the wearer of the new stretchable apparel, in the way of beauty, fit, comfort, control or convenience, as the case may be. Visit the "Lastex" Exhibit at the Fair. And always insist upon having the advantages of "Lastex" yarn when you buy any type of apparel or accessories.

Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively
by United States Rubber Company
1790 Broadway New York City

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US TRADE MARK

Visit the
"LASTEX" EXHIBIT
New York World's Fair 1939
The Hall of Fashion
Apparel & Accessories Bldg.
Sections E 1-5-2-6

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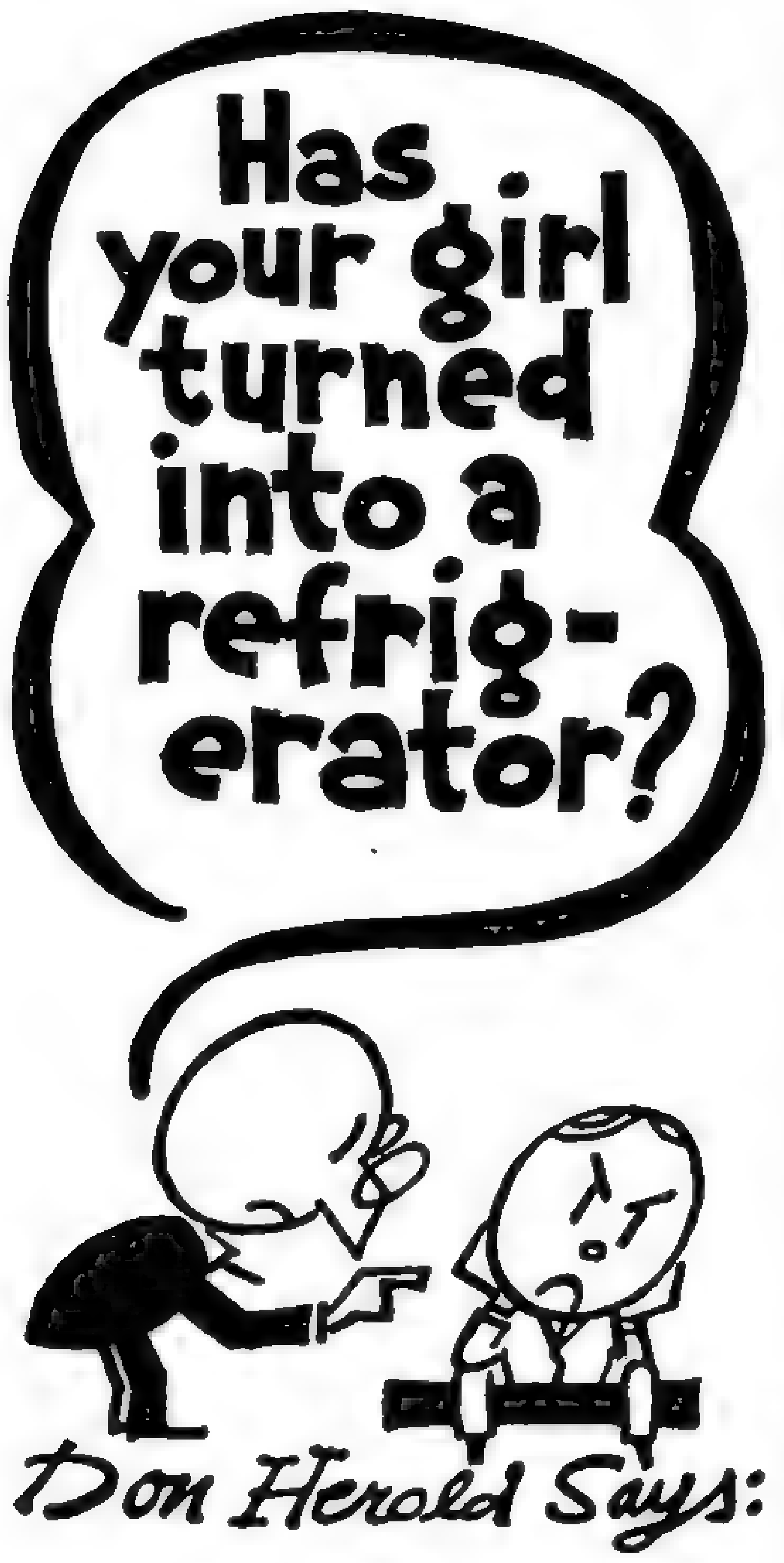
Has your girl turned into a refrig-erator?
Don Herold Says:

If her air is Arctic, try Mum

There are a number of reasons why a girl will give a feller the freeze.

Maybe he's just the wrong feller.

But a lot of *right* fellers get the icy adieu because they neglect one thing.

You can't expect a girl to be anything but Arctic if you come 'round with the aura of a Polar Bear.

You may bathe like clockwork and fairly scrub the hide off, but baths take care only of the past—not of very much of the future. You may start to wig-wag perspiration signals about as soon as your bath is over. You can't ask a girl to take *that.*

There is one dead-sure insurance against this danger to an otherwise beautiful friendship. Use Mum. Thousands of real men now apply dabs under each arm after every bath, and again before evenings out. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.) Mum is a pleasant cream (harmless to skin and clothing) which kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.

I owe this largely to Mum

Do you blush at the idea! Oh, come on, be brave! Plunge in today by sending your name on the margin of this page — for a free sample — to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. P-59, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Dreiser at Spoon River

Continued from pages 66-146-151-152-154-156

his foot. When he was not fiddling, his daughter sat patiently at the organ waiting for John to give the signal to play. She was not saying a word. His manner of starting off would be something like this: "This here is called *Hell Amongst the Yearlins*. I don't ricollect what it was furst called; but they had a dance over at Ben Sutton's onct, and while they was a dancin' the cattle broke into his corn. So ever since they have called it *Hell Amongst the Yearlins*."

It was evident by this time that John thought he had met a strange man in the person of Dreiser. John perhaps could not see whether Dreiser was interested in his exhibition or not. He was perhaps puzzled to know in just what mood Dreiser was laughing.

"The most curious man I ever seed," he said later. "When he looks at you with his good eye he seems to know a plenty. When his cockeye turns up he looks like one of the Spilly boys. That good eye of his bores you right through. He asks questions as good as a lawyer."

The almanac case did not exhaust the subject of Duff. There was the matter of Duff's war record, and his discharge from the army by grace of Lincoln, specially exercised, at the instance of Hannah, whose journey to Washington to intercede for her son is in all the books about Lincoln. Duff had died many years before, thus leaving a world that had puzzled him, and made wastage of him. "Duff kept a-drinkin'," was John's comment. "He got so anybody could whoop him. He went around showin' his discharge from the army and pickin' up money for drinks on it." John laid the fiddle aside by this time. He brought forth some of his souvenirs; little things that belonged to his mother; a book containing Lincoln's autograph; and a very good picture of his mother when she was probably toward seventy. It was the face of a dignified pioneer woman, not without a certain charm. He then told us that she had died in Iowa, far from the scenes of her interesting life.

The evening ended at ten, and we went to bed. The partition between my room and Dreiser's was thin. Sometime after lights were out, and John had attended to the stove for the night and retired I heard Dreiser laughing. "What is the matter, Dreiser?" I called out.

"I was thinking that we were going to see the grave of Porky Jim in the morning. My God, how funny!"

There was a breakfast of ham and eggs, and cakes, and corn bread, and all the preserves of the night before. We had about an hour, before the train left for Springfield, to see the little cemetery on a rise of ground east of the railroad tracks. We wandered around as I read the names of men and women whom I had known as a boy when I drove about the country or went to Concord Church with my grandparents. Dreiser was walking with John. I paused before a stone on which was carved the name of James Thomas; and it meant nothing to me. I remembered no James Thomas. "Who was James Thomas, John?" I asked as he came closer to me.

"Why, by God, that's Porky Jim," said John with a chuckle.

"Porky Jim," laughed Dreiser. "Oh me, oh me!"

Standing here we could see the heavy woods about four miles north along the banks of the Sangamon River. The Spoon River was at least twenty miles farther north. We had said goodbye to Aunt Caroline and her daughter when we left the house. Now at the train we parted from John, who laughed as he said, "Come again, boys."

Much later than this I was in Springfield. John's daughter came to see me to ask me to go to Oakford to console her father. She said he was not well. By this time John was quite old. It was very difficult for me to take the time to go to Oakford; but the daughter was so urgent that I did so. She said that her father would be badly hurt if I did not pay him a visit.

After a trip on the train and some motoring I arrived. John was visibly ill, and in a quietude. He didn't want to fiddle for me; but after I had begged him to do so, he got his daughter to the organ and began to play. It was slack playing at first, then he did better. Darkness was coming early. It was four o'clock, and I had to go. He followed me to the door with a sort of melancholy air. He was going to Texas the next week for the winter.

"I'll see you in the spring, John, when I come."

"No," he said, in a matter of fact way, "you won't see me no more. I won't be here in the spring." Immediately after this correct prophecy concerning himself he suddenly brightened. "What's become of that feller that was here with you?"

"Oh," I replied, "he has published a book that everyone is talking about," referring to *An American Tragedy.*

"Is that so?" said John. "Wal, he left something here, and I allus wanted to send it to him, and didn't know where he was."

"What was it?"

"Why, them things, drawers and a shirt that he slept here in."

"You mean pajamas?"

"Is that what you call 'em? Pajamas, eh?"

"Don't mind about sending them," I said, as I hurried down the walk to the car.

John died in January of 1926, two months after this farewell. Aunt Caroline lingered along till 1935. Thus ended the saga of the Armstrong family, which began with Aunt Hannah, who cooked and darned for Lincoln. ⌗

SWANK
NEW... FOR THE COLLAR
WHOPPER
TY-SWING*
NEW... FOR THE TIE

This new and larger SWANK Collar Holder, that looks like a pin but slides harmlessly and holds securely on the collar, started in the colleges and has won wide acceptance among well-dressed men in every walk of life. . $1

Ty-Swing by SWANK, holds your cravat neatly, but lets it swing and drape properly... now available in new styles. . . . . . . $1 AND UP

See these and other SWANK aids to good grooming at better jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

*PATENTED

SWANK PRODUCTS, Inc., ATTLEBORO, MASS

Served for nearly a century
under a hundred flags

4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
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DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
DISTRIBUTED BY
ONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

GILBEY'S *the* GIN *that made the Martini famous*

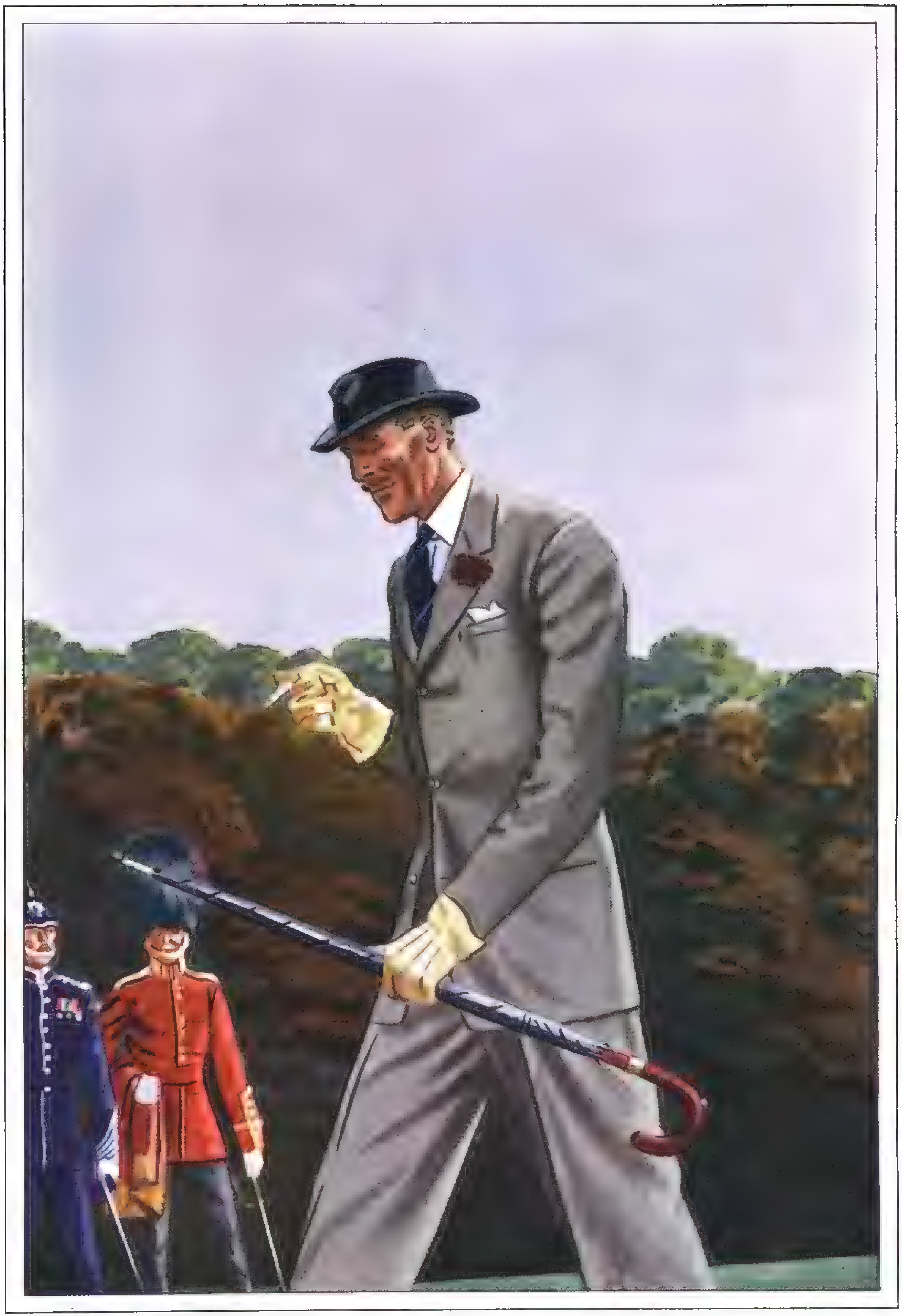
When you realize that wherever a flag flies on the face of this earth, there's a better than even chance that you can find a place that will make you a Martini with Gilbey's Gin, you begin to see what folks mean when they call Gilbey's *"the international gin"*.

Of course, you'd expect to find a difference in a Martini made with a gin like that . . . for any gin that can win the whole, wide world's respect and *hold* it for nearly a century has to be more than merely good . . . *it has to be great!*

Not 'til you taste a Martini made with Gilbey's will you realize how much of the Martini's fame is due to Gilbey's quality! Ask for "Gilbey's" wherever you go.

THE INTERNATIONAL GIN PRODUCED BY GILBEY IN THE U. S. A.—AS WELL AS IN . . . ENGLAND . . . AUSTRALIA . . . CANADA

Copyright 1939—National Distillers Products Corp., New York City YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS *Gilbey's Gin—90 Proof—made from 100% grain neutral spirits*



PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

WHILE GREY FLANNEL STALKS HYDE PARK

Striding across our page like the Spirit of the Munich Compromise, this dramatic figure augurs nothing more portentous than the continued popularity of grey flannel for town wear this spring. Of course, such is the permanency of this staple fabric, that statement amounts almost to saying pants will be worn in the usual places this season. But even staples change with the times, and if you're sold on grey flannel as the item of solid good taste that it is, you'll be interested in its modern interpretation. Note, first of all, that the fabric itself is in a medium shade. The model is single breasted, in keeping with the current preference for the informality of this style. The cut of the garment is quite English, and the idea of buttoning the two top buttons is a fashionable touch. This suit, combined with the accessories shown, makes a semi-sports outfit that is equally correct for town or country.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

PIONEER
PIONEER
Customfit
LOX
LE BACK
PIONEER
Comfo Web
GENUINE
LONG STRETCH
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9

Streamlox
BRACES
(at left) Pioneer "clip-on" ends . . . perfect fitting Customfit back and new Glider slide for easy adjustment . . . $1 & $1.50

Matching
GARTERS
(at left, below) of soft-stretch, long-wearing Comfo-Web 50c

For Style Minded MEN

BRACES

1 HERRINGBONES—*in the new Chevron patterns,* $1

2 PICCADILLY PIG—*rich, distinctive leather in hazel and natural* $1.50

3 COVERTS—*introducing this fashion-favored fabric in elastic braces! Authentic colors* . . . $1

4 BEDFORD CORDS—*whipcord effect, solid tones with fine leather ends* $1.50

5 GABARDINES—*Style right, right now! New stripes* $1

6 TWEEDS—*for smart wear in town or country* . . . $1 & $1.50

GARTERS

7 FEATHERWEIGHTS—*light and comfortable with soft, easy stretch . . . Stripes and solid colors,* 50c

BELTS

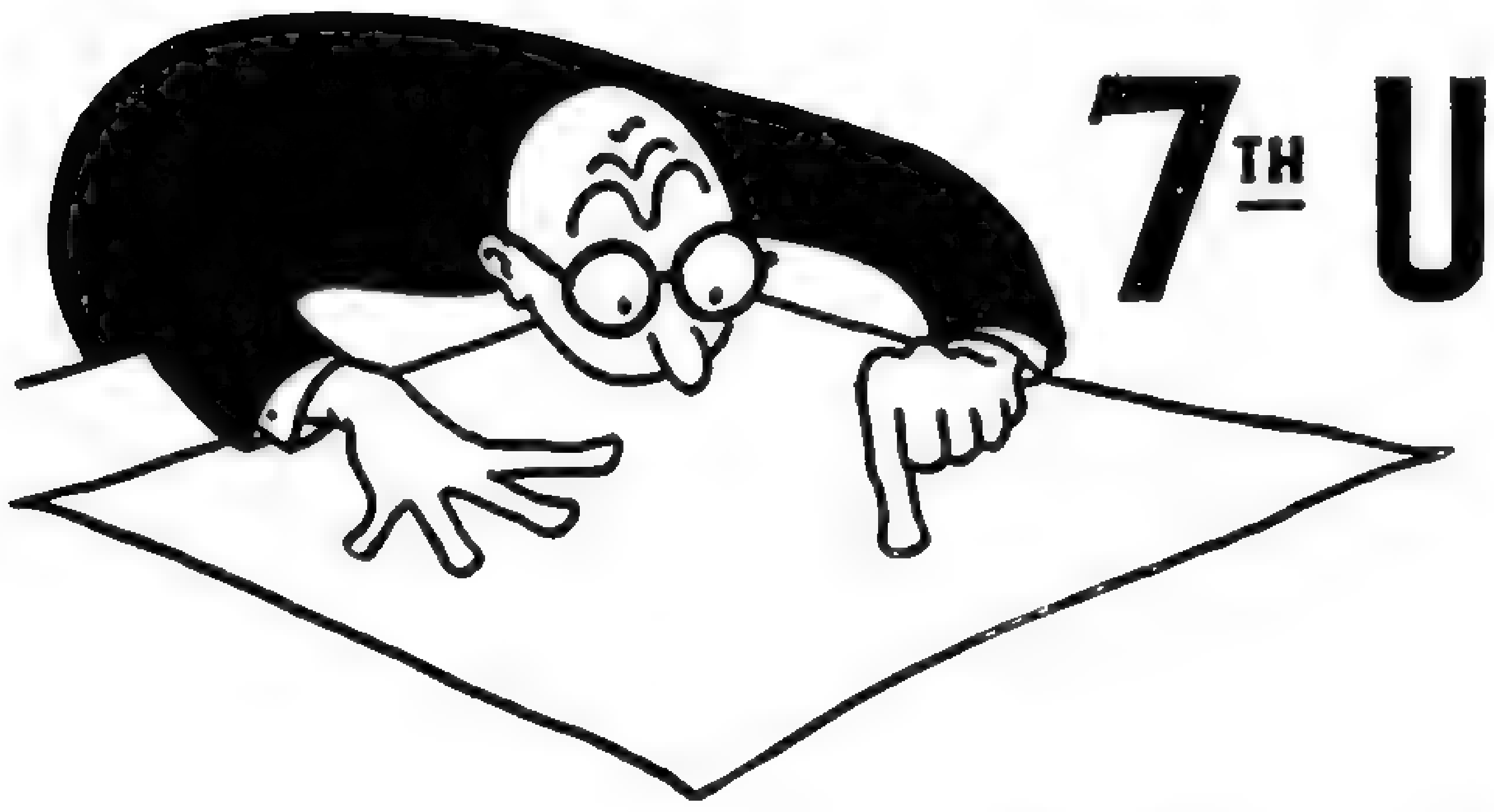
8 HAND BRAIDED—*full-grain cowhide . . . leather-covered buckle. For sports or spectator wear* . . $1

9 NEWTONES—*rawhide combined with cowhide for color contrast. Distinctively different* . . . $1

PIONEER
Braces · Garters · Belts · Buckles
Dependable Quality—Correct Style—Since 1877
PHILADELPHIA

SUEDED CALFSKIN
Conservative, but smartly new and fashion-right . . . $1.50

Where Is America's 7TH URBAN MARKET?



St. Louis? . . . Sez You!

We don't like to argue with customers—but it's not St. Louis.

"O. K. Where is it?"

America's seventh biggest urban market is in Iowa. And right now we might as well say—advertising in The Des Moines Sunday Register influences the purchases of 3 out of 4 families in that Iowa urban market.

But let's get back to the question.

City Smiths Cleveland, Ohio
City Smiths Iowa

City markets are simply city people that you can get at through advertising. If they decide to live in one city, or in eighty different cities, they're the same. They see the same movies, hear the same radio programs, wear the same clothes, eat the same brands of breakfast foods, use the same brands of tooth paste, face powder, etc. When you want to sell them something the only necessary gauges are:

How much do they spend in a year?

How easily — and cheaply — can you advertise to them?

***Here It Is!*

Market	Population	Retail Sales Volume	Food Sales	Drug Sales	1938 New Car Sales (County)	Gasoline Gallonage (County)
Urban Iowa	**937,143**	**$419,925,000**	**$91,320,000**	**$14,731,000**	**38,552**	**424,598,866**
Cleveland	900,429	$355,210,000	$87,724,000	$12,974,000	21,256	194,412,000
St. Louis	821,960	$316,398,000	$74,706,000	$13,195,000	26,145	121,908,991 (city only)
Pittsburgh	669,817	$266,551,000	$61,682,000	$ 9,008,000	21,807	176,000,000 (estimated)
Minneapolis	464,869	$220,834,000	$50,868,000	$ 8,573,000	13,147	90,294,726

The Iowa urban market has a greater retail sales volume than Baltimore, San Francisco, and Washington, D. C., too. In fact only six cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles and Boston—have a greater retail sales volume.

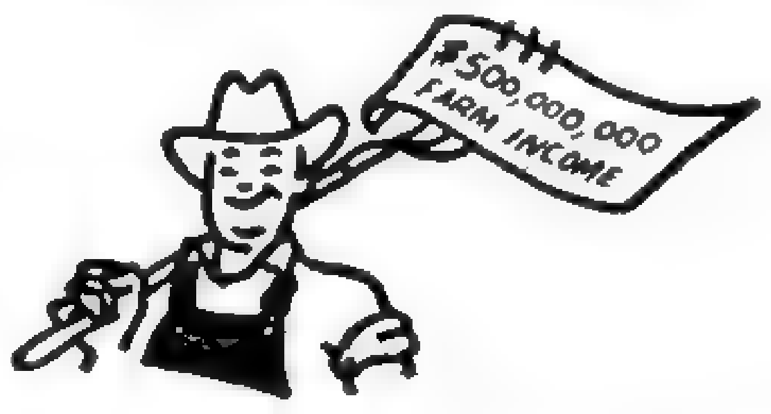
The egg comes from the hen . . . the spot on your vest comes from the egg . . . everything comes from something else. The Iowa *urban market* comes from eighty cities (2,500 and up) *that read one newspaper*. It's a total *urban* population of 937,143. That's a chunk of population the size of Cleveland (900,429 pop.) which is surely an important market by any standard.

Let's look at the record.★

There's no "Hocus Pokus" needed to make those comparisons interesting. There's nothing unorthodox about the reasoning either. The MILLION URBAN POPULATION OF IOWA is America's *SEVENTH MARKET* in retail sales volume—$418,203,000—(total for Iowa—$650,000,000).

And that brings us to the second point.

76% . . . 3 out of 4 city-living Iowans, read The Des Moines Sunday Register. They've been reared on it. It's more than 84% delivered by carrier to their homes.



Along with this city coverage there's a plus market The Sunday Register delivers, but we won't bother to mention that here. Surely you get the point.

You can also get a chunk of this Iowa *urban* sales volume . . . if you give us your advertising.

The Des Moines

REGISTER and TRIBUNE

Fountain of Youth

Continued from page 47

War then?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I remember that very well."

His face lighted up.

"You do, honest? Say, good night, gee . . . The rough-riders and Teddy Roosevelt and . . ."

"Why, of course. I even met Colonel Roosevelt once at a reception. I even shook hands with him."

"You did?"

She smiled at him and nodded her head.

"Gosh!" he said and his eyes grew wide in admiration. "You shook hands with Teddy Roosevelt, honest? Tell me about it, Grandma. Go on."

"Well, Colonel Roosevelt . . ."

And as she told him about it, slowly at first, but then more rapidly, remembering more details, she began to see it again, very clearly, the broad smile, the fine manners, the brisk but always gentlemanly speech, and the famous words, "Bully for you!" the hearty words, and the strength, the Big Stick, and not only that, but the uniforms and the parades, and the bands swinging down the street, and *Remember the Maine*, the stirring words, the martial music, the tramp of marching feet, and the news of San Juan Hill, and Manila Bay, and the stirring words, "You may fire when ready, Gridley," and Santiago, and Hobson, and the troops, and the flags, and the cheers, this crusade for the freedom of an oppressed and noble people, the Cubans, and the vindication of our national honor, the victories, the fears, and the triumphs, and the hatred, the strong healthy hatred of the oppressors, of Weyler, the fiend in human form, and Aguinaldo, and the strong upsurging joy of pride and hate and glory and all the rich and glowing fullness of life that was then.

"Yes," she said, and her eyes as she looked at him were shining with this memory. "That's the way it was, Billy."

He looked at her, breathlessly, then he said, "And was Grandpa in it too, Grandma? Was Grandpa at San Juan Hill too, with Teddy Roosevelt?"

She looked at him a moment, then she shook her head.

"No?" he said. "Well, why wasn't he?"

"Well, you see," she said slowly, "not everybody went. Some people had to stay home and see that the country still went on and . . . Well, somebody had to stay home, you see." She smiled at him. "So your Grandfather stayed at home . . . Just like a lot of other men, of course."

"Well, good night, didn't he want to go?"

"No . . . Or yes, of course, but he probably thought that it was his duty to stay home. That was all."

He looked disappointed, then he said, "Well, anyway, I would of gone, Grandma." He swung his arm in the air as if brandishing a sword. "Boy! San Juan Hill. Giddap! Whee, there goes another dirty old Spaniard, dirty old Spig, I busta' da head! Boy!"

She reached over and touched his arm and said, "Now, Billy, please don't get excited. Mother asked me specially to see that you kept quiet this afternoon. You want to get all well soon, don't you? Sit down now, dear."

"Oh, gosh . . ."

He dropped down on the floor at her feet and sat there without moving, looking straight ahead of him. She leaned down and touched his brow with her hand.

"Now see, you're all hot," she said. "Just quiet down now. Mother and Father wouldn't like it if they knew I was letting you get all excited."

"Well, anyhow," he said, looking up, "I don't see why I can't get a soldier uniform to play in. I don't see why they . . ."

"Why, you can have a uniform, Billy, if you want." Mrs. Barringer smiled down at him. "Why don't you ask Santa Claus for one for Christmas? He'll probably bring you one if you're a very good boy."

"No." He shook his head. "I asked Daddy for one but he said no, I couldn't have one."

Mrs. Barringer looked surprised.

"He did? Why, I don't see . . ."

"No, I asked him and he said nothing doing. He said I could play G-Man all I wanted, or Buck Rogers, or I could even play Big-Shot Gangster if I wanted to but he wouldn't let me have a soldier uniform."

"But surely when he was a boy he . . ."

"Why, gosh," Billy said, looking up, "he won't even let me have toy soldiers to play with, Grandma."

"He won't? Why . . ."

"No. Every other kid I know has toy soldiers but he won't let me have any, Grandma."

They looked at each other for a few seconds, then Mrs. Barringer said slowly, "Well, I must say I don't see why . . . But perhaps I could . . ."

He jumped up and threw his arms around her.

"Could get some for me, Grandma? Honest? Could you?"

"Well, I don't know, dear," she said, holding him close to her. "If your father . . ."

"Oh, Pa's crazy. When can I have them, Grandma? When can I?"

"Why, I never heard of a little boy not having toy soldiers to play with," she said suddenly, frowning.

"No," he said, and his voice broke slightly. "Every other kid I know . . ."

"And your father was a soldier himself," she said.

"Sure he was. He was in a lot of battles and he got a medal and . . ." He stopped, looking puzzled. "But he'll never tell me

Continued on page 164

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Continued from pages 47-163

about it, Grandma. I ask him to but he won't. Why won't he, Grandma?"

"I don't know, dear. Perhaps . . ."

"You tell me about it, Grandma." He sat up on his knees right in front of her. "You tell me. Go on."

"Well, dear," she said, smiling down at him, "I remember once . . ."

And slowly at first, and then more rapidly as she told him about it, the pictures rose to her mind, and with each moment they became more and more vivid and closer to her, as though it had been only yesterday instead of twenty years ago: our long hesitation, the shame of our nation's cowardice, the vacillation of one man, while each day, shuddering, you read in the papers of the rape of Belgium, and the rape of its women, and the bombed cathedrals, and the babies with their hands cut off, and the babies spitted on bayonets. (The Belgian officers, the British officers, the charming French officers in horizon blue told about it while we listened, humiliated, and despised the man who would not vindicate our national honor.) But the day came and now all the bands were playing and the flags flying and all over the country war boomed its great and glorious music as the streets shook to the cheers of a million voices and the air was filled with music of marching men.

But not the music of Wagner or Beethoven. And they stopped the concert when Kreisler tried to play. Karl Muck wouldn't play *The Star-Spangled Banner* so they sent him to Fort Oglethorpe. The air rang with work and song and the steel poured out in an endless flood and the munitions and the gold poured across the sea, and while we rolled bandages there was talk of spies, and of course you no longer went to Schmidt's for meat, and they said that the man who lived on the hill near the lighthouse that summer on the Cape was signaling to German submarines, and naturally you could no longer have your furniture repaired by old Baumeister, it would be like trading with the enemy, and we had to dismiss Frieda, and how good it sounded, the crash, the smash of the phonograph records, hundreds of them, of Brahms, Mozart and Bach, out there in the street, the hammers falling until our arms were tired, and after that we listened only to Debussy and Ravel and Tchaikovsky.

Then it was good to be alive and hear the news of the battles and the victories and follow them daily with colored pins stuck in maps on the walls, and knit socks and work hard in the canteens and, even though you had no son to send yourself and had no service flag in your window, to take care, like a mother, even though it was hard and long work, of other women's sons and see them safely off to the fields of glory, to save civilization, to save womanhood, to save democracy, to make the world once more a decent place to live in, to do your bit, to keep the home fires burning, to carry on, to love and to hate, the love of your country and the hate of the enemy, the hard fierce hate, like an elixir in your veins, like youth, like music.

"Yes," she said, "that was a great time, Billy."

They looked at each other. Their eyes were shining. His face was flushed and she could feel her heart beating faster with this memory.

"Gosh, Grandma, I wish I'd been there then. I wish I could of been a soldier."

Mrs. Barringer smiled and patted him on the head.

"Well, perhaps you will be some day, dear."

"Boy, I'd like to of . . ." He stopped, looking up at her again. "But listen, Grandma, will you get me some toy soldiers, honest, and a uniform? You said you would. Will you, honest?"

She looked at him a few moments without saying anything, half smiling, then nodded her head.

"Oh, boy!" he shouted and jumped to his feet and spun around the room. "Boy, oh, boy!"

"Darling," she said, reaching out her arm, "please don't get so excited. What would mother and daddy think if they . . ."

"We won't tell them," he said, running back to her. "We won't say anything to them, Grandma, will we?"

She shook her head, still smiling at him.

"But I'm afraid you won't be able to have them here, Billy," she said. "I'm afraid I'll have to keep them at my house. Then when you come to see me you can play with them."

"And it'll be a secret, won't it?" he said. "Just between you and me, Grandma, won't it?"

She nodded her head again. He threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"And then you'll come and see your old Grandma real often, dear, won't you?" she said, as she stroked his rumpled hair.

"You bet I will. I'll come over every day. Listen, Grandma, I want . . ."

He stopped suddenly and they both turned toward the door.

"That must be mother, back already," she said.

"Don't tell," he whispered, and she shook her head and held one finger up to her lips.

Eleanor stopped at the door and said, "Well, what are you two up to in here? Looks like a conspiracy to me."

Billy ran to her and kissed her.

"Grandma was just telling me stories," he said.

"Oh, that's nice." She held him off at arm's length and looked at him. "Goodness, you look all excited and red in the face, Billy. What's the matter?"

Mrs. Barringer laughed and said, "I'm afraid my stories were too thrilling. But that's all for today, Billy. When you come over to see your old Grandma some time I'll tell you some more."

They looked at each other for a second.

Eleanor smiled down at him and said, "What kind of stories did Grandma tell you, dear?"

He hesitated a moment, and Mrs. Barringer laughed and said, "Oh, just some silly old ghost stories and things."

"Yes," Billy said, "all about a great big old ghost who . . ."

"Well, now calm down, dear," his mother said, then turned to Mrs. Barringer. "Don't you want some tea, Mother, something to buck you up a little?"

"No, really, dear." She looked at her watch. "It's just about time for me to be going."

"Oh, have some tea. It's really raw and cold out and you'll feel much better if you have a little hot tea first."

"I don't need anything, really," Mrs. Barringer said as she got up. "I feel fine as it is."

They went downstairs and stood for a minute by the front door.

"You really do look better," Elanor said. "Than when you came, I mean. You've got more color."

Mrs. Barringer laughed and said, "I guess it's just being with someone who's young. It always does me good. That's what I always said, anyway: youth is catching."

"Well, Billy loves to see you, I know."

"He's a sweet child. Perhaps in a few days when he gets stronger he can come over and see me. Let him come over for lunch some time. He can spend the entire day."

"All right, Mother. He'll love that, I know."

"Any time," Mrs. Barringer said. "Any time at all."

She turned and went down the walk to the street. This time she did not even notice the broken brick in the border as she passed it, and she walked more rapidly now than when she had arrived. Her face was flushed—probably from the cold—and she was conscious of the cold making her eyes bright, and her heart beating more quickly, pumping the blood through her veins, making her feel healthy and alive, and like a different person.

I Knew They'd Never Make It

Continued from page 81

for city people. I'll never forget that night. Right off, when I heard it was their wedding anniversary—their first, too, I said: 'Well, we'll come over and give you a real honest-to-goodness surprise party.' And she says: 'Oh, no. Please. We'd rather you didn't.' And I says: 'Now, now. Just you leave it all to me. You don't need to worry about a thing. We'll bring everything, and just see that you have a right, lively time.'

"And that night, well, I guess I had everybody you could think of, except, you wasn't there, was you?"

"No," Mrs. Coe said. "That was the night Sam got that awful turn with his sciatica."

"I remember," Mrs. Petterly said. "Well, we go up the hill—three miles. And it was awful quiet up that road. Really, you could hardly blame her. There was snow, white and gleaming pretty as a Christmas card, and all up the woods road you'd have thought you was in the middle of Russia. Just quiet, it was. And we all went up, and I says: 'Now, we'll stand here a while, and then all go in quick.' The place was all dark, but we didn't think nothing to that. And when we got there, there was the house empty, and their car gone, and their clothes gone. They'd up and gone. And next week the truck came for their furniture, and try as you may nobody could find out where they'd gone. Th' feller on the truck didn't know a thing beyond the furniture was to go down to storage in Boston—or, anyway, so he said.

"And so," Mrs. Petterly waved her hand at the magazine Mrs. Coe still held, "that's where they went. To New York City."

Mrs. Coe shook her head.

"Well, I suppose city people like the country in the summer, but winter's different. And up on the hill's the lonesomest place I ever did know."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Petterly said. "It was just too lonesome for 'em. I knew right from the first they'd never make it. Although nobody can ever say I didn't do my best to be folksy."

"Sure, Effie. You did your best—I'll give you that."

Mrs. Petterly rose, hugged herself quickly, and took the magazine.

"Well, I've got to be dropping over at Cannie Baker's."

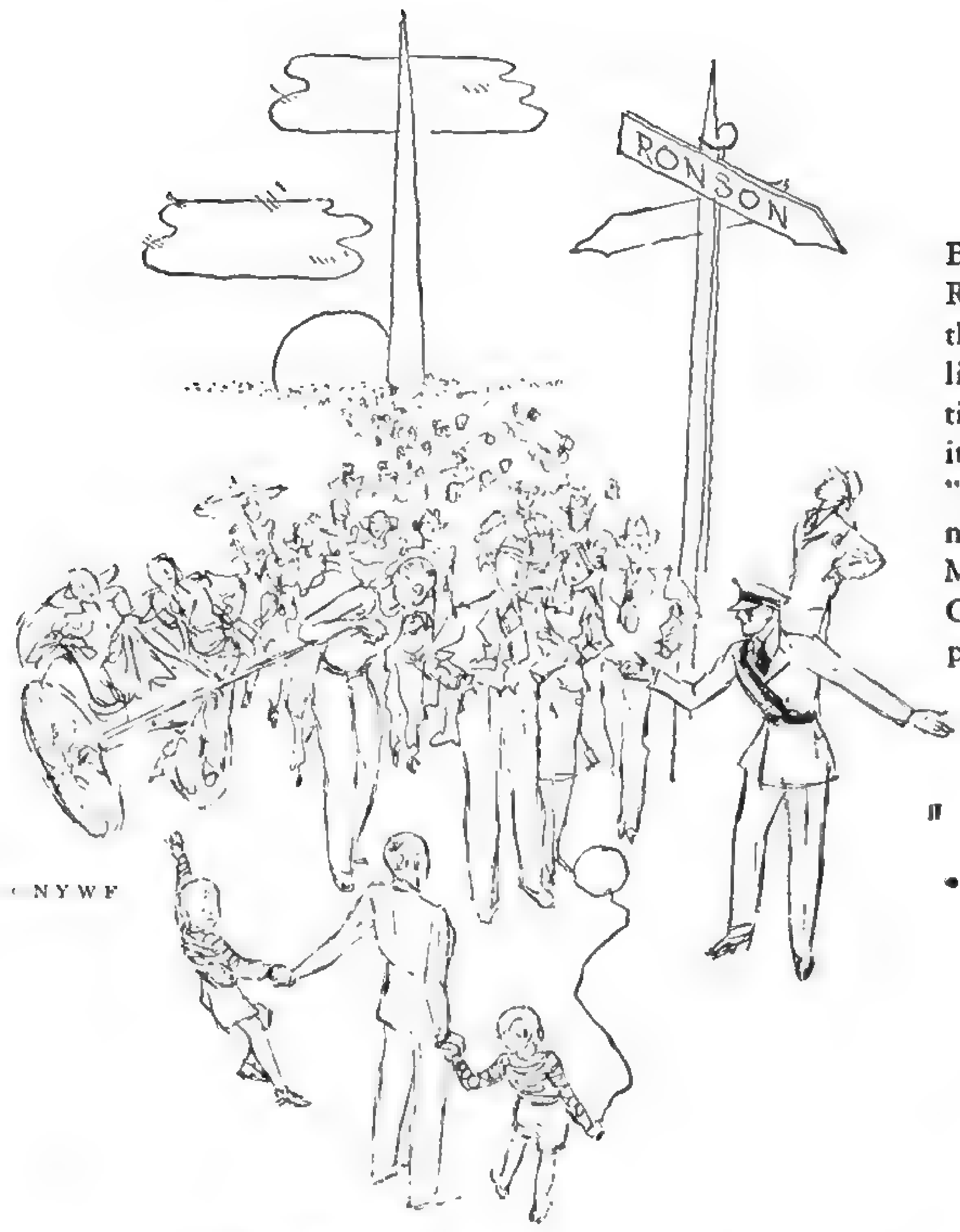
"Good-bye," Mrs. Coe said.

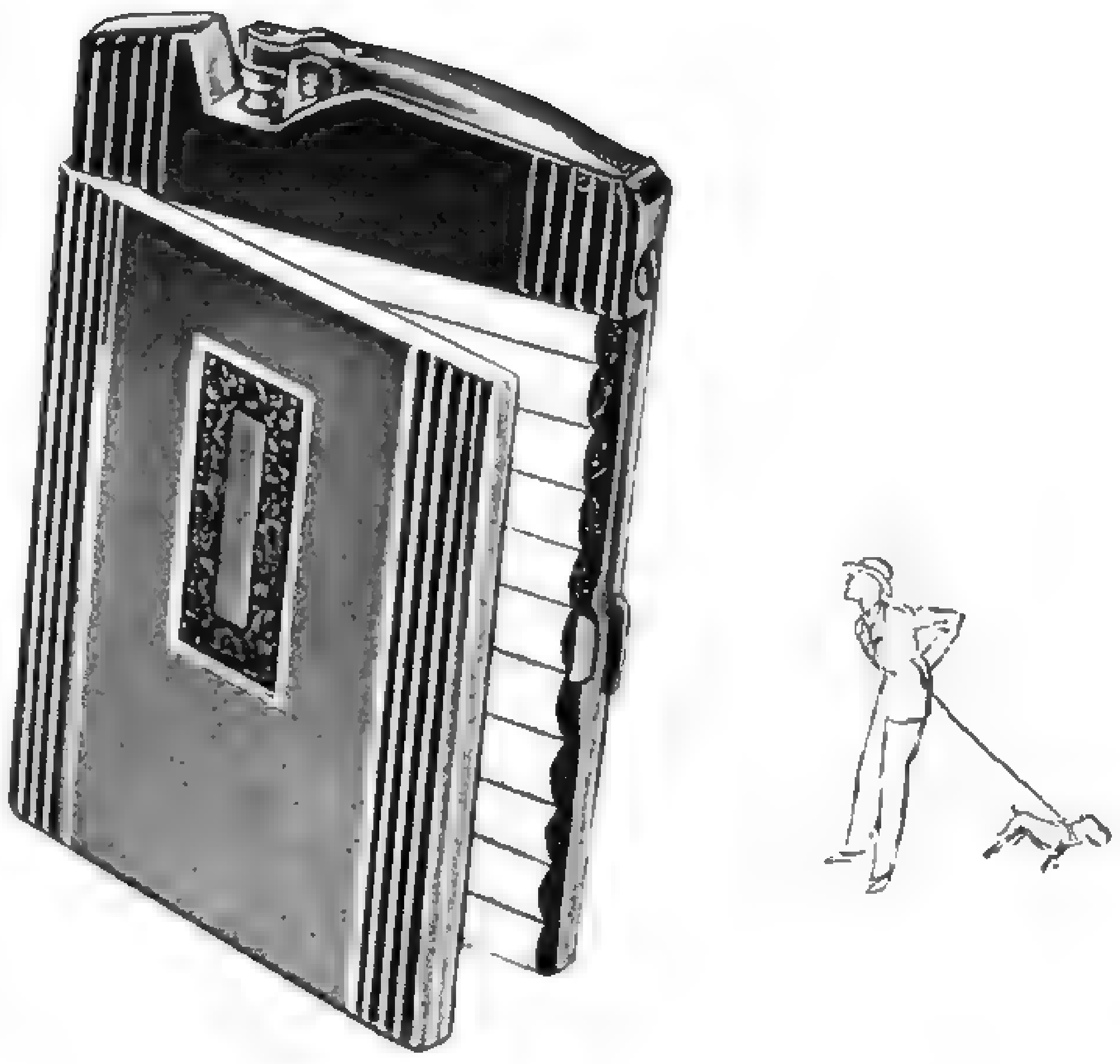
"Good-bye, Emmie. I'll be seeing you tonight. Round Table, you know. I got Beulah Etherington lined up to read her report on James Hilton's book—you know, the one about Shangri-La. It's a very fine book," she added sternly.

"Well," Mrs. Coe said, weakly, "I just had so much to do today . . . and Sam's . . ."

"Now, Emmie! I just won't take no for an answer. You just get into a rut staying home all alone all the time. The way I look at it is, people's got social responsibilities, not only to themselves, but for the community at large. That's how I look at it. So I'm just counting on you to be there without fail."

"All right," Mrs. Coe said. "I'll be there, I guess."





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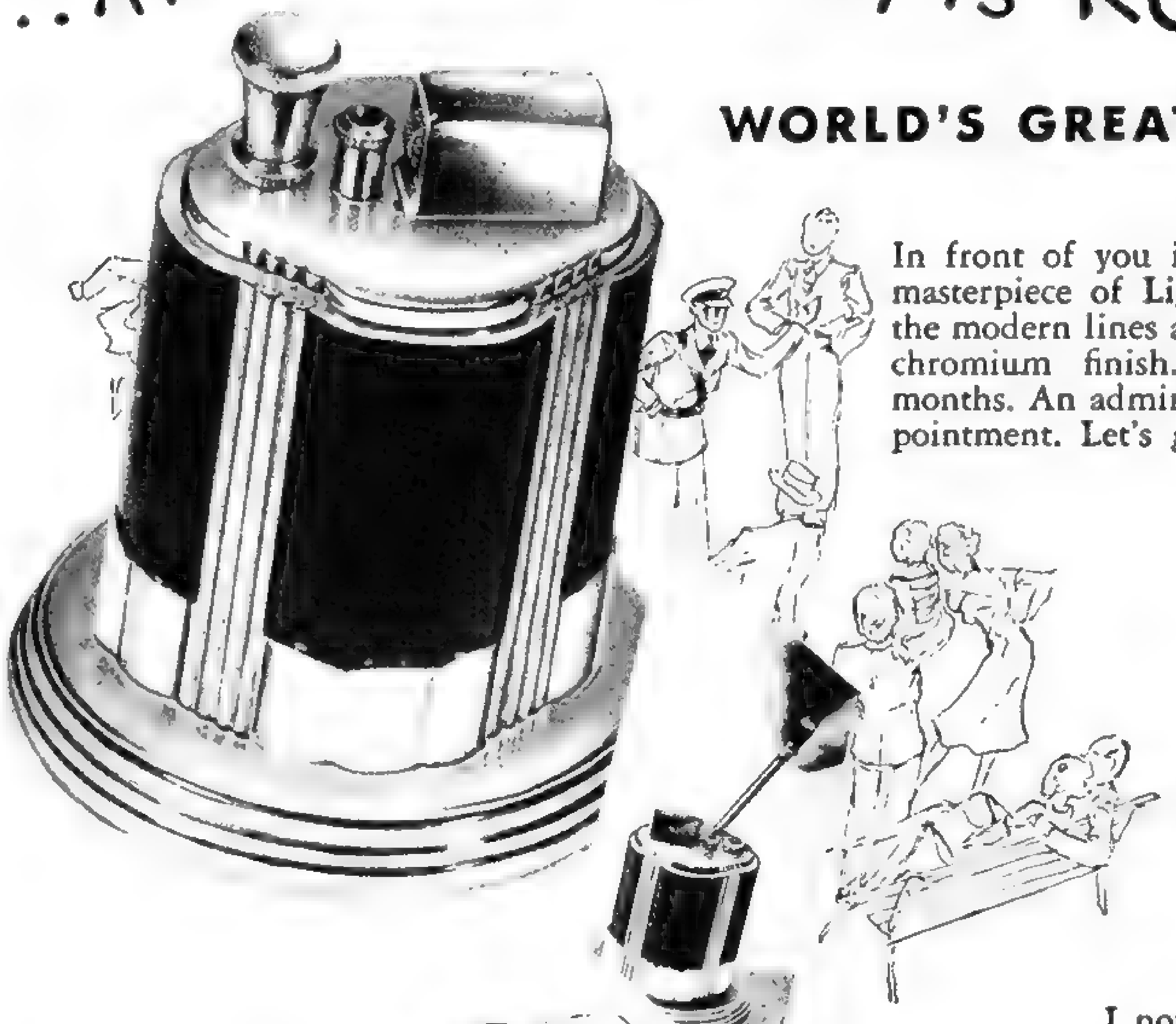
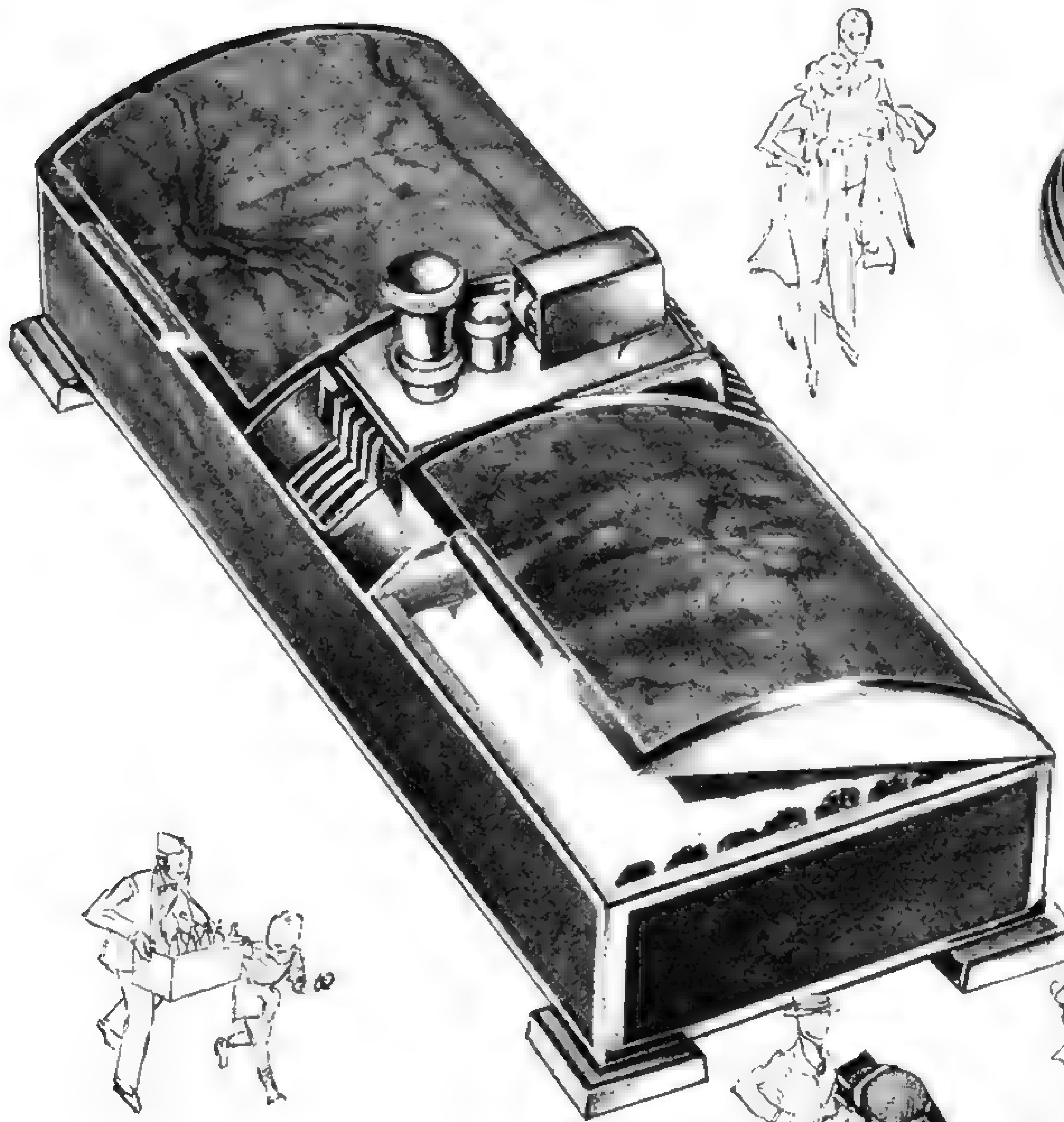
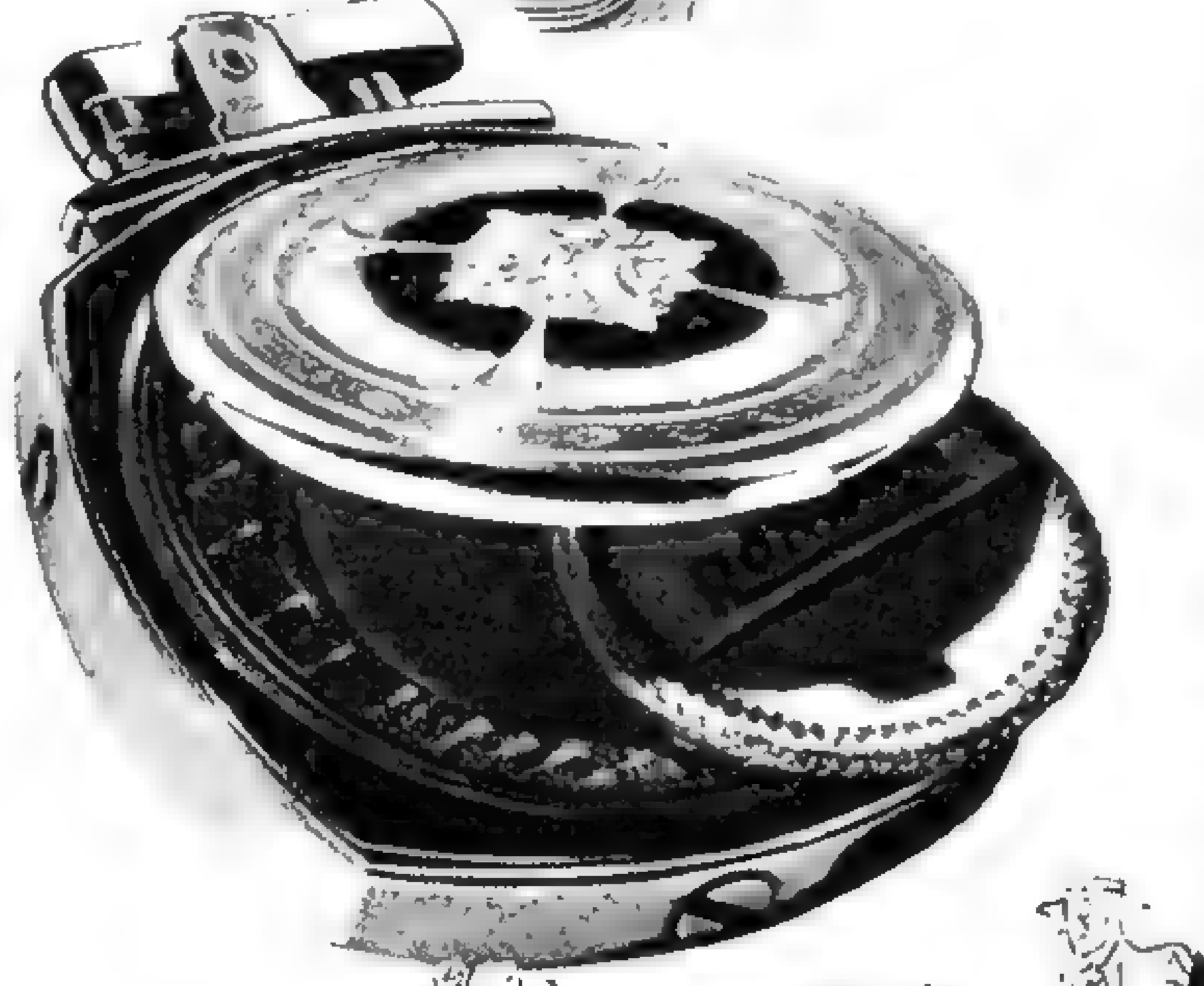


In front of you is Touch-Tip De Luxe. A masterpiece of Lighter craftsmanship. Note the modern lines and the superb enamel and chromium finish. One filling serves for months. An admiration-compelling table appointment. Let's get along, folks.





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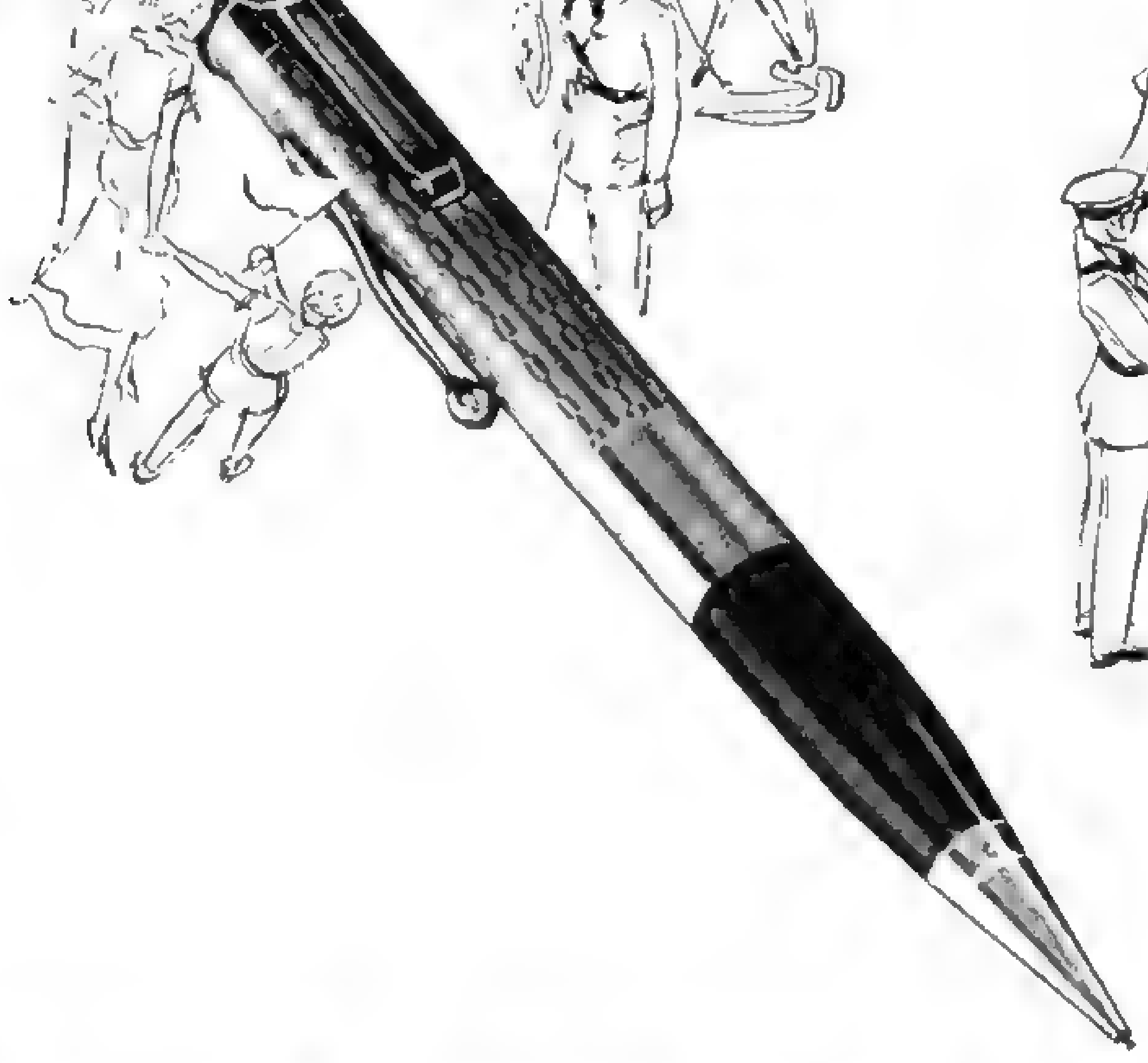
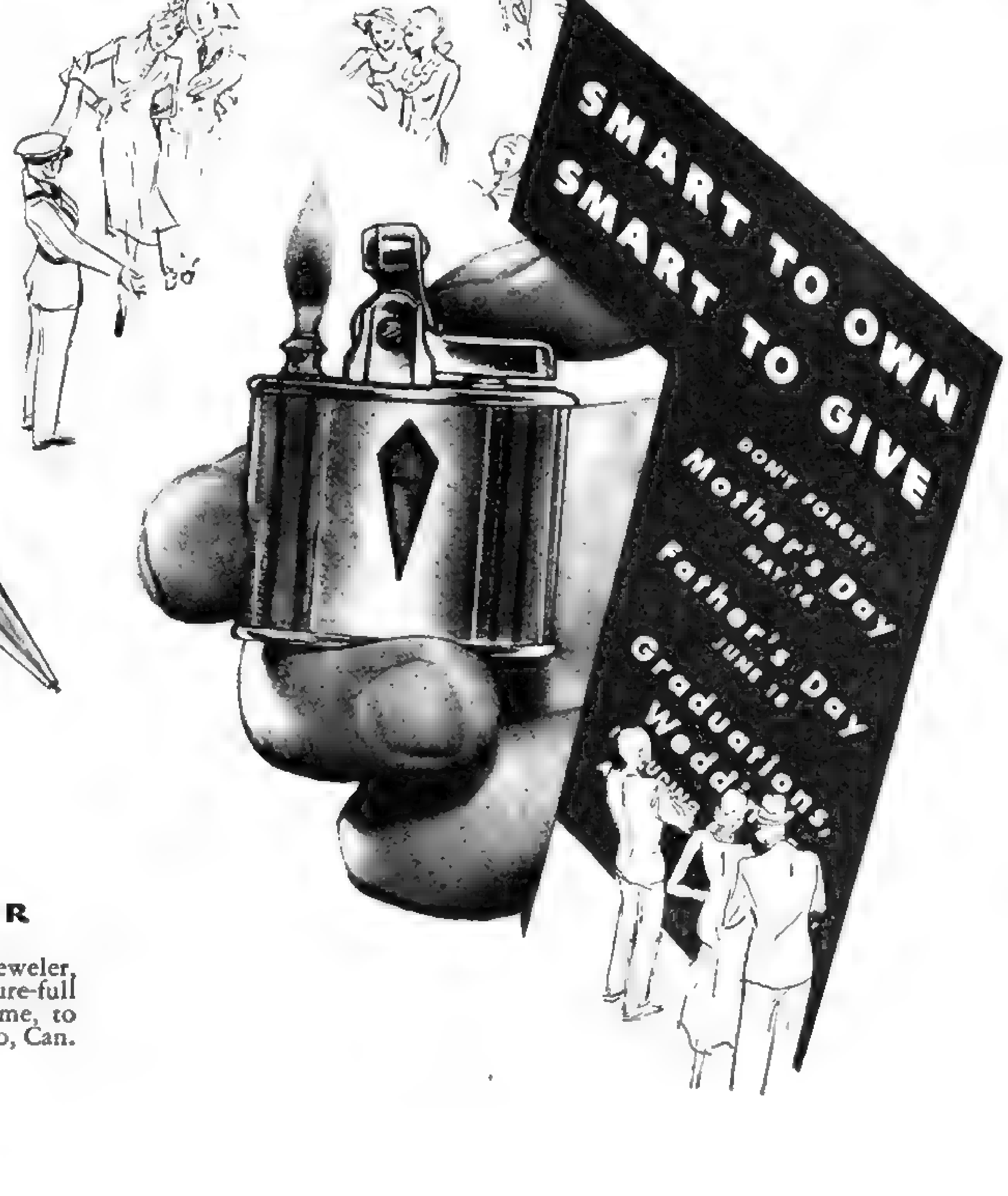
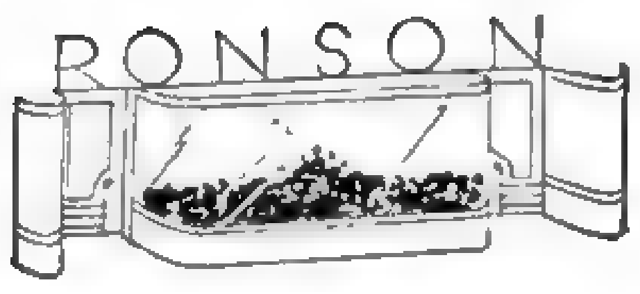


On my right is RONSON Touch-Tip Lighter-Cigarette Box Combination. Note the roomy cedar-lined compartments and faithful walnut finish. At my left is the famous RONSON PenciLiter — the most modern and useful pencil ever made. When you smoke, it's a quick way to get "lit up" — when you write, the propel-repel action's as easy as butter. A real sensation.





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The Innocent "Go-Between"

Continued from page 50

the stairs, her heart thumping.

"Who's there?" she cried.

Hassan saw a narrow chink appear between the heavy door and the wall.

"Pardon, my lady, but your handkerchief dropped from the window and I just picked it up." Speaking, Hassan held out the morsel towards the aperture.

A white hand reached out, touching his fingers: a voice said "Thank you," and the door closed.

The next evening, and the next, Hassan passed homeward beneath her lattice but not a sign of his love had he.

On the next, he wandered disconsolately back to the coffee house where the imam sat waiting in grim majesty. Hassan sat down, waiting for the storm. It came.

"So this is the way you keep your promises! In spite of my solemn warning, you have to go straight back to the lady Khatya's house, actually knock at the haremliq door, try to engage her in conversation, and when she closes the door in your face you have the unspeakable shamelessness to thrust this upon her as a 'keepsake'!"

The imam was gripping the little silk handkerchief. Hassan could only gaze at it.

"Did I do that?"

"Did you! And this poor little lady in a dreadful state of nervousness, worried to death about your conduct. She, the wife of the Commandant Mahmood, and you trying to offer her a twenty coppers' bit of silk.

"No, Sir Imam," said Hassan softly, "it is worth a great deal more than that."

"Then, give it to somebody else." So saying, the imam flung it in Hassan's face. "This is now the lady Khatya's second complaint to me about you.

"Better not let there be a third because she mentioned to me that the estimable Commandant is pilgrimaging in a week's time and it would be woe betide you if anything untoward occurred on your part then. Now, finish your coffee and go."

"Thank you, sir," said Hassan. "The coffee was very sweet."

Outside, he put the silk handkerchief to his lips.

Khatya, oh Khatya!

At last he understood all, held in his hand the little token of her love for him, a love that could shatter the grim barrier of marriage barter and harem walls.

And the imam!

Innocent Go-Between!!

After that encounter, when Hassan passed the house of the Commandant Mahmood on his homeward way each evening, he was frequently holding the handkerchief to his lips, inhaling its perfume and wondering if his love could see.

A well-nigh distracted lady Khatya came to the imam where he sat collecting alms for the poor at his accustomed spot in the market place on a day soon afterwards and his face grew grave to see her.

"Allah, what now, my child?"

"Oh, reverend sir, would that I had departed with the Commandant Mahmood. Oh, that awful young man."

"Hassan—what has he done now? Speak up."

Trembling, the girl drew the clinging silken hood about her throat and began to speak in a whisper:

"It was yesterday evening. I was about to retire to my couch to read a little before falling to sleep, and I was looking round to see that all the doors were locked and the house safe from robbers, a habit of mine, when I thought I heard a footfall in the garden below.

"Frightened, I called out 'Who's there?' 'What do you want?' And while I was staring out of the side of the window, I heard a man's voice coming out of the oak tree.

"'Don't be afraid,' he seemed to be saying. 'It is I, your own Hassan, come to guard you in your loneliness.'

"Then, I looked and saw that he was really climbing out of the oak tree and along the thick branch that comes up right beside my window.

"I screamed. I shouted 'If you don't get down and go away at once I shall summon the civil guards to come and arrest you.' I was in an awful state.

"I must have frightened him badly, too, for I remember seeing his face as he scrambled down into the garden and ran as fast as he could."

"But," gasped the horrified imam, "how in the name of Allah did he succeed in getting into your garden at all when the walls outside must be ten feet high, at least?"

"Easily, father! As you know, the next house to ours is empty and partly ruinous. It would be simple for him to get into the garden of that and once there he had only to scale the dividing wall into ours, which would be nothing to such a young man."

"By my head and eyes, I will have the civil guards watching your garden this night," swore the old imam, "and he shall definitely suffer for this, this unpardonable length of folly."

"Oh, wait, Sir Imam, wait," entreated the lady Khatya wringing her hands, "for then it would all come out in public. There would be courts of law, questionings, misunderstandings, and in it all, my husband's passion."

Reluctantly, the imam was constrained to admit as much.

"Very well, my child. For the very last time, leave this affair to me."

As the lady Khatya left him, with a generous gift for the poor, the old man warmly commended her piety to Allah.

Then, he rose and went straight

to the coffee house as he did before.

Seeing him enter, Hassan moved without a word and came and sat at his feet, eyes to the ground.

"Well?"

"What has happened now, Sir Imam?"

"Ha! So you still grip blindly to denials. You still 'don't even know' the lady. I suppose you never forced an entrance into the garden of her house last night through the garden of the ruined house next door?

"I suppose you never scaled the wall between the two gardens, or climbed up the oak tree that branches up to her window, did you?"

"Did I, really?" faltered Hassan. "But, Sir Imam, it all seems like a dream to me."

"A dream! Hark to me, Hassan ben Mahmoor, for here are my last words, my final warning before Allah. Never again shall you hear from me of this matter, but from another who will have no mercy."

With a mighty gesture, the imam rose and walked out.

But now, he had told Hassan the way to his love.

While the mueddhin was calling from the minaret that sundown, Hassan was finding his way into the ruined house, into its silent garden, vaulting lightly the dividing wall, clambering into the oak tree, and so to the lonely, waiting arms of his lady Khatya.

As for the imam, when—his frugal evening meal ended, he took his staff and walked up and down before the house of the Commandant Mahmood under the glittering stars beloved of lovers the whole world over, "just to make sure that all was well"—all *was* well; no sign or sound of the errant young man Hassan in the garden, no cries to the civil guard from the lattice of the lady Khatya.

Yes, all was well, at last.

Ma'shallah!

How Music Gets Hot

Continued from page 75

is almost inconceivable without such a score. Thus an arranger like Fletcher Henderson or the Duke will not only indicate where a solo improvisation should occur and for how many bars, but will also write in the harmonic chords for the soloist's guidance. That is just to say, an outline is provided—a pattern which enables the soloist to improvise music which bears some sought-after relationship to the music being played by the others (both individuals and groups or sections). Without that notated chordal structure the performance would probably be a mess, for you can't expect eight or nine wind and reed instruments to wander around and still make sense. But this should not be misunderstood: arrangers or composers of hot music don't write melodic lines for their soloists, but merely the material from which the soloists can get off.

This brings up a question: why improvise? Most people who have only recently "discovered" swing put the question this way: why does a jazz musician take a popular song and make something so different out of it that you can't recognize the tune he started out with? Benny Goodman once answered it by saying that after a musician has played a tune over and over again what can he do but "kick it around"? Although that confirms my remark about jazz performers being bored with straight playing, it doesn't really answer the question. It does, however, hint at part of the answer by implying that Tin Pan Alley melodies are usually such poor stuff that they can't stand up under frequent repetition. They are too obvious, monotonous, and therefore dull. This gets us to the real answer: the performers are musicians. They want to create; they want to speak out for themselves; they want to test, exploit, and develop the potentialities of their instruments; they want to arouse the audience by the new and interesting things they do. There are great traditions behind them for all of this, but my point is made when I repeat that Tin Pan Alley manufactures pretty poor stuff. The average commercial melody is rarely as interesting as the original melodic line invented by a good performer in a hot jazz band. Anyone who can read music will agree.

Here the question naturally arises: what is good improvisation? How does one tell good improvising from bad? The answer, briefly, is that the performer's melodic line must be both interesting and logical. It must be logical not only in the sense that it has a definite connection with the harmonic base provided by the written tune, but also in that its own development is a convincing progression from the phrase with which he gets off. If it isn't logical in the latter sense, it is a broken or distorted line. What makes it interesting is variety in phrasing (which is to say that a given combination of notes must not be repeated too often) plus rhythmic variety. That is about as technical as I can be in my desire to define the simple statement that his melodic line is interesting when it is at once pleasing and stimulating. With a little experience and a fair ear, you should be able to tell it.

The only thing that remains to be said is probably the most important thing of all. Our discussion of swing has so far dealt chiefly with its form and contents; now we must consider its voice. For music, like oratory, is not only something said, but something said in a certain way; and since (perhaps not altogether unlike oratory) it appeals exclusively to the emotions, the manner of delivery is crucial.

The manner of delivery in jazz has been given a descriptive label: "the hot intonation." (See Panassié's *Le Jazz Hot*, the best book

Continued on page 168

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How Music Gets Hot

Continued from pages 75-167

on swing ever published. It was translated and revised for American readers, several years ago, by Lyle and Eleanor Dowling and published here by Witmark.) This way of playing has several remarkable features. To begin with, the way a note is attacked in jazz differs sharply from the way it is attacked in classical performance. In the latter the attack is gradual in volume but constant in pitch, and the change in volume is upward—from soft to loud. In jazz both volume and pitch change; the note is attacked full, then *diminished* in volume, while the pitch drops too. The second point is the technique of slurring, *i.e.*, sliding from one note to another without the slightest pause. In classical performance, on the other hand, each note is attacked individually and cleanly. What results from the jazz technique is the sounding of tones which are foreign to classical music. The smallest recognized interval in Western music is the semi-tone. But when you pass from one note to the next without pausing, as you do in jazz, you pass through the quarter-tone, eighth-tone, sixteenth, etc. Thirdly, there is the extremely important phenomenon of vibrato. In classical performance vibrato is permitted only to the string instruments. The brasses and reeds are strictly disciplined to play without benefit of the pulsating quality which gives a musical sound its tension—its *nerve*, so to speak.

To describe the effect of this way of playing music—to describe, that is, what the listener hears—is scarcely possible. Certain things we can indeed pick out: The introduction of fractional tones, especially quarters and eighths, is strange and distinctly stimulating; the vibrato of the wind instruments imparts a feeling of suppressed passion; the barely perceptible diminuendo which follows each note is subtly suggestive of melancholy. But the total effect is something that must be left to the individual.

But to describe what hot music is and how it got that way is something else again. That, I believe, can be done. In a phrase, it is the act of singing through an instrument—singing the way a Negro sings. This doesn't mean that the structure of the melodic line is vocal, for it is much too complicated for that. It means that the intonation is derived from a certain vocal tradition. The way the notes are attacked, the slurring of notes, the enjoyment of vibrato—all these things have their source in Negro singing. In fact, they are true of folk-singing generally. It is *natural* to vibrate the voice, to slur notes, and to attack the notes full and strongly. Listen to the singing of Scotch or Irish ballads, or even Russian. It is only in cultivated song, in the concert or opera, that vibrato is restrained, slurring discouraged, and the crescendo attack favored. The cultivated professional singer does not come by his attack naturally. He acquires it arduously and through discipline.

In the case of the Negro this *natural* employment of the voice was not corrupted by scholastic influences and was accentuated by his African heritage. Fractional tones are used—indeed, they are constant—in African music. The Negro saw no reason to discard this usage merely because he had to learn to sing in a new language and in new forms. Slurring is also characteristic of African (and Oriental) singing, and the Negro carried it over to the songs with English words, changing the emphases in these words and even dropping syllables from them wherever it was necessary to make them conform to his conception of correct inflection and rhythm. So far as rhythm is concerned it is hardly necessary to point out that in Africa, music is rhythm rather than melody. The Negro added to his English song the intense rhythmic qualities he remembered from his native song. The Negro sang before he played, and when at last he began to play instruments like the trumpet, trombone, clarinet, and saxophone, he put into them the peculiar intonations of his singing. He sang through his instrument. He made hot music. He made jazz.

The perfect examples of Negro singing are the performances of Bessie Smith, a huge black woman who died in an automobile accident a few years ago. She was far and away the greatest of them all, and her records, which are fortunately numerous, will never disappear from the musical library of jazz. It may legitimately be argued that her singing influenced the instrumental work of most of the early hot musicians. It is said that she influenced even the great Bix Beiderbecke, who often went to hear her. Be that as it may, one discovers in her singing all the characteristics of hot *playing*: slurring, vibrato, gradation of tone and pitch, and improvisation. Simply as a *voice*, moreover, she was wonderful: rich in timbre, primitive in feeling, passionate when she wanted to be, infinitely supple.

Her records, by the way, are also important because of the magnificent accompaniments she usually had. In these records one may hear some of the finest hot musicians in the history of the art. For example, there is the recent Hot Record Society reissue of *One and Two Blues* (P 21297), where she is accompanied by Joe Smith on cornet, Buster Bailey on clarinet, and Fletcher Henderson on piano. What a trio! Joe Smith, once with Henderson's band, is always ranked among the cornet-trumpet immortals. Bailey, now with John Kirby's outfit, is among the top clarinetists. Fletcher Henderson needs no introduction. In this record there is a memorable bit of hot contrapuntal playing in the work of Smith and Bailey in a long passage while Bessie is off. But to be noted especially is the cornet technique in relation to Bessie's voice: the technique is identical.

Bessie was also extremely interesting in *My Man Blues* (Columbia 14098), which she sang with Clara Smith, another great Negro voice—second to none but Bessie, in fact. Their styles, qualities, and intonations were completely different, but equally authentic, and they worked together with ease and mutual understanding. An example of Bessie swinging (*not* blues-singing) is *After You've Gone* (Columbia 14197), which is swing such as you've never heard or are likely to hear in a long, long time. The accompaniment is Henderson's piano. Bessie also recorded with Louis Armstrong: *St. Louis Blues* (Columbia 14064), *Careless Lover Blues* (Columbia 14083), *Reckless Blues* (Columbia 14056), and many others.

Altogether different but no less significant, no less germinal as an influence on jazz performance, and no less enjoyable is the astonishing voice of Louis Armstrong, perhaps the greatest trumpet player jazz has ever known. Thick, hoarse, rasping, even brutally rough, it is surcharged with passion. It quivers with feeling, it breaks with excitement when it has to, it sobs with sentiment when called upon. Most of his famous recordings contain vocal passages by him and his current broadcasting is also enlivened by that voice which, once heard, can hardly be forgotten.

Now, many critics have observed that his singing and trumpet playing have the same style. "Even when he sings he is really playing trumpet solos with his voice," wrote one critic. But I am convinced that the thing should be put the other way around: When he plays trumpet solos, he is singing through the instrument. It does not matter that he didn't begin to sing for the public until long after he had established his trumpet style. The song was instinctive with him; he sang for himself long before he learned to play his instrument in masterly fashion; he acquired from his people the way of singing which determined his way of playing the horn.

* * *

When all of the foregoing is added up, it is easy to see not only why swing is exciting but why it has contributed much to the art of making music. The style and manner of hot performance have enabled the great jazz instrumentalists to develop techniques, to get sounds out of their instruments, which were never dreamed of by classical performers. And they are pleasurable and interesting sounds and techniques. Take the trombone of Tommy Dorsey, the trumpet of Armstrong and of Beiderbecke before him, and the clarinet of Bailey or Benny Goodman, and try to think of the symphony men in this country or Europe who can equal them as technicians, who can do the same things with those instruments, or who can get out of those instruments such genuine musical sound. ⌗

Mariage de Convenance

Continued from page 57

For breeding you should get a stallion with a good front, fine head, long sloping shoulders, well defined withers, short back, deep girth, strong loins, powerful croup, and straight legs. In addition the stallion must be an excellent mover, and should have a nice disposition, and of course a fine pedigree. The mare also should possess an even temper, and have a small head and straight, clean, well-placed legs that move well at all gaits. She should be strong, healthy and "roomy," but these qualities must run in her whole family; it is not enough if only this one mare possesses them. Therefore, in the case of the mare, one also must consult the family tree. The mother is exceedingly important in the equine union; some say even more so than the father. (I guess it is not quite a fifty-fifty proposition!) For example, one may purchase and transport stallions in Arabia, but mares are not to be had for export at all. Mohammed said: "Let mares be preferred; their bellies are a treasure, their backs the seat of honor," and his people said, even before the time of the prophet, that: "The fountain-head of riches is a mare that produces a mare."

The time of sending a mare to the stallion will vary with the purposes for which her future foal is intended. If it is for racing, she should foal as soon as possible after the first of January. A mare carries her foal for eleven months, and in racing circles she would be therefore sent to the stallion around the first of February. All other horses, no matter what month they are born in, take their age from the first of May. It may be said—outside of racing studs—that the breeding season is the beginning of March. This season is not at all simple: mares are awfully temperamental and fussy animals as far as love is concerned.

The thing starts by a horseman mounting a stallion and riding him up close to the paddock where the brood-mares are shut in. The mares come near the rail and stare at the apparition, the beautiful prancing male horse, and by

Continued on page 170

THERE'S NO CONVERTIBLE LIKE A HUDSON

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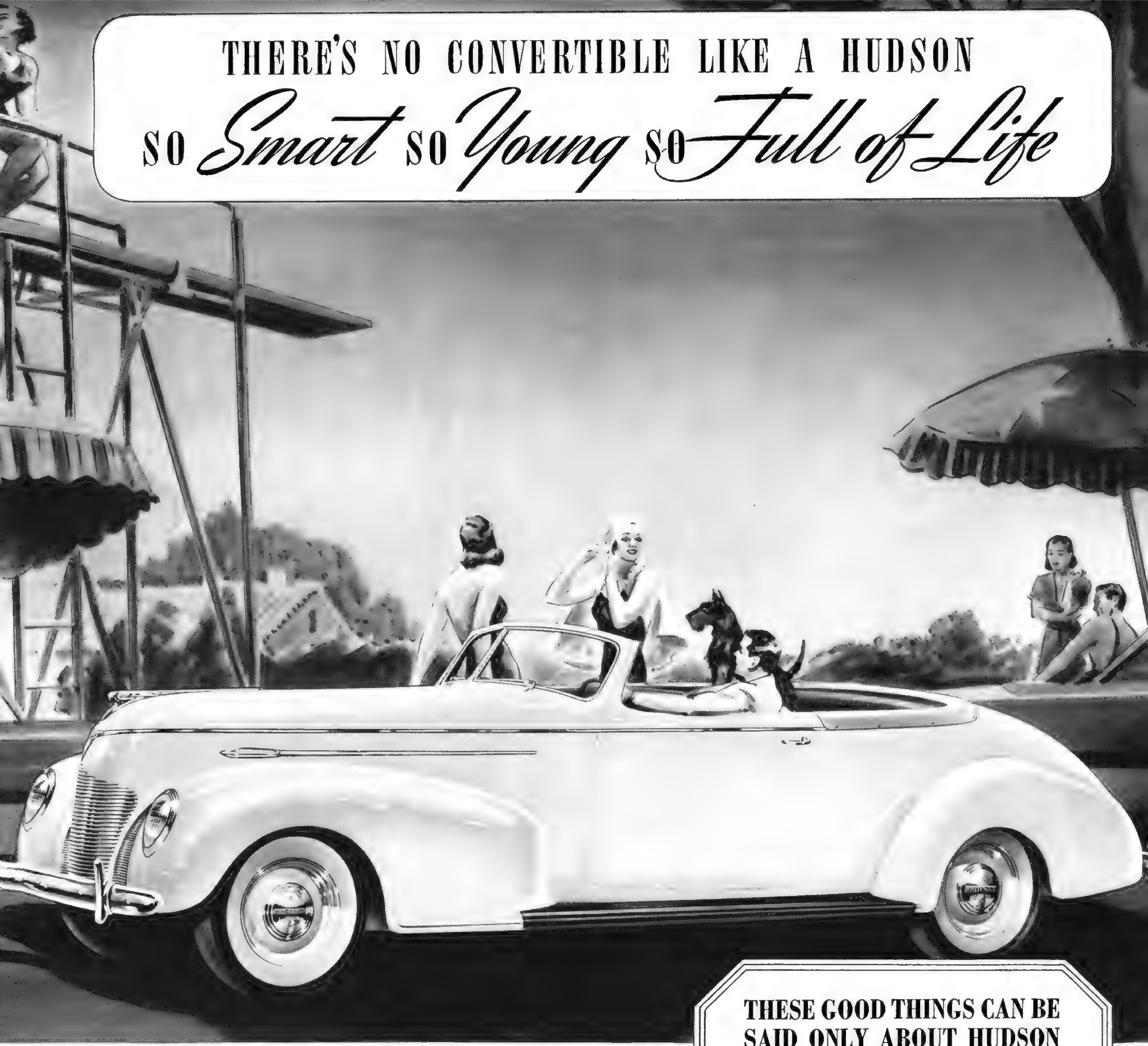

Car shown is Hudson Six Convertible Brougham, for six passengers, $1042. The color: Morocco Red, with upholstery of Maroon hand-buffed leather, black top with red piping—one of the many striking combinations from which you may choose.*

THE dashing style of all 1939 Hudsons finds fullest expression in these smart new Convertible models. There's nothing like them in sheer beauty. They capture the spirit of laughing youth and sunshine—yet no others are so severely *practical*. There's comfortable roominess for three in a seat; quick convertibility into either a closed or open car; spirited performance with unmatched safety and sturdy long life. And none can compare in all-around *low cost*.

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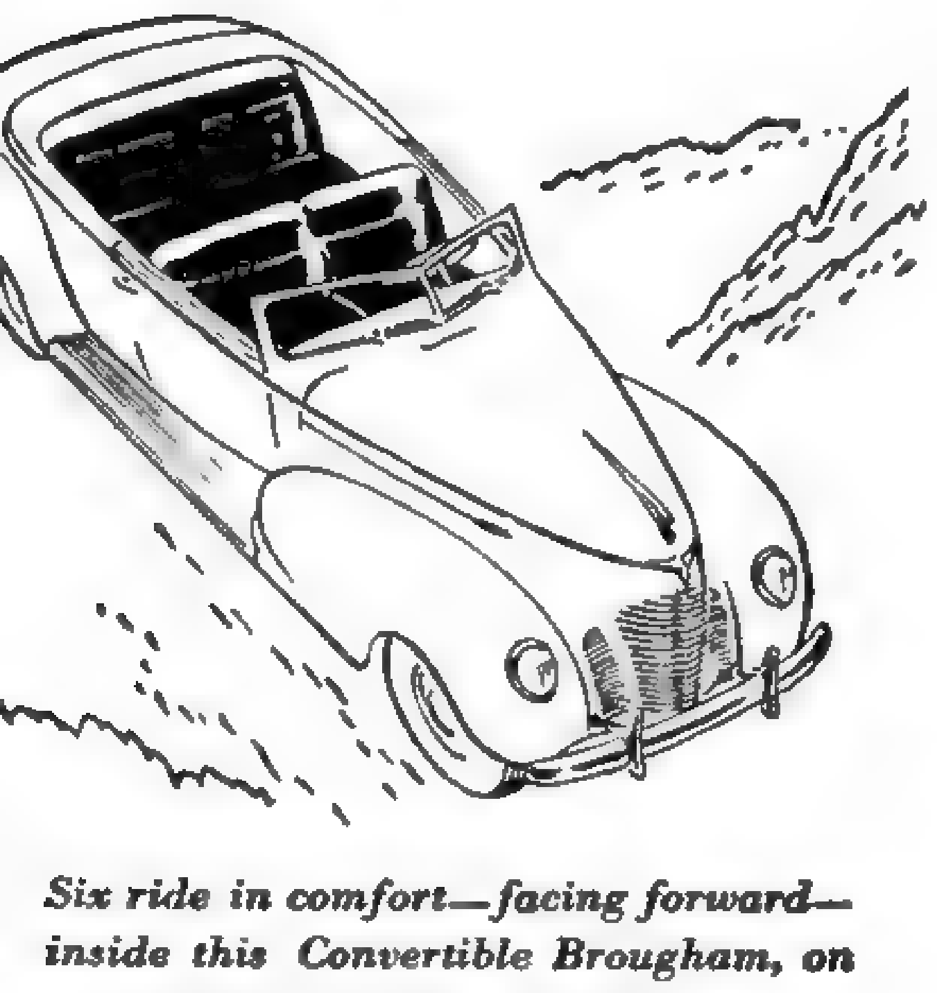
Country Club Eight Convertibles .	122 H P., 122" W.B.—Coupe 1138*	Brougham 1201*



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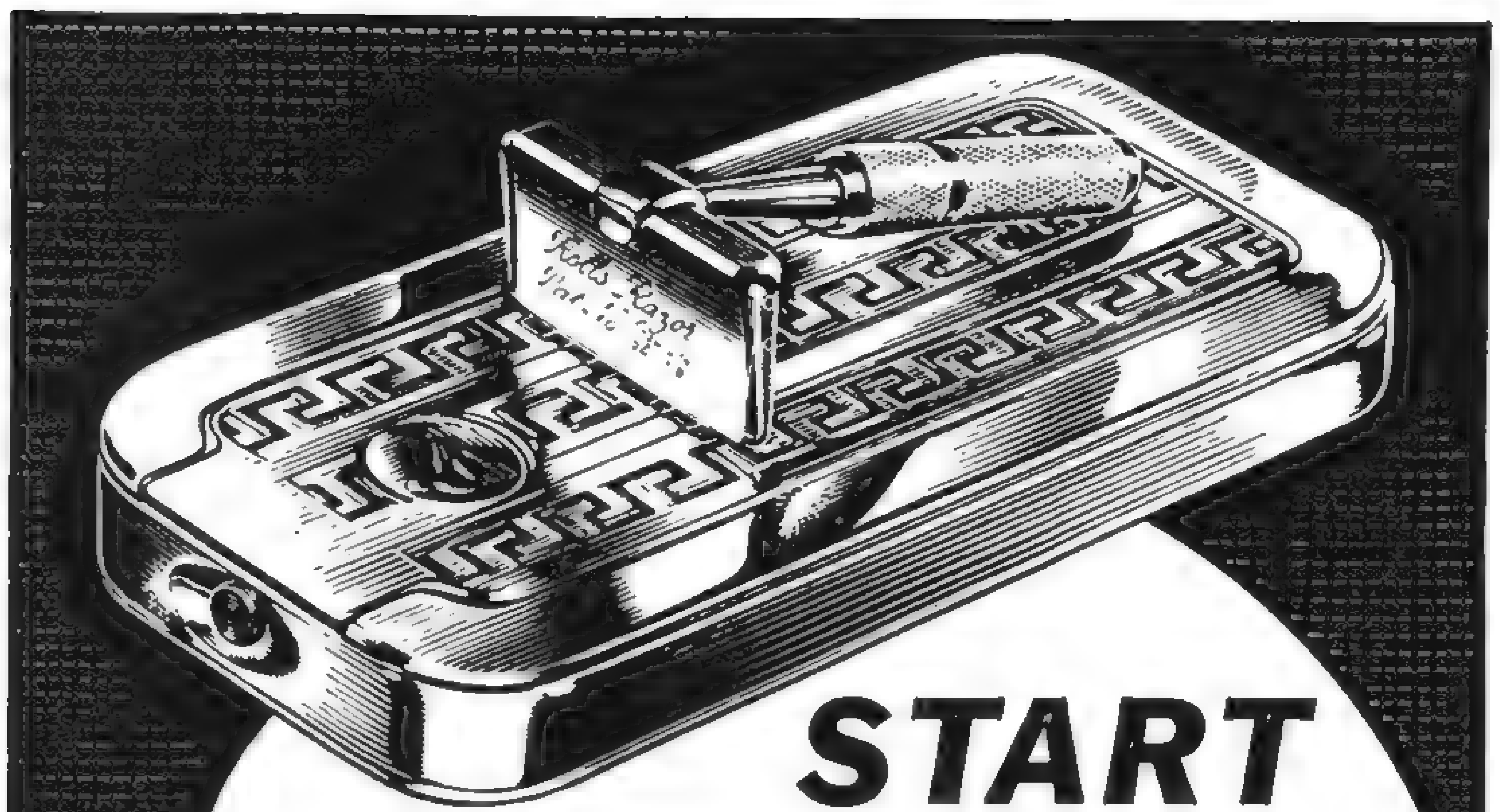

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Mariage de Convenance

Continued from pages 57-168

the time he comes around again the next day, the mares already notice that it is spring, and think of love. But as with humans, a small love only foretells a really great one; and when the mare is finally introduced to the real stallion, she falls head-over-heels. Because the poor prancing, showing-off stallion was only used to tease the mares; the real one is much too valuable to ruin by the great and prolonged mutual fascination. Furthermore, in the horse world the gentleman does not visit the lady; it is the lady who has to go to the honeymoon paddock to meet him.

When the mare is in foal she should be turned out in good pasture, where the grass is not too fat (because rich grass is often the cause of miscarriage), not too thin (because the forthcoming foal would starve). After Christmas the mare should have a liberal supply of hay and corn and carrots but care must be taken that she does not grow unduly fat.

Barely six or seven hours after the foal is delivered mother and child are already in the open, in a large paddock. Horses are amazing; they do not seem to require much rest at all. Some horses sleep standing up in their boxes only lying down for an hour or so at night, while many good healthy horses never even lie down, and are satisfied with remarkably little sleep and repose.

A mare may be worked when in foal, and the new little soul may be worked very soon too. This is no joke: the foal should be handled from the very first few days of its existence. It must be taught gently that there is no use offering resistance; that he is at the mercy of humans. First he must be taught to let his legs be handled by man without attempting to kick; then gradually his ears and head should be rubbed, later a light collar may be put on the little fellow, and sometimes a bell on the collar. Still later when he is four or five months old, a leading rein should be fastened to the collar and the foal taught to follow the groom whether he wants to or not. But it takes a kind, well-meaning, experienced man to accustom young Houyhnhnms to the touch of Yahoos. The rough, impatient man can do little with them, and will only spoil them.

The age for weaning the foal is about six months. (Lipizzans are not weaned until nearly a year, and this is why they often live to the ripe age of thirty-five or forty.) By this time the mother is with child again, and she cannot bear the double strain. The six-month-old is put in a paddock along with several others in order to stand the separation better. But they soon forget all about their mothers as they gallop around together, and stop now and then to crop the autumn grass. They are rarely given any other food, because foals are very mischievous little animals and if they are overfed, run amuck and sometimes injure themselves.

During the winter the foals are put into stables for the night, while in the summer, the process is reversed and they are turned out of the stables into the paddock after the day's heat. Horses must have an abundant supply of fresh, clean water at all times when in the open; they will not touch muddy or unclean water, although thirst is most distressing to them. They also should have a lump of rock salt within easy reach to lick, and the grass they crop ought to have lime in it. As a matter of fact, if the grass does not contain this mineral the pastures ought to be limed artificially. To a horse, Paradise must resemble a paddock about two acres wide, situated on a hillside down which a small stream bubbles, and containing a few shade trees caressed gently by sea breezes.

But of course, life is not always heavenly, and there are unhappy periods in a young horse's existence.

Most of the colts, the weak unpromising ones, are sterilized. Only the best are preserved as stallions for breeding purposes; the rest, a great majority of them, become geldings; they lose that superiority complex, so manifest in stallions, and bow their head completely to mankind. For man, the gelding is better than either the stallion or mare. They are more cynical; they do not observe the change in the air at the beginning of March, they do not pay any attention to the budding foliage, and the song of the lark. They just go on serving man obediently, with no romance in their hearts.

The thoroughbreds and half-breds are registered in this country in the American Stud Book; and before the registration is sent in, the breeder wracks his brain for a new name. Often half of the stallion's and half of the mare's names are utilized, these two halves being molded into one and the outcome is given to the foal. But this name business is much too complicated to explain in a few words. It was even more perplexing for a New York debutante who —as the tale runs—was visiting a stud farm in the South during naming time. The gallant breeder of horses was glad to explain to the pretty girl the complexities of horse naming; pointing out, for instance, that one foal was to be called "Carrott," by "Caron," out of "Ottilia" ("by" indicates the father; "out of" indicates the mother). But in the evening, on the verandah, with a romantic Southern moon above them, the breeder forgot all about his horses, and concentrated on the girl. She finally managed to break away, and promptly left the stud farm. As soon as she reached New York, she wired the breeder: "Home, by God, out of Danger." ⧺

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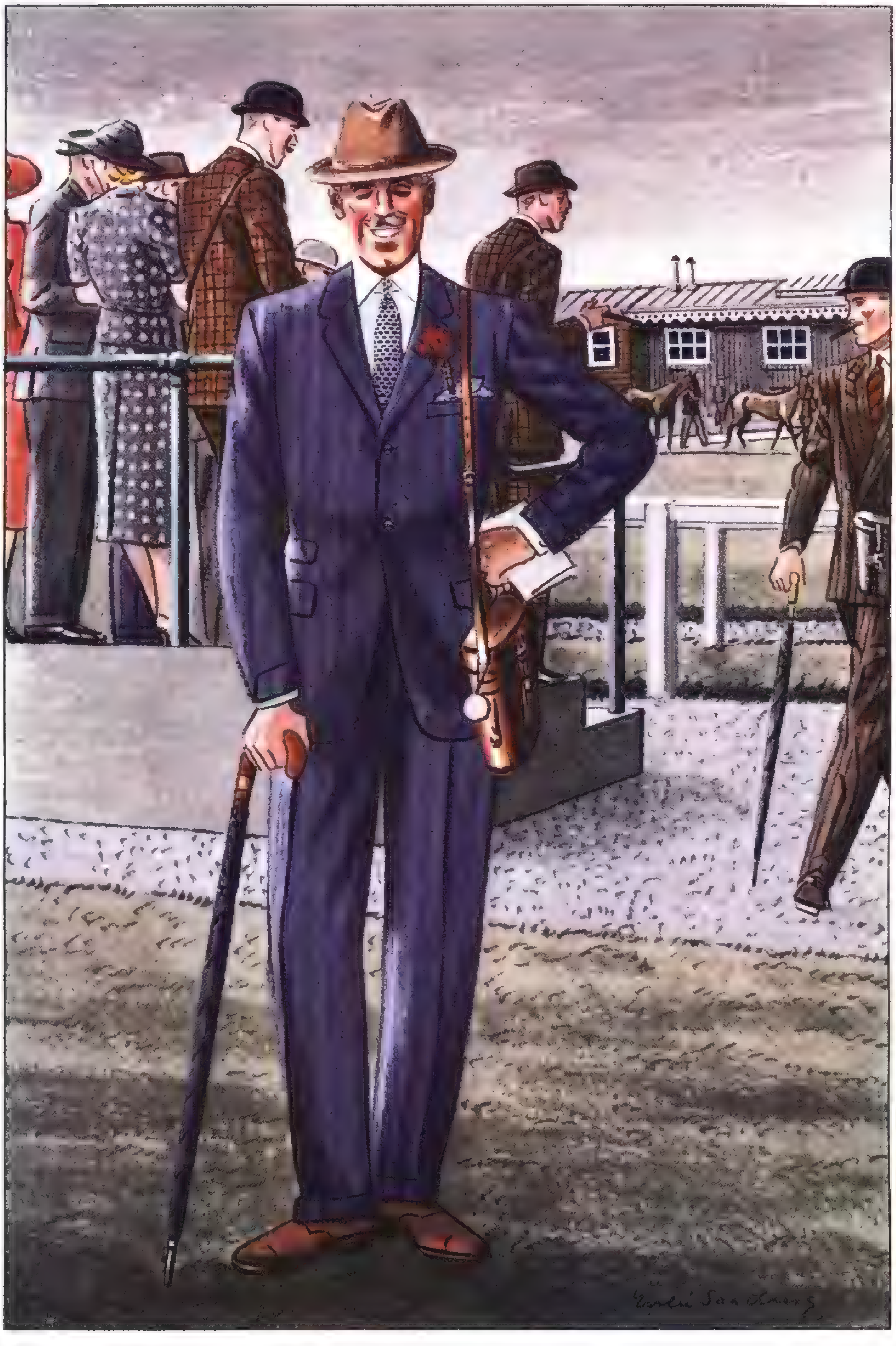


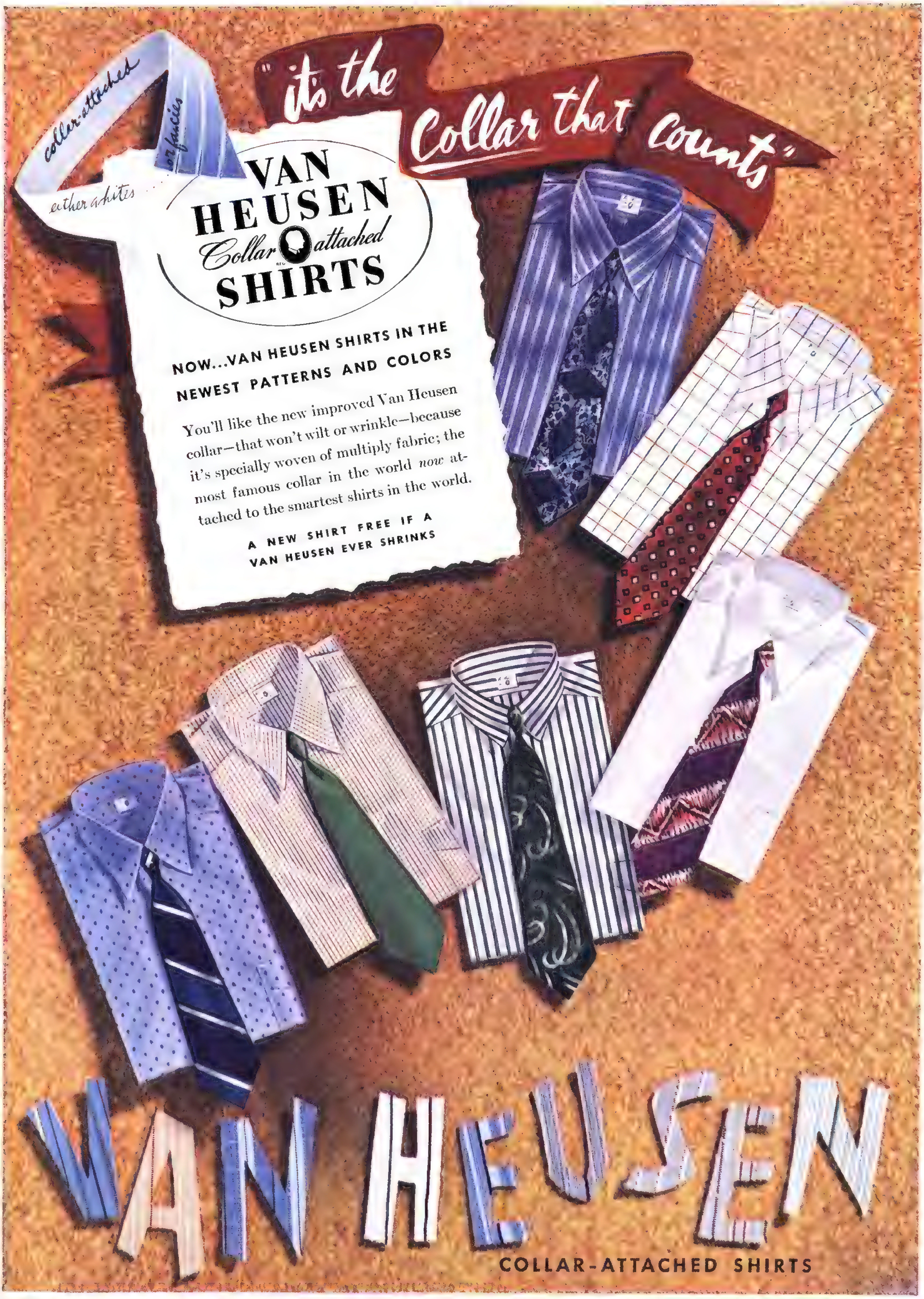
PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

The Newbury Race Course, within a few miles of Oxford, is one of England's most fashionable gathering places. Newbury is especially a favorite among the younger members of the sporting set.

LAUNCHING A NEW MODEL ON FASHION'S SEA

SEEN in the act of posing for its picture is the new Paddock model suit which the fashion staff is playing across the board. In fact, it's already a winner in England and should do no worse than take show money in this country. The most distinctive feature of the Paddock model is its similarity in cut to the familiar three-button notched lapel suit—with the important difference that the bottom button is eliminated, thereby making it a two-button coat with the bottom button at the waistline. Other details, all of which have fashion implications that go beyond this particular model, are the turn-back cuffs on the sleeves, the outside cash pocket, long side vents, and the narrower trousers. The suit shown here is of marine blue flannel with spaced double white stripe. The shirt is in the important new halftone shade of Eton blue, and the hat is an antique chestnut color semi-sports type.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)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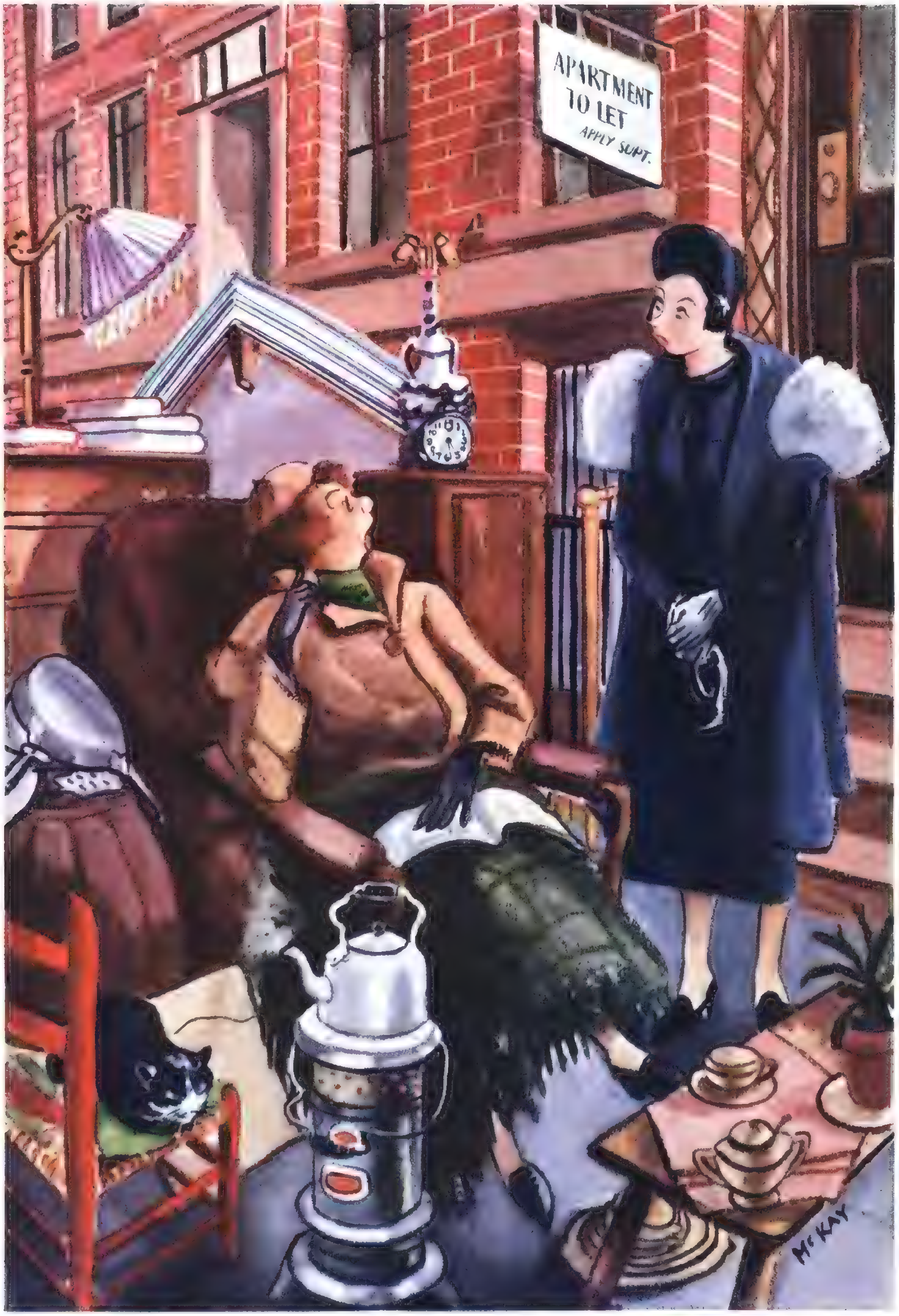
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TO LET
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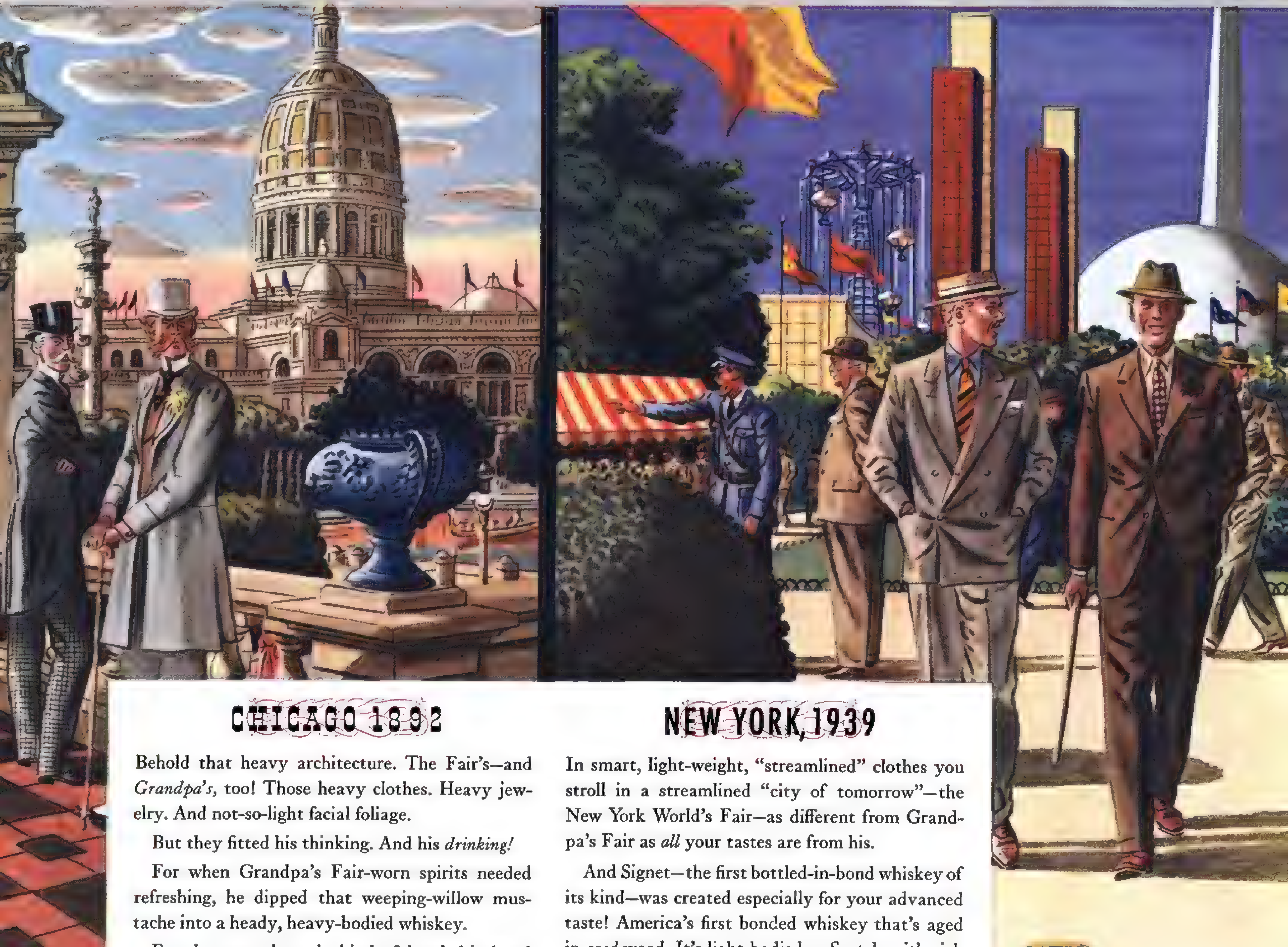

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Behold that heavy architecture. The Fair's—and *Grandpa's*, too! Those heavy clothes. Heavy jewelry. And not-so-light facial foliage.

But they fitted his thinking. And his *drinking!*

For when Grandpa's Fair-worn spirits needed refreshing, he dipped that weeping-willow mustache into a heady, heavy-bodied whiskey.

For that was the only kind of bottled-in-bond whiskey they could make with their old-style methods in those so-called "good old days"!

NEW YORK, 1939

In smart, light-weight, "streamlined" clothes you stroll in a streamlined "city of tomorrow"—the New York World's Fair—as different from Grandpa's Fair as *all* your tastes are from his.

And Signet—the first bottled-in-bond whiskey of its kind—was created especially for your advanced taste! America's first bonded whiskey that's aged in *aged* wood. It's light-bodied as Scotch...it's rich and ripe but not heavy.

Say "Signet"—for a new taste thrill!

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This whiskey is 4 years old

Light-bodied...for your Modern Taste

First Bonded Whiskey of its kind

Signet

Signet is aged in *aged* wood...

Here is the reason for Signet's amazing lightness and delicacy. Like the finest Canadian and Scotch whiskies, like the noblest brandies of France and sherries of Spain, Signet is aged in *aged* wood. Cradled for four years in casks pre-mellowed and enriched by prior use in aging other fine whiskies in the Hiram Walker distillery. No other bottled-in-bond whiskey is aged in this time-tested way—and no other bonded whiskey tastes like Signet.

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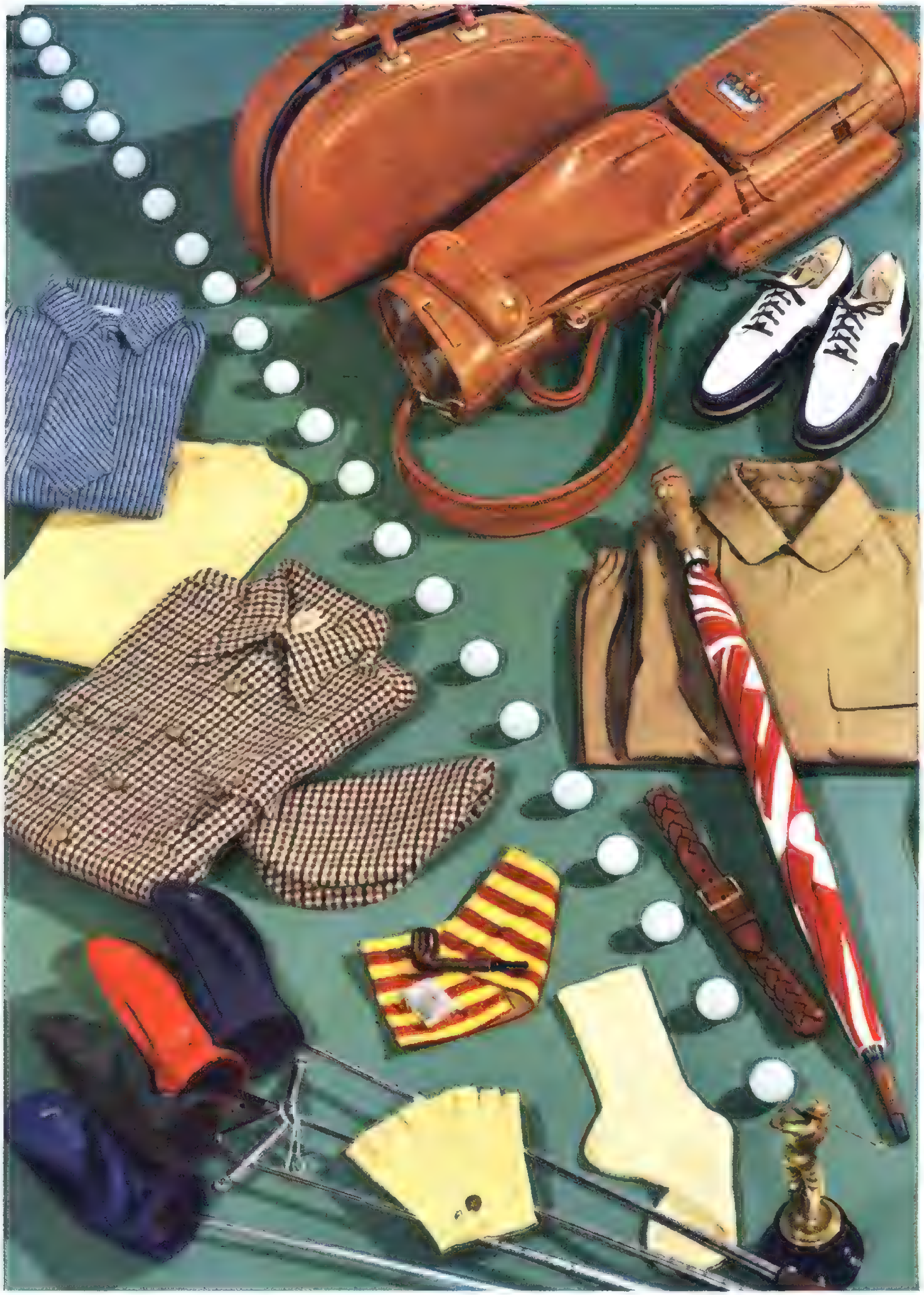
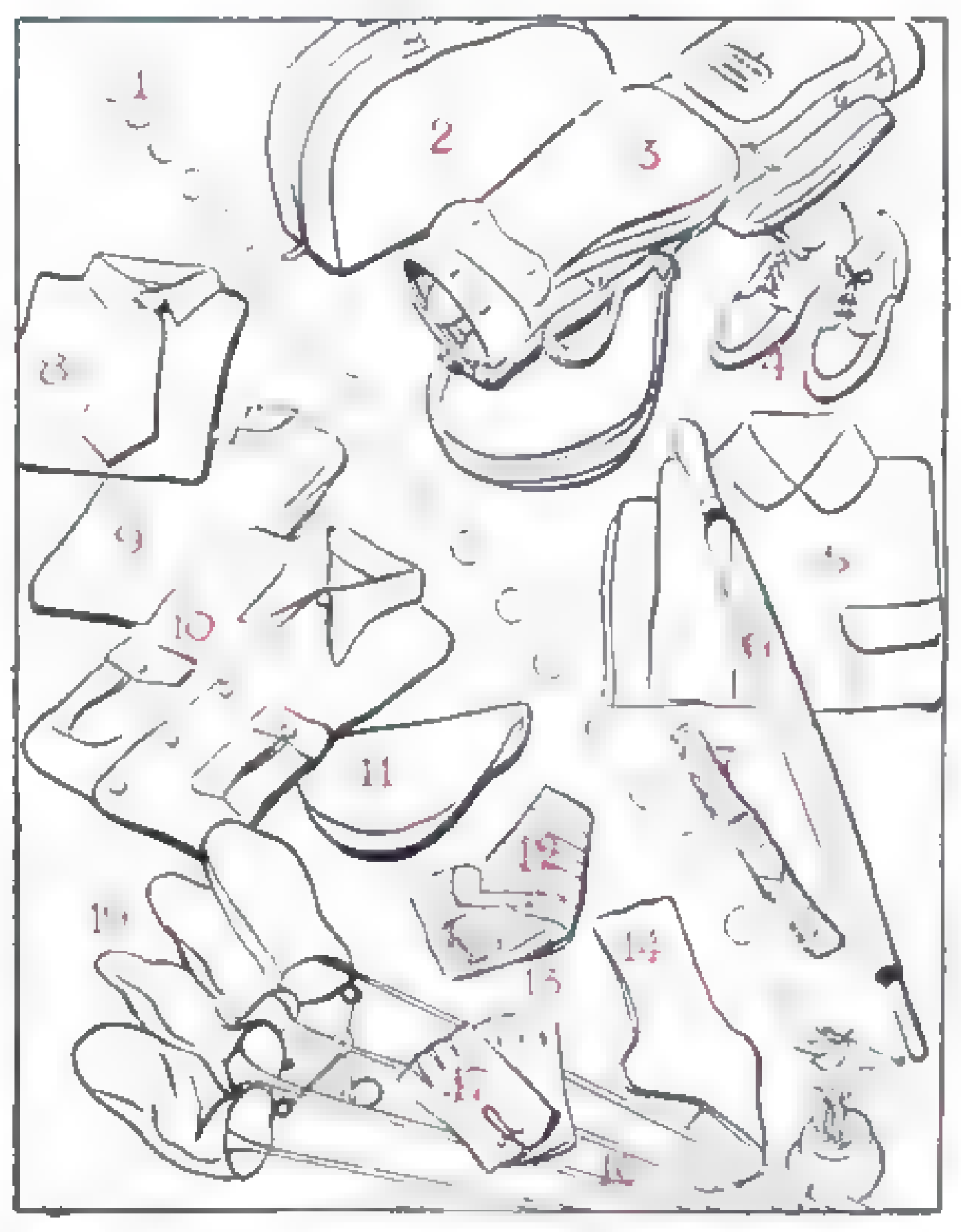


COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

Early spring golf fever

YOU can't keep these spring days from clouding up and letting it pour down, or from turning inconsiderately chilly. And you can't keep yourself off the golf course. What you can do, however, as every boy scout knows, is to Be Prepared. Many of the items shown here can render yeoman's service in that worthy endeavor.



1—Golf balls . . 2—Leather bag for carrying golf shoes, socks and what have you . . 3—Leather golf bag . . 4—Black and white golf shoes with spiked soles . . 5—Lightweight windproof rainsuit (jacket and trousers) . . 6—Golf umbrella . . 7—Braided pigskin belt . . 8—Knitted long sleeve sport shirt with matching tie . . 9—Crew neck long sleeve sweater . . 10—Checked wool golf shirt with leather buttons . . 11—Matching cap . . 12—Colored silk tobacco pouch . . 13—Pipe . . 14—Knitted worsted golf hose . . 15—Golf figure, suitable for trophy in competitions and about as original as most of them . . 16—Four matched woods with chrome shafts . . 17—Lightweight golf gloves . . 18—Chrome lighter . . 19—Leather golf club mitts.

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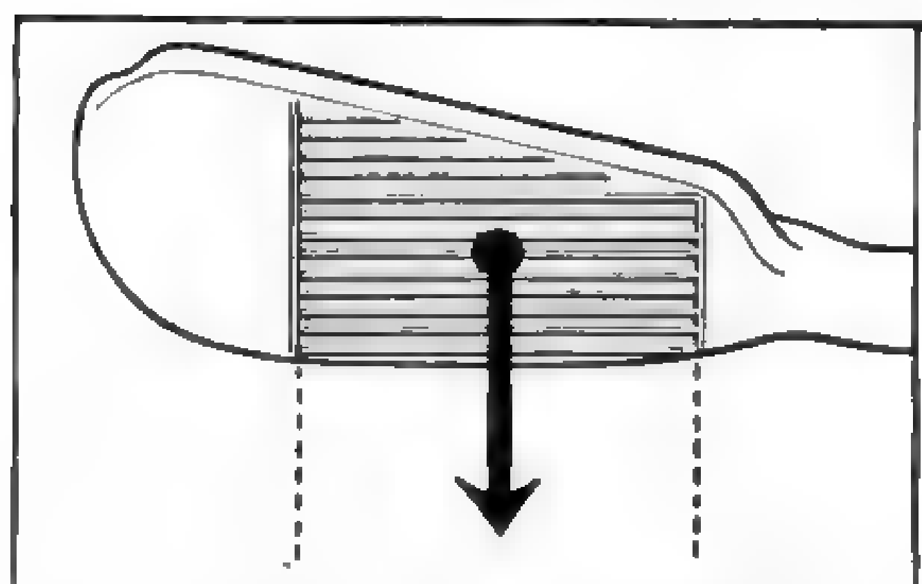
SHOOTIN' IRONS

● Ole "Spitter" Hanes was the shootinest doggone fool in all Buccaroo County. And that goes for shootin' with a six gun or a load o' tobaccy juice. That ornery coyote could draw his iron and split the ace of spades plumb center—so fast your eyes couldn't follow his hand. Boys often ast him—"Spitter, how come you shoot so straight without sightin' any?" An' ole Spit would answer back, "Ah *does* sight, Mister—but it's different. It's kind o' having the *feel* of yo' iron and *mind-sightin'* it. Ah just *wishes* the slug to split that ace o' spades, an' it *does. Mind-sightin'*—Ah calls it—same as spittin' at a crack."

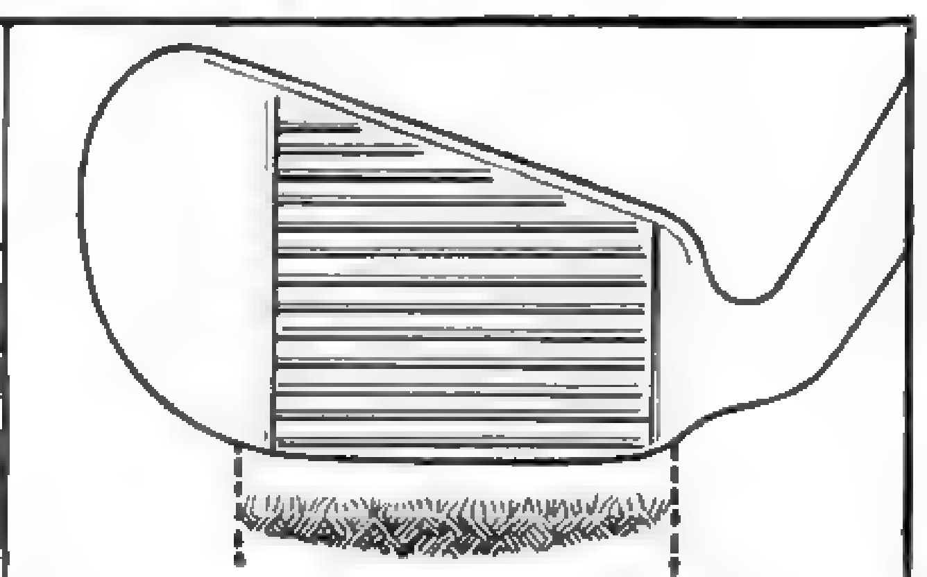
★ ★ ★

Mind-sightin' is important to the man who knows how to use his "shootin' irons" in golf, too. Wilson Kleersite Irons have structural advantages which will aid you in lining up the clubhead and ball. They have a sweetly balanced swing-weight that will put a lot of confidence in you. But even with these improvements, it's still getting the *feel* of the club (and *mind-sightin'*) that makes iron shots behave. And the reason it's so easy to control iron play with Wilson Kleersite Irons is that *it's easier to get the right feel* of your club. See your club Pro. You ought to have these popular modern "shootin' irons" in your bag. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and Other Leading Cities.

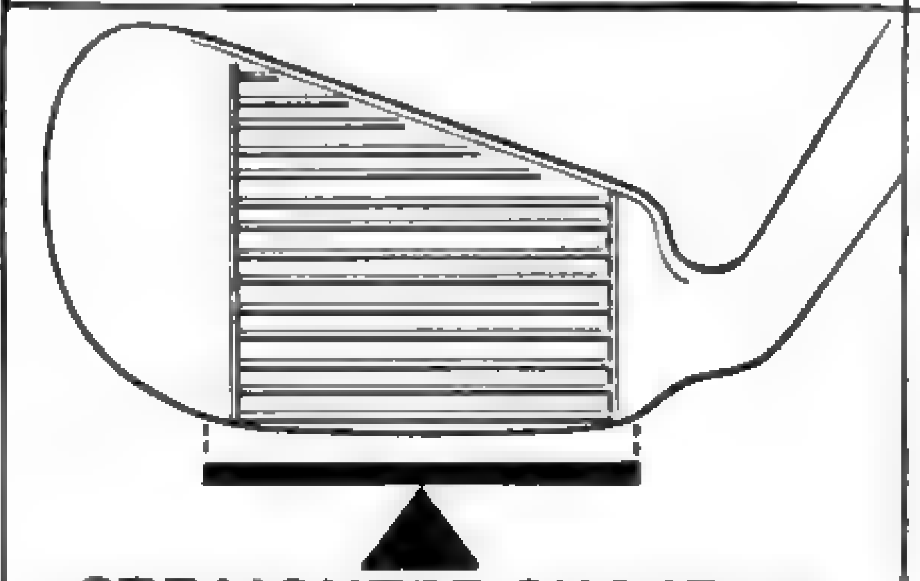
Players mentioned are retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff



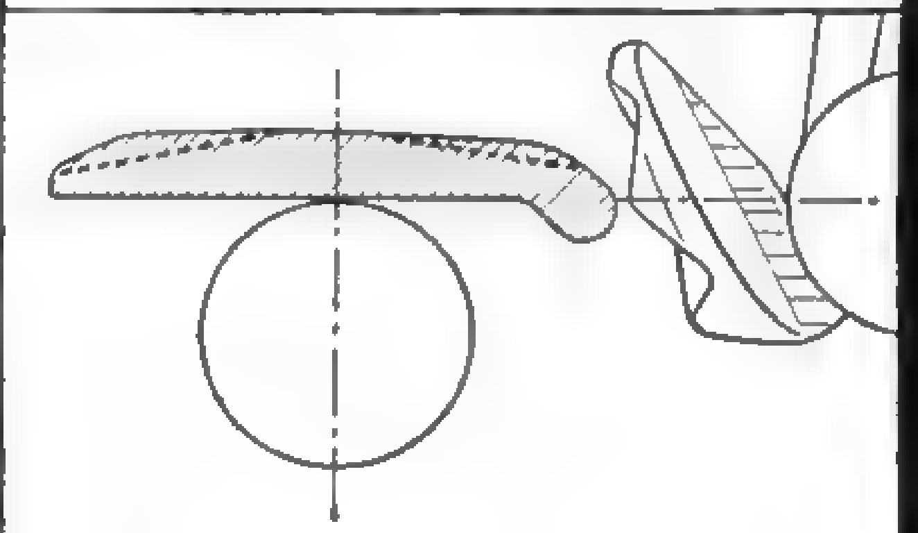
KLEERSITE ADDRESS
The face of the Kleersite Iron is sharply defined—separated definitely from the hosel—making it easier to sight the ball on the impact spot.



LESS RESISTANCE
The shorter turf edge of the Kleersite Iron means a narrower divot—permitting the power of the stroke to carry through with less interruption.

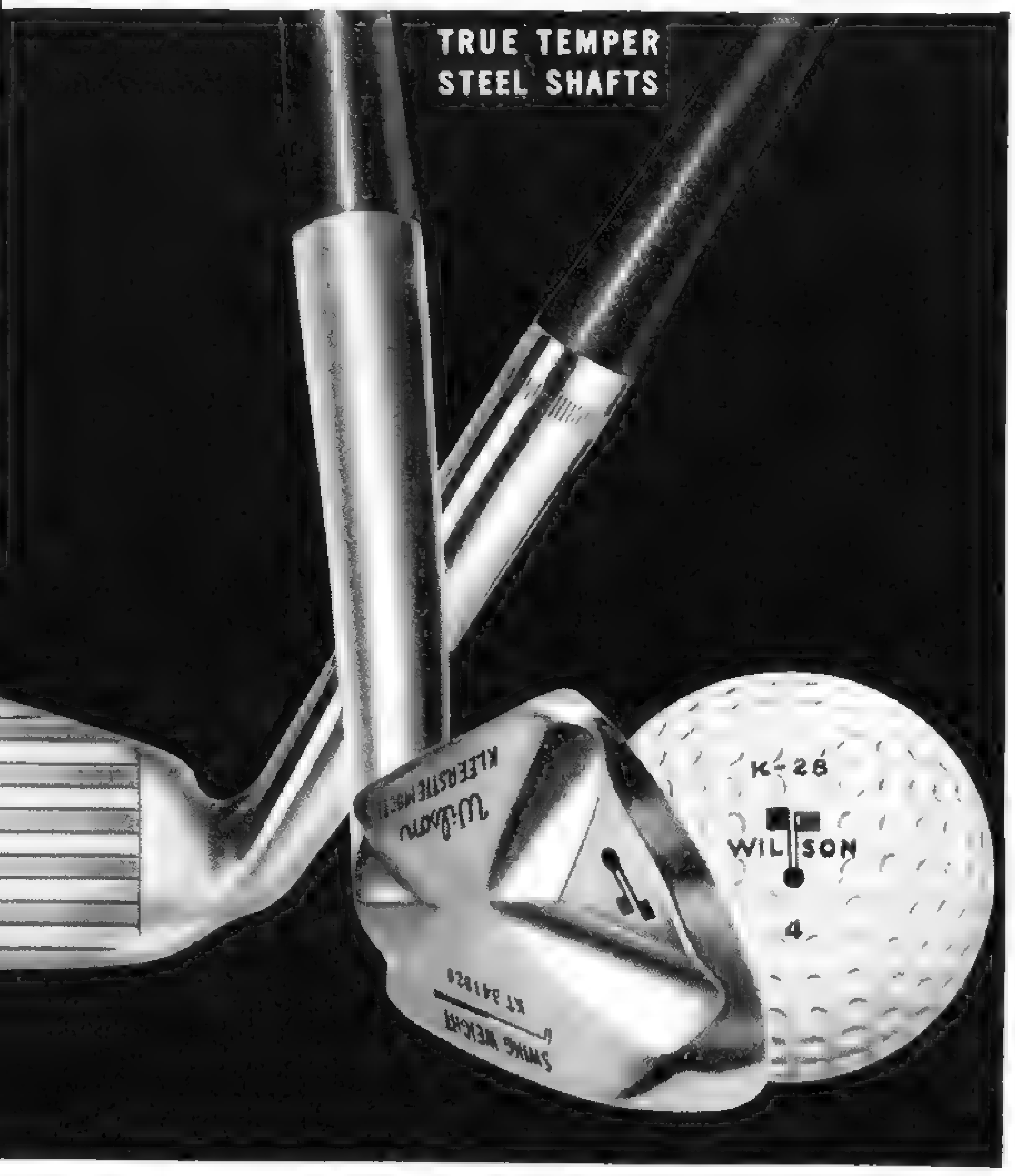


STRAIGHTER SHOOTING
The tendency of golfers to heel the club causes less deflection in Kleersite Irons because the distance from heel to impact spot is less than ordinary irons.



GREATER PUNCH
The special clubhead design concentrating greater weight behind impact spot without increasing the total clubhead weight, puts greater power back of ball.

Wilson
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
GOLF EQUIPMENT



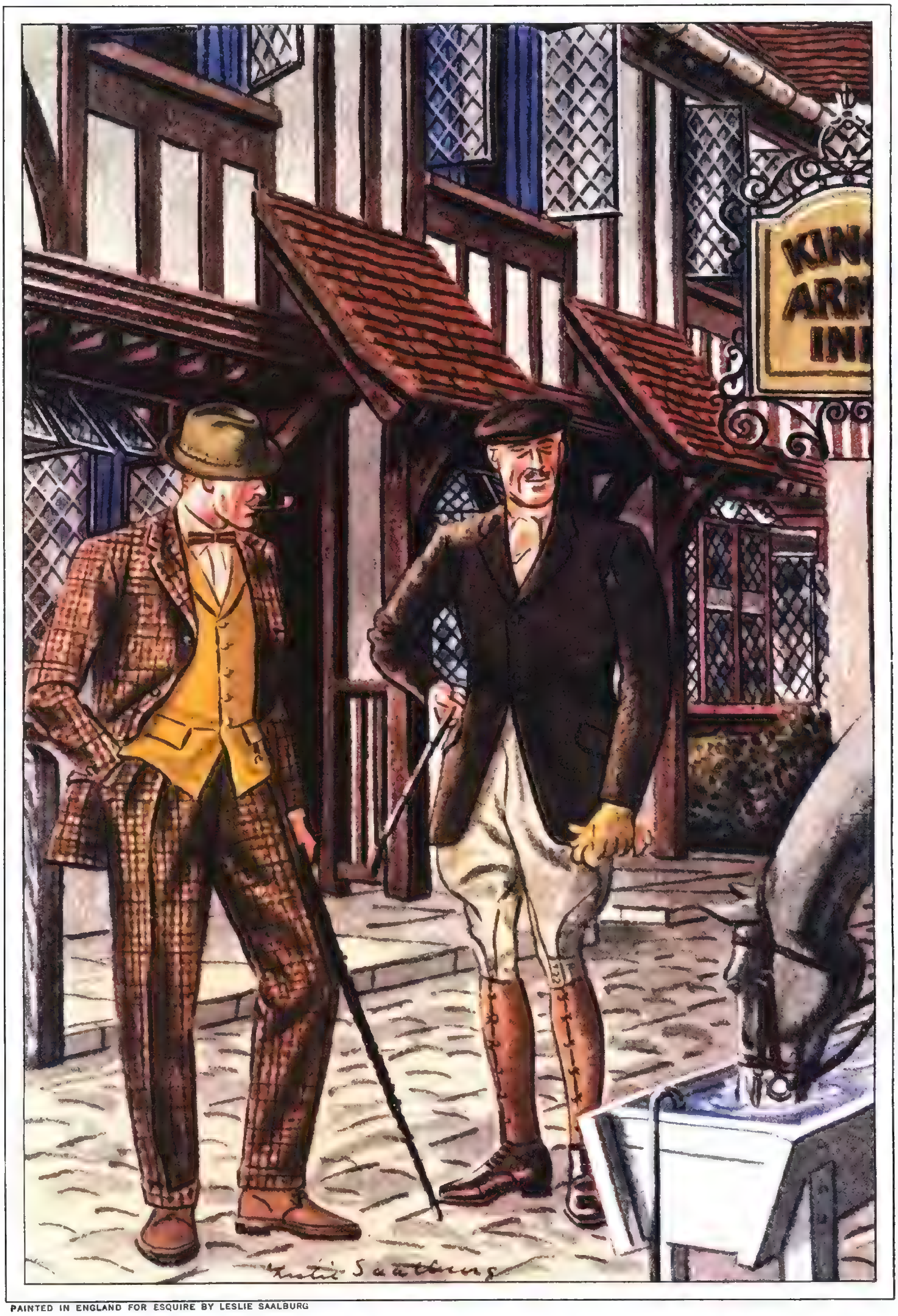
THE WILSON K-28 BALL

The ideal ball to go with Wilson Kleersite Irons for controlled iron shots. The ball that stayed by Ralph Guldahl, Sammy Snead and others through every match of 1938. At Pro Shops, only 75c. For tough cover, K-28D.

Harold "Jug" McSpaden played the famous K-28 in winning the $10,000 Miami Open, the Houston Open and in shooting an all-time low record of 59 strokes for 18 holes at San Antonio, Texas.

By this mark you shall know Fine Golf Equipment

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

COUNTRY CLOTHES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Cocktail lounges and similarly effete city places call for carefully modulated accents, but out in the country you can send your voice booming loud and strong without making yourself the point of intersection for umpty-nine extremely pained side-glances. The same thing applies to clothes: in the city you tone down, in the country you can open up all the stops. Take the boldly colorful English country gentleman on the left, for example. Like it or not, he wears a frankly bold checked suit of cheviot tweed with large colored overplaid, the jacket in the three-button single breasted model and the trousers cut almost as narrow as country breeks. The accessories are a yellow hunting waistcoat, flannel shirt, ribbon shape bow tie, Field hat in an antique mustard shade with string band, and reverse calf Chukkas. The other man wears a typically English country riding outfit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Movies Go Literary

Continued from page 108

depression to start wandering in the economic wasteland; slowly, but oppressively, we learned that you couldn't read the headlines in a newspaper without feeling that in spots the world stank, and lots of human beings ditto; and the delights and troubles of the distant past were pleasant to observe. Or maybe these old-timers had a gift of romantic storytelling which we lacked; certainly they lived in an era which believed in heroes, which we did not, and it was agreeable to have heroes and villains again in a world all taken up with grim economic forces.

Take your pick of causes; the fact was there and Shakespeare ought to have written something pat and quotable about the pleasure of getting rich when all you set out to do was make character. I don't mean that the Warners made a fortune out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* comparable to what they socked away out of their more vulgar and animated releases; but they didn't lose; and the boycott never came off.

If you care, you can protest against the butchery which Hollywood inflicts on the classics it makes. You can find half a dozen notable instances and all you have to do is keep your eyes shut to the half-dozen equally notable cases in which the movies have been scrupulous about novels and have sometimes given a dignity and decency to works which may have been famous, but weren't flawless. Looking over the list of box-office successes, I find *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Little Women*, *Copperfield*, *Karenina*, *Dodsworth*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Captains Courageous*, and *Romeo and Juliet*—and I don't think any one of them was deliberately spoiled to conform to picture requirements.

By 1937 the impulse to the classic novel had diminished to such an extent that the box-office tops listed none; *Romeo and Juliet* was a belated survivor of the classic era; the other leading pictures were *Zola*, *The Good Earth*, *Captains Courageous*, *Lost Horizon*, and *Stella Dallas*. Last year's leaders were *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *Robin Hood*, *Marie Antoinette* (I'm told), *In Old Chicago*, and, I presume, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* which for some strange reason isn't considered a moving picture in some circles. Among other significant pictures of last year were *Boys Town*, *The Citadel*, and *The Hurricane*. The movies apparently were coming back to originals; they were certainly coming around to serials, chiefly about doctors and family life; they were making stunt pictures.

And as 1937 was one of the most profitable years in the industry since 1930, so 1938 was one long red mark of disaster. It isn't a question of receipts, entirely; it's a question of the enormous energy thrown into a drive to make people go to the movies, compared to the pitiful results; there was a contest in which no one seemed particularly interested and a constant reiteration of the slogan whose initials prophetically spelled the word MAYBE: Movies Are Your Best Entertainment. And steadily the studios turned out second- and third-rate works until, for the first time in history, the half-dozen best movies running at one time in any big city were pretty sure to include no less than three British-made products. (The three usually chosen were *Pygmalion*, *The Beachcomber*, and *The Lady Vanishes*. And the last of these, incidentally, may serve to bring out of unmerited obscurity the author of the original; her name is Ethel Lina White; the original was *The Wheel Spins;* another entrancing book of hers is *The Elephant Never Forgets*. Something new and different.) Each of these three pictures stems from a play or a story, modern, to be sure. The writers on these pictures have been skillful adapters; in the case of Shaw they have typed out dialogue more than written it. And in each case the exceptional merit of the original material is impressive. You could have made bad pictures out of these originals; but you would have had to work awfully hard to do it.

Maybe the combination of Hollywood's bad luck (only a swine would say it was lack of intelligence) and the pronounced good luck of the British will send our producers back to works they can count on. Ready for release, or in production, are quite a lot of substantial works, or classics. *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Hound of the Baskervilles* are the oldest I find; *Goodbye Mr. Chips* and *Northwest Passage* and *Gone with the Wind* are the more recent ones. *Idiot's Delight* and *Juarez* are among serious offerings; and a scout who seems dubious informs me that *Elizabeth the Queen* is being done under the working (I hope permanent) title of *The King and the Lady*. (But this may turn out to be only Warner's remake of Sam Goldwyn's illegitimate *Cowboy and the Lady;* Sam will have to make a lot of jokes before we forget that incompetent wallow in the movie mire.)

Actually our Sam, who makes one bad picture out of ten or twenty, and manages to make fortunes out of pictures you have to admire, has already repented and is doing nothing less than *Wuthering Heights*, the old Brontë classic which has impassioned admirers but, I suspect, few readers. With some memory, perhaps, of *The Scoundrel*, Goldwyn has given the adaptation to Hecht and MacArthur, and there's a rumor that Mr. Woollcott has written a scene. I've read the text and discover no master hand in the dialogue, but I begin to see how the skilled craftsmen who adapt a novel to the screen keep their franchise as writers: they do it by what you

Continued at top of page 180

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Illustrated above—the new "Classifier" in Hand Boarded India Goatskin, priced at $5.00. Other models in a wide range of leathers and prices. At Leading Stores Everywhere.

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"BLACK BEAUTY" RECIPE
1 jigger Leroux Blackberry Flavored Brandy and juice of one lime to each drink. Shake with ice and strain.

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The Movies Go Literary

Continued from pages 108-179

never read. Here are the stage directions for the opening shot:

"A violent storm fills the night. Snow has been falling for days. The road, the moors, are blanketed deep in snow. The immense, lonely moor looks white, devilish, and forlorn . . . (*And, next shot, of the old manor house*) . . . it stands like a derelict in the wild night . . . some scrub firs have been twisted into eerie shapes by the eternal wind . . ."

You're not going to catch me saying that this is damned purple writing and have it come out that the words are taken right from the Brontë girl herself. All I wonder about is the effect of this sort of thing on the property man, the location-finder, and the scenic designer. After all, it matters little to them whether the firs have been twisted into eerie shapes by the eternal wind or by a gardener with a sense of humor. They have to provide twisted firs and the combination of other sights and sounds suffice to make them "eerie."

And yet, *Wuthering Heights*, as text, has power. It has the villain-as-hero which gives it a modern feel. Its plot, developed swiftly enough, is not creaky, but jumpy; a simple explanation of Cathy's marrying the rich neighbor instead of the nameless stableboy she loves comes out at the end, and then it is seen to be insufficient. But that doesn't matter. The scenario presents a character—romantic, extravagant, unpredictable—but a sort of towering superman of violent passions. And they aren't pleasant passions. All I've seen, of course, is the result of four revisions and simpler texts than this have gone through twelve and fifteen, until a finished script was positively chromatic in appearance. Maybe in some final revision, Heathcliffe's love will be as warming as his hate is cold. But I doubt it. The intention seems to be to make *Wuthering Heights*—and damn the consequences. And, what's more, with Merle Oberon, so as to make us see that it is atonement for the cowboy slush.

In the first two months of this year seventy-two pictures were going into production. From the list I have seen, a good half of these pictures are outside the range of intelligent interest; they are pictures which might just as well have been made by sweeping up the rejected bits on the cutting room floors of any six studios and pasting them together. Another dozen or so will be respectable efforts—maybe the younger people like Irving Reis and Garson Kanin will get some bigger things to do. Then there will be half a dozen adaptations of good stories, modern or Victorian, and these will definitely be worth looking at. And—if this year is better than last—there will be from six to ten pictures made by people who know about the movies and care about them—and these pictures may be revivals or adaptations or originals—but they will be the ones on which the movies of the future will depend. #

The World's Fare to You

Continued from page 90

frequented by Will Shakespeare and his followers, but a modern soda fountain. This is not only a concession to the American taste but an indication of how far our influence has crept into the tight little isle. Two other restaurants, typical of English provinces, will be operated within the walls of "Merrie England."

The average citizen of the city has not been able to get through his dining regime without at least one or two contacts with smörgåsbord—the great Swedish institution. But for those visitors who have lived most of their lives in districts not influenced by the blond folk from the northern peninsula, smörgåsbord will come as a delightful surprise. One word of warning though is necessary and it comes from one who has eaten and learned: do not forget the old childhood axiom that the "eye is bigger than the stomach." Approach the art of smörgåsbord gently and in that manner so that you can creep up on the technique.

In local smörgåsbord palaces, the diners take up their diminutive plates and walk around the table loaded with from thirty to sixty varieties of what in France would be called hors d'oeuvre. In the world of tomorrow as exemplified in the Swedish Pavilion, the diner will stand at a fixed post with his plate and the smörgåsbord will revolve around him.

But do not imagine that once you have filled your plate with delicacies the meal is over. Adjoining the room where the smörgåsbord gadget rotates, there will be two rooms seating two hundred and one hundred and fifty diners. Fair-haired waitresses, dressed in native costume, will bring you the remainder of the dinner. Or if you wish, in the smaller room, you may have the hors d'oeuvre brought up to your table on wagons. The set Swedish dinner contains many items you won't encounter on other menus. The Swedish cooks have a way of cooking meat balls and some kinds of fish that is all their own. Also the national dessert, Swedish pancakes with lingonberries, is not to be neglected. And with this dinner there is one drink that is almost imperative—the famous aquavit. This can be served in any number of cocktails for the women but your correspondent has always liked to throw it down as the Russians drink their vodka. As for wines, which are indicated with so much food, the country depends upon France and the palatinate vintages. You will have a wide selection here for your delight.

"The Three Crowns" will be the name of the Swedish restaurant, taking its name from the three crowns of the Royal Shield. This motif will be carried out in the service and linen of the restaurant, which is supplied by the Swedish steamship lines. The chefs and the service will also come from the steamship lines, the food being purchased mainly in Sweden when it cannot be found here. In the courtyard, which faces the pavilion, there will be constant entertainment of native dances and music by orchestras playing the national airs.

One of the best meals your correspondent ever ate was at the Café Progress in Paris. After the four-hour banquet, served in a plain little restaurant with sawdust on the floor, the chef was brought out for congratulations, as is the French custom. But instead of the gentleman being chef to the late Czar or favorite pupil of Escoffier as half the cooks in town claimed to be, this one proudly claimed to have been the chef to a princely Polish house. He had a well-trimmed beaver, stood like a major general, and talked like a college professor. So with that meal in our memory we can promise you that you will be well served at the Polish Pavilion.

The architects for Poland have gone back to the Sixteenth Century for their inspiration and have erected a separate building for their restaurant. The restaurant has been copied in every detail from the original. In addition to the architecture, the china, silverware and waiters' uniforms will be replicas of the stuff used in the golden period. This was the age when nobles hunted boars in the black forests and the banquets comprised boars stuffed with sausages and hams, and stags roasted, filled with birds and small game. A dozen master chefs arrived sometime before the opening of the Fair in order to study the local market and become familiar with the foodstuffs they would be required to use in concocting their famous dishes.

This elaborate preparation has been necessary as the bar attached to the restaurant will serve four hundred different hors d'oeuvre. And while in the bar you must try some of the twelve varieties of vodka, which the Poles really introduced into Russia, as well as "zaskaski," the national drink. In song and story you have heard a good deal about mead, the drink of the warriors of the classic period and the Middle Ages. In the Polish restaurant you will find some of this honey-wine which is 150 years old.

During the reconstruction of the Russian Republic following the revolution, there has not been much time for the developing of the refinements of living. But there exist some of the old-line chefs who remember the splendors of the old regime when the capitals of Russia were considered second only to Paris in the matter of dining and sumptuous living. At one time Russia consumed more French champagne than did France itself. Two of these chefs, with their assistants, were brought over from the Soviet Union to supervise the food for the Russian Pavilion. Caviar, still considered the highest delicacy in dining, has always been the sole property of Russia. Here you will find not only the excellent caviar of commerce, the super brands reserved for the exceptional trade but also that even rarer tidbit of princes and kings—Golden Caviar. With the caviar it would be a sacrilege to drink anything but vodka. And do not sip this but take the glass and tip it back, drinking it all in one swallow.

Before you act upon your impulse to call the fire department, you taste some more caviar and then drink another vodka. There will be many vodkas for you to sample, each one having some characteristic favored by the various states of the vast Republic. Be sure to try zubrovka, a high-test vodka flavored with buffalo grass. Also recommended with the caviar, especially when it is eaten for supper and not before a dinner, is champagne. In the Russian restaurant you will find champagne never before available here, Crimean champagne.

With the dinner you will do well to stick to the native wines. There are several from the Georgian country that we have tried and they go best with the hearty food of the Russian kitchen. These are not unlike the better Burgundies but usually of a higher alcoholic content. The menu is familiar to most diners: borscht (which has become almost an American soup by now), sirniki, piroshki (those hot flaky rolls filled with spicy chopped meat); *shashlik*, lamb broiled on a skewer with tomatoes and peppers; *projarski kotleti*, cutlets old style; or perhaps *Beef Stroganoff*, one of the standbys of the Russian kitchen, prepared with an elaborate sauce.

The Pilsner Urquell restaurant will have its place of honor in the Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion. The beer garden will have a seating capacity of three hundred and will be on the ultra-modern style of Central Europe, with waiters and waitresses in native costume. The restaurant will be run by Mr. E. Oppel, owner of the Palace Hotel in Prague. Native chefs will be brought over to prepare the various provincial dishes, including

Continued on page 182

Why the most copied watch in America

has never really been copied at all

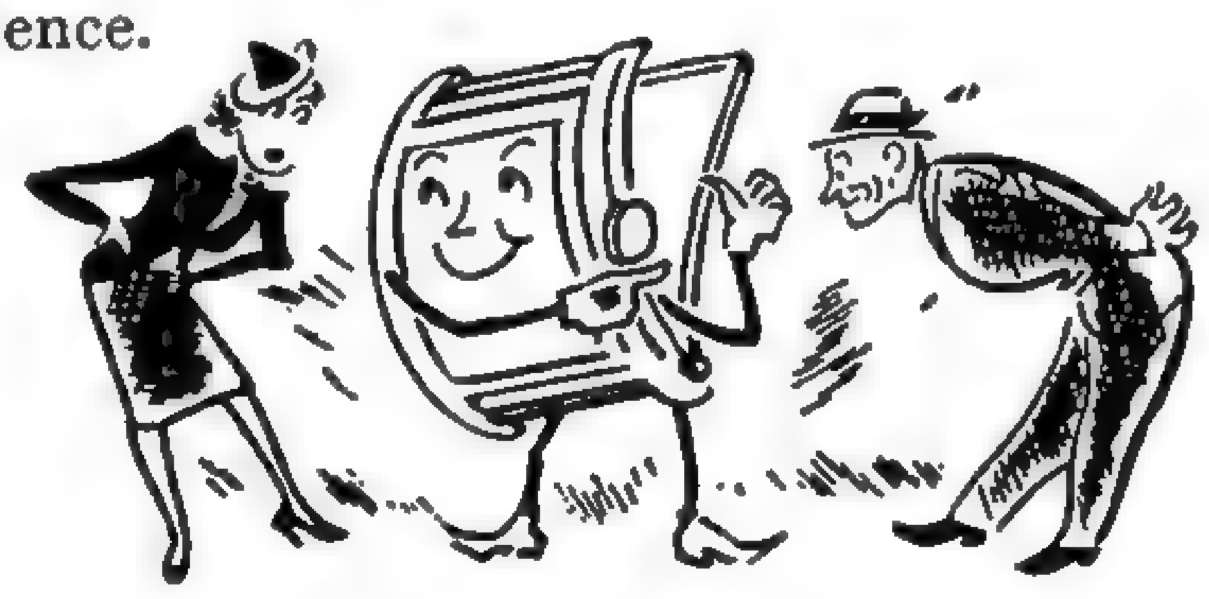
Here's an *important* little story, about a watch so striking it touched off a new style cycle... and so unusual *beneath* its style that not a one of its many imitators is really like it at all. Read on, and you'll know how to put your finger on the *best* curved wristwatch next time you choose one to give or to wear...

The curved wristwatch style was reborn in 1935, with our own first Gruen Curvex for men. It was a new idea that was as *right* as it was new, as *sensible* as it was smart. It took hold on sight.

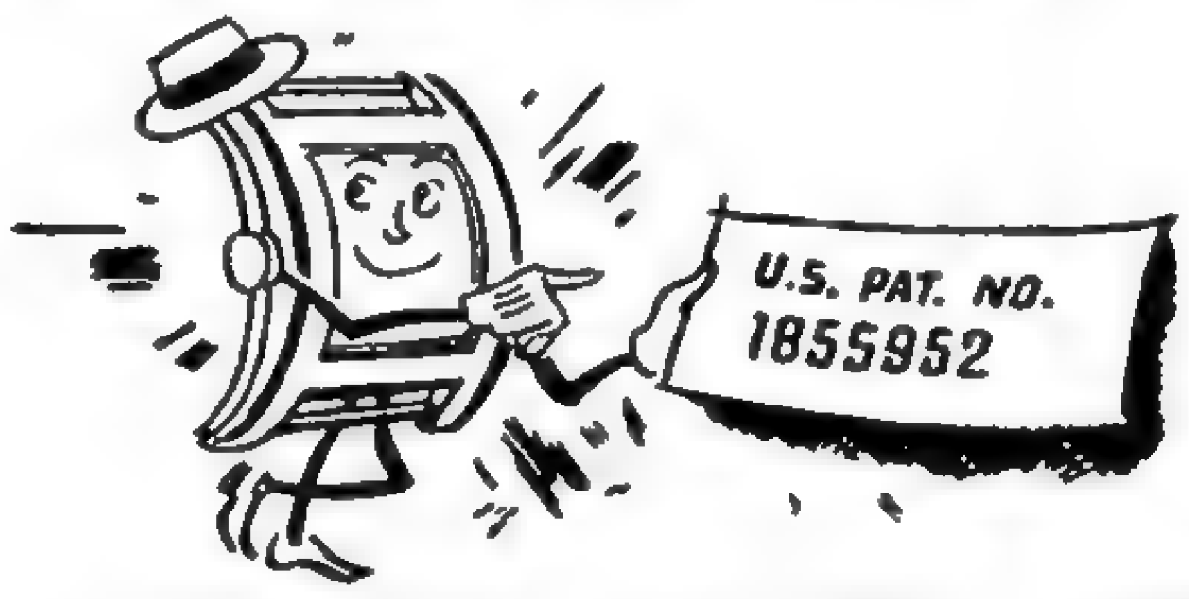
A famous newspaper columnist called it "the world's first true wristwatch," because it was first to fit the natural curve of the wrist. By popular request, we followed it the next year with Gruen Curvex for women... and finally with still newer models curved still more to fit the *side* of the wrist. And every new Gruen Curvex quickly proved to be another new Gruen hit. With (of course!) another new crop of imitators.

But the Gruen Curvex still hasn't *really* been copied at all, as you see right away when you look *inside* the case!

For, not only the case, but the movement itself is curved, by Gruen's revolutionary principle, to provide more room for working parts. The result is a stronger, longer lasting movement than is otherwise possible. With its larger and more accurate wheel train, the Gruen Curvex gives pocket watch precision with wristwatch convenience.

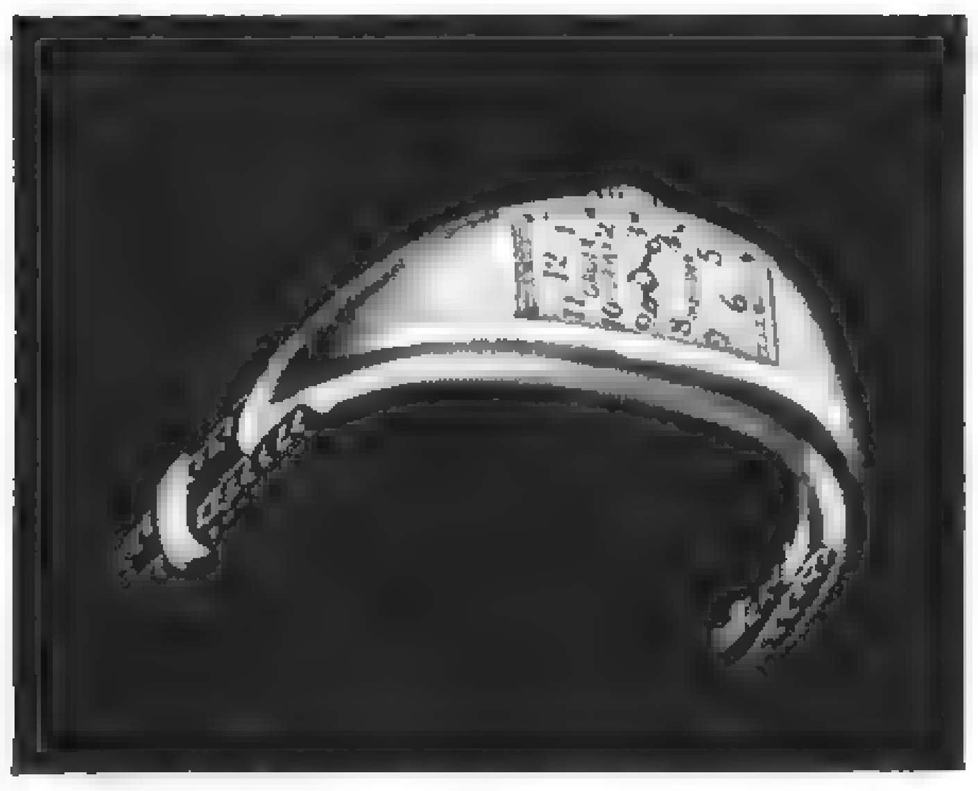


So the *right* curved wristwatch in 1939... like the first curved wristwatch in 1935... is a Gruen Curvex, because the best curved wristwatch *must* have a curved movement, and Gruen has patented the only way yet known to make one. Remember that when you choose a curved wristwatch, and you're sure to come out right!

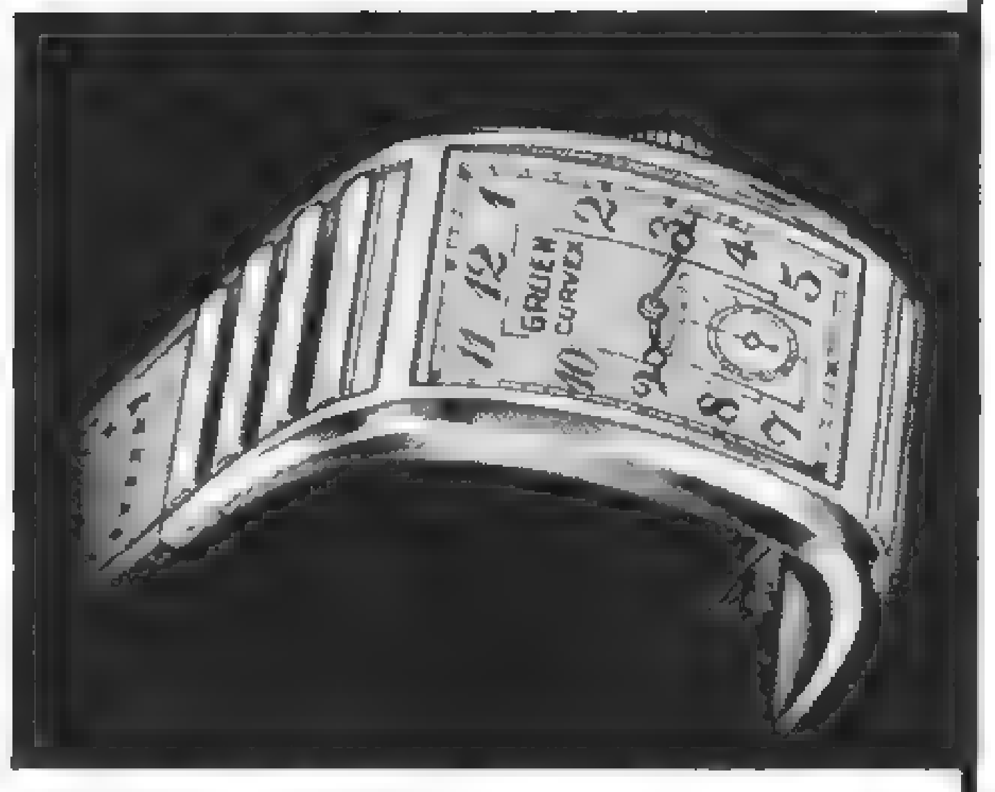


Gruen watches range from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2,500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.

GRUEN CURVEX*



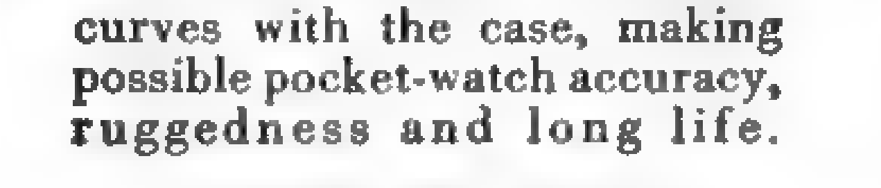
CURVEX PETITE, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case $42.50
With 14 kt. yellow gold case $67.50



CURVEX ENVOY, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case $50.00

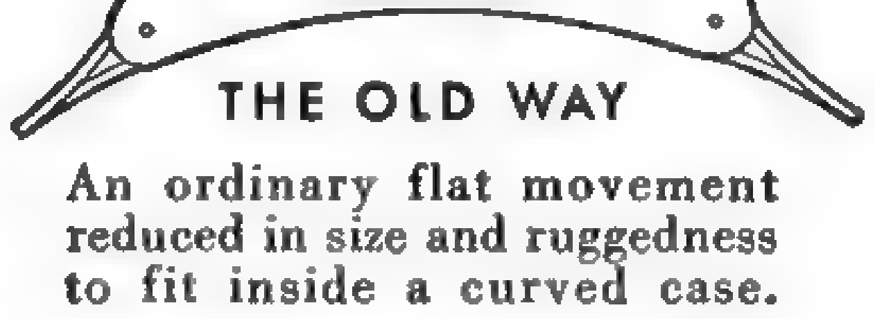
FOR THE *SIDE* OF YOUR WRIST! These are the newest Gruen Curvex, made both for men and women. A radical idea that's as *sensible* as it is smart. Strap one on and *feel* the difference for yourself!

WHY A CURVED WATCH SHOULD HAVE A CURVED MOVEMENT



THE CURVEX WAY

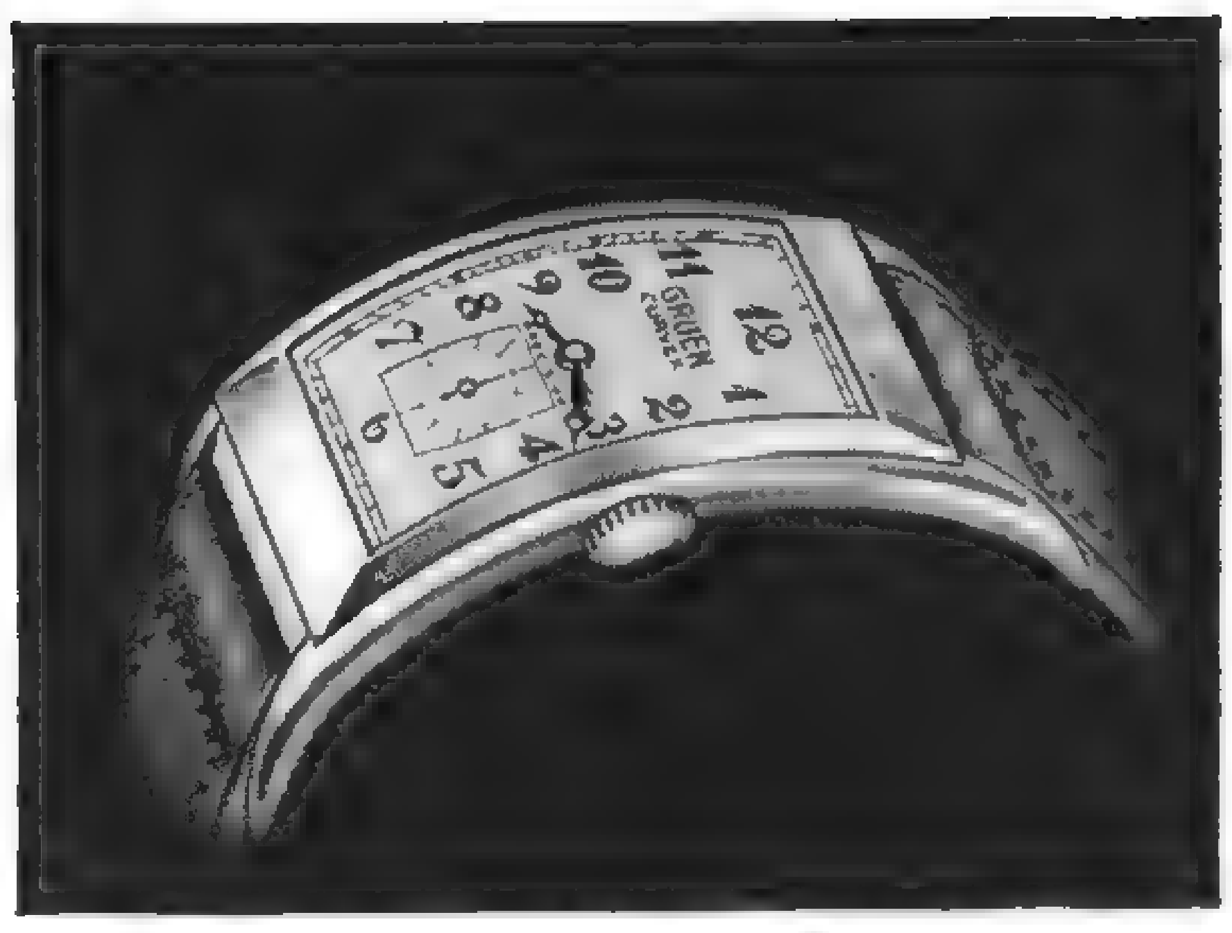
Patented, full-size movement curves with the case, making possible pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



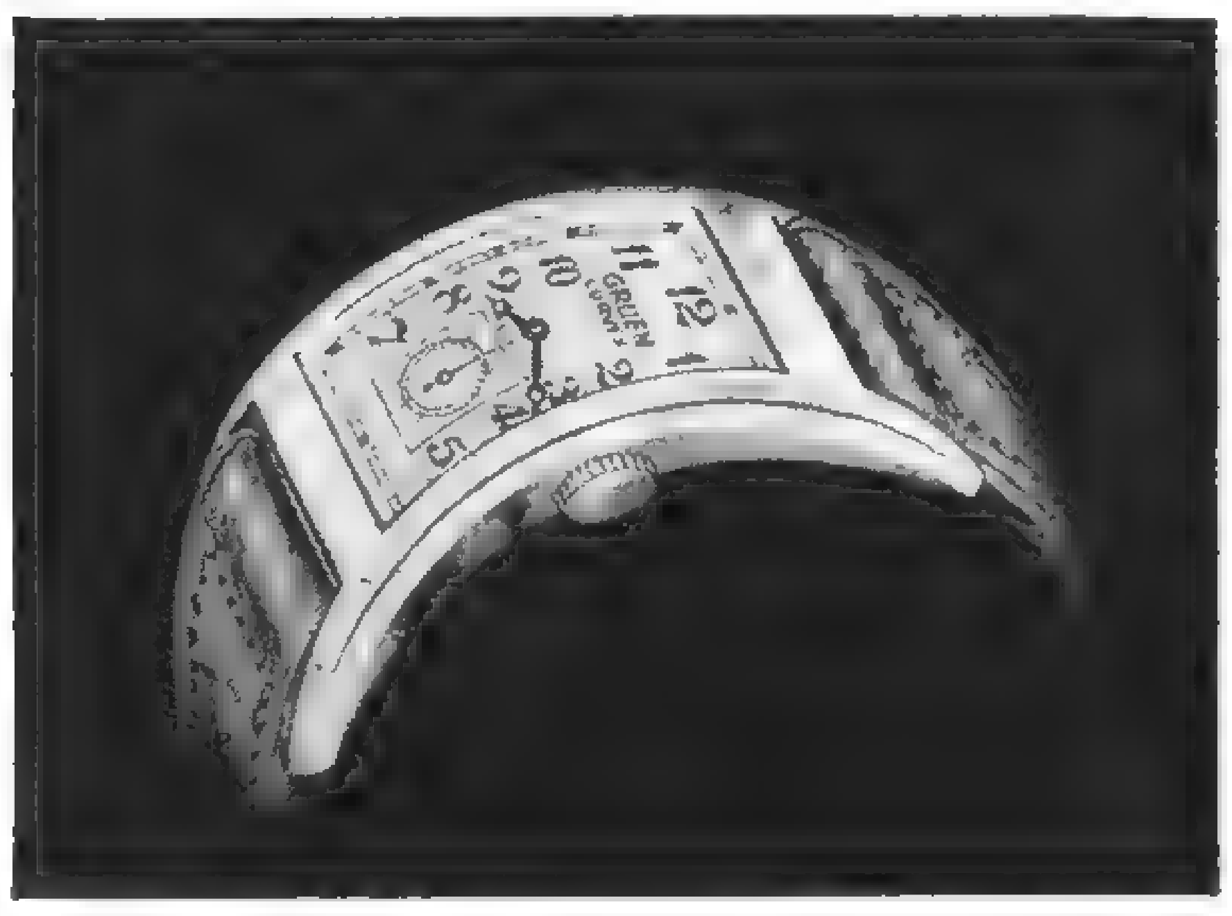
THE OLD WAY

An ordinary flat movement reduced in size and ruggedness to fit inside a curved case.

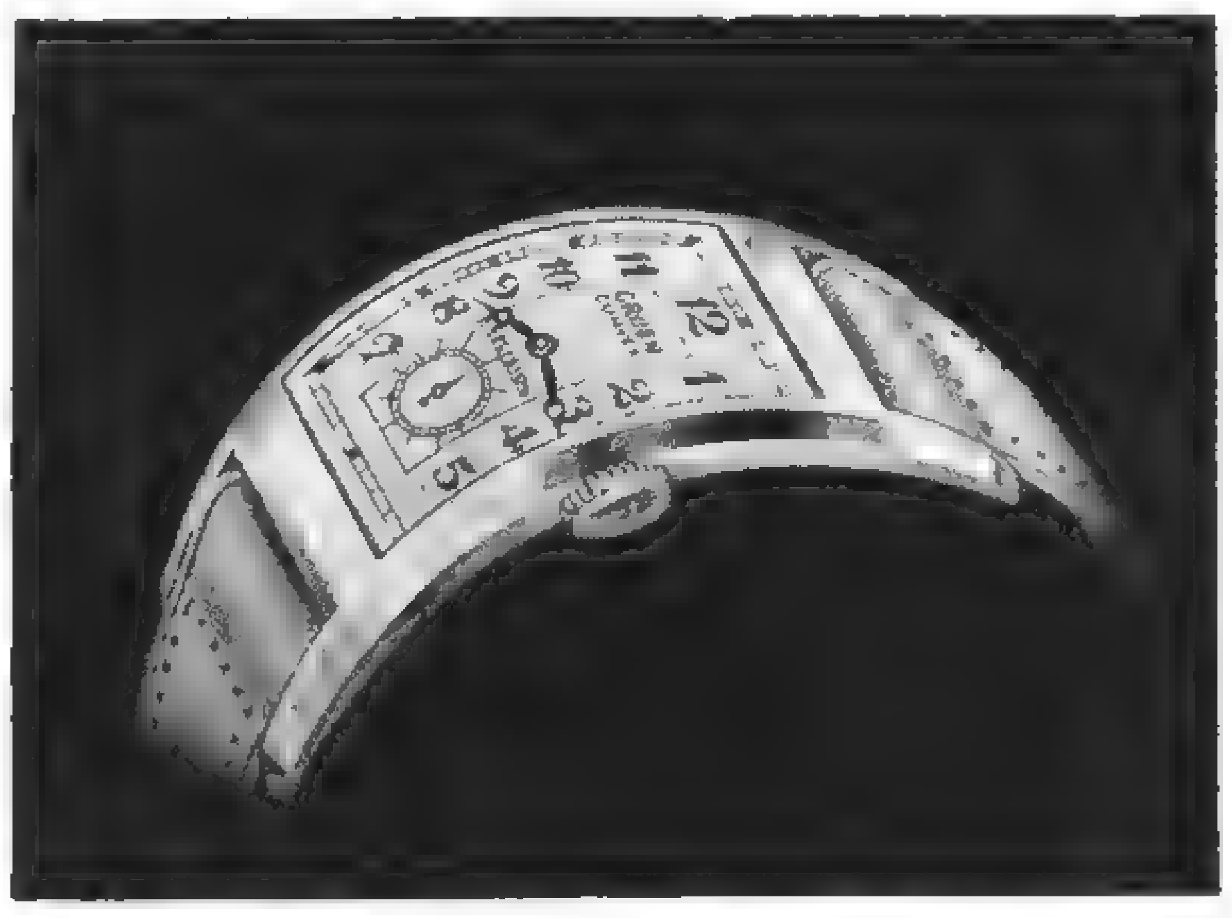
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952. Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1936 by The Gruen Watch Co.



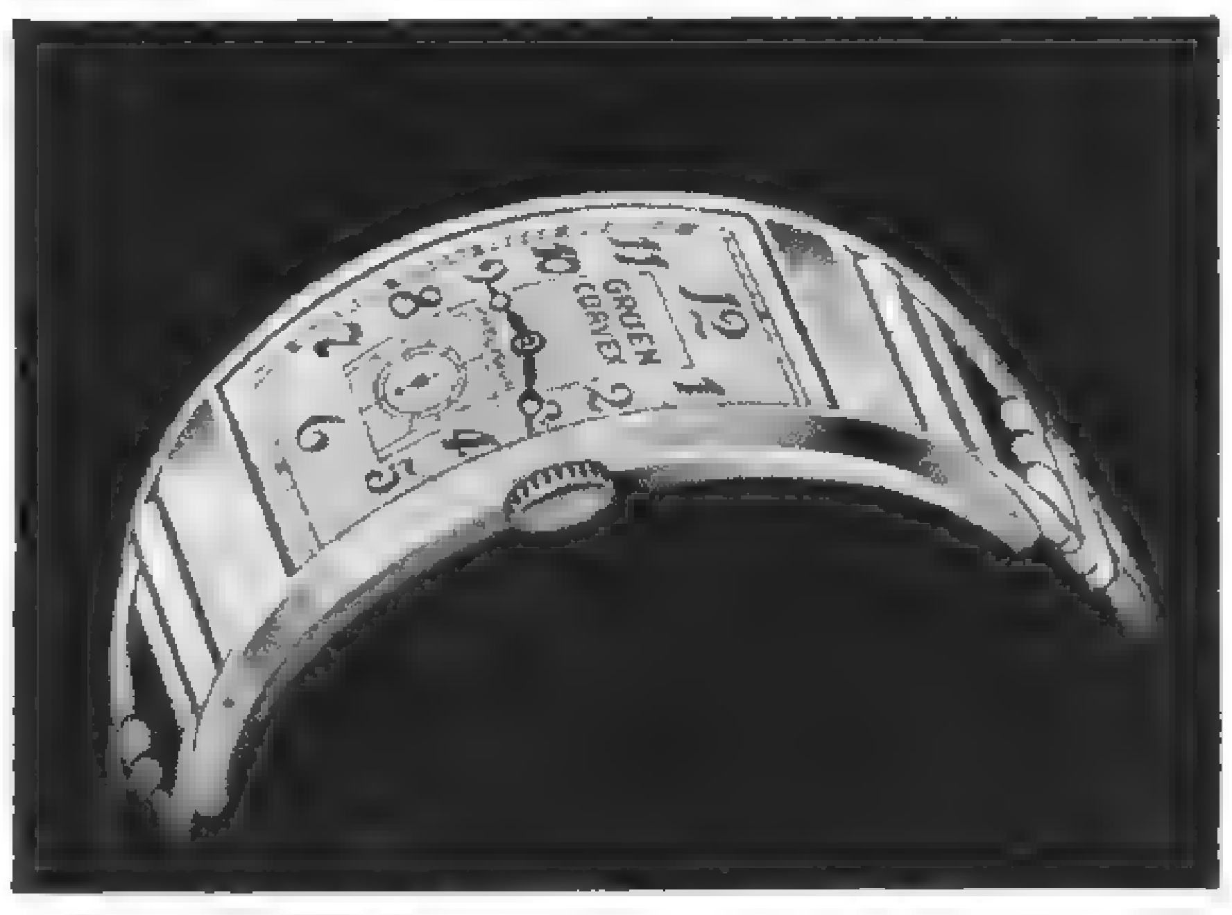
CURVEX LIEUTENANT, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case $50.00



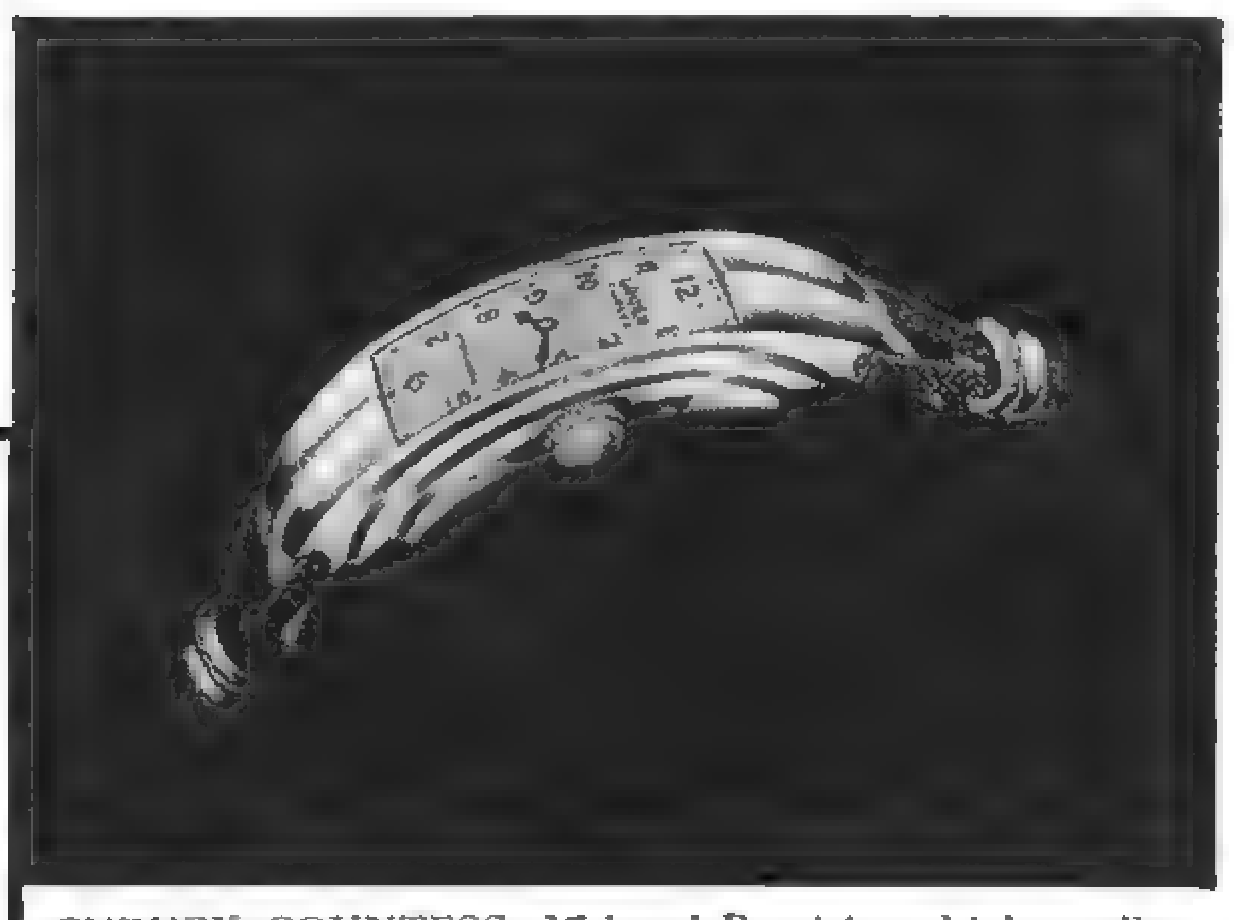
CURVEX DUKE, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case . . $50. With 14 kt. yellow gold case . . $87.50



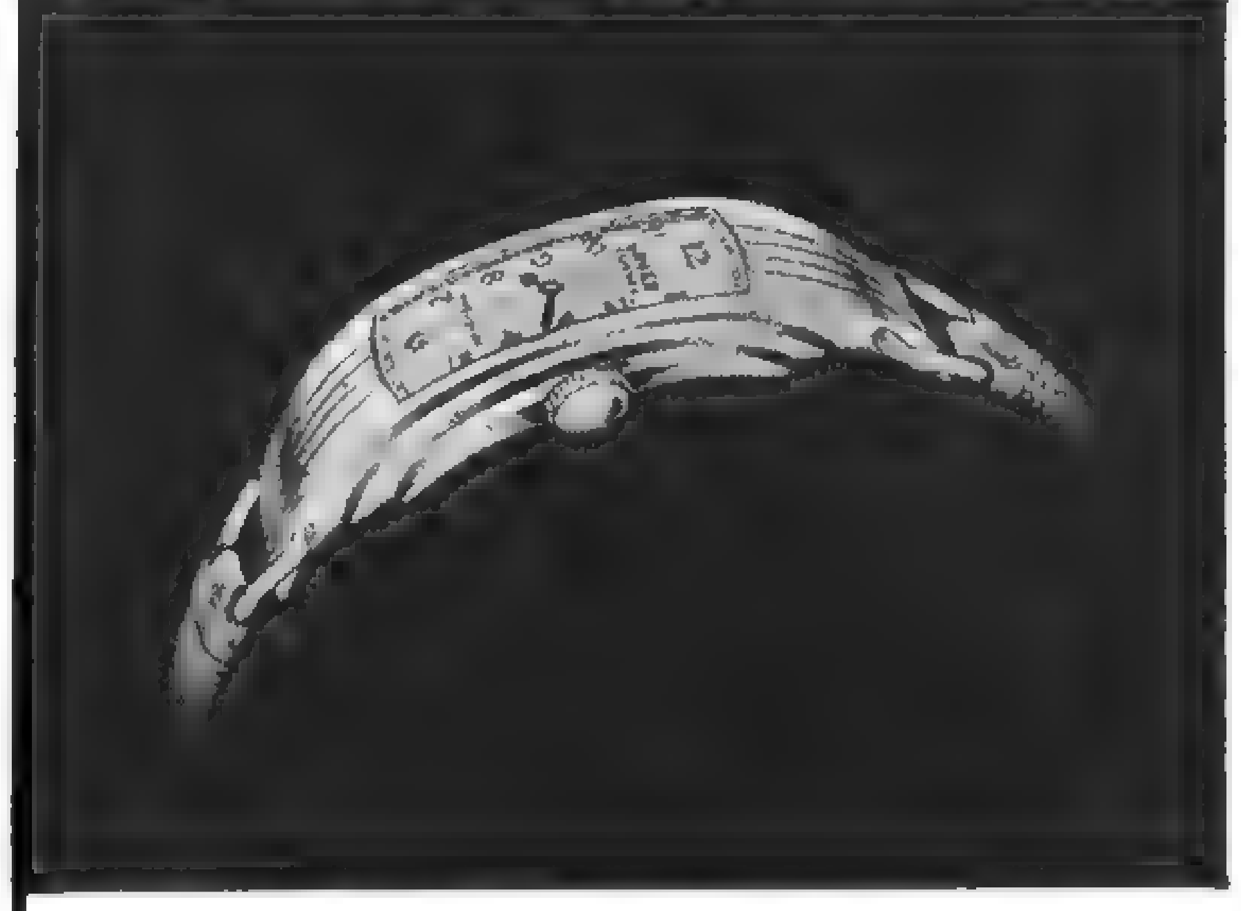
CURVEX MAJOR, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case . . $55. With 14 kt. yellow gold case . . $100



CURVEX PREFECT, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case $59.50



CURVEX COUNTESS, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow or white gold-filled case $42.50



CURVEX DUCHESS, 17-jewel Precision, yellow or white gold-filled case $49.75

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

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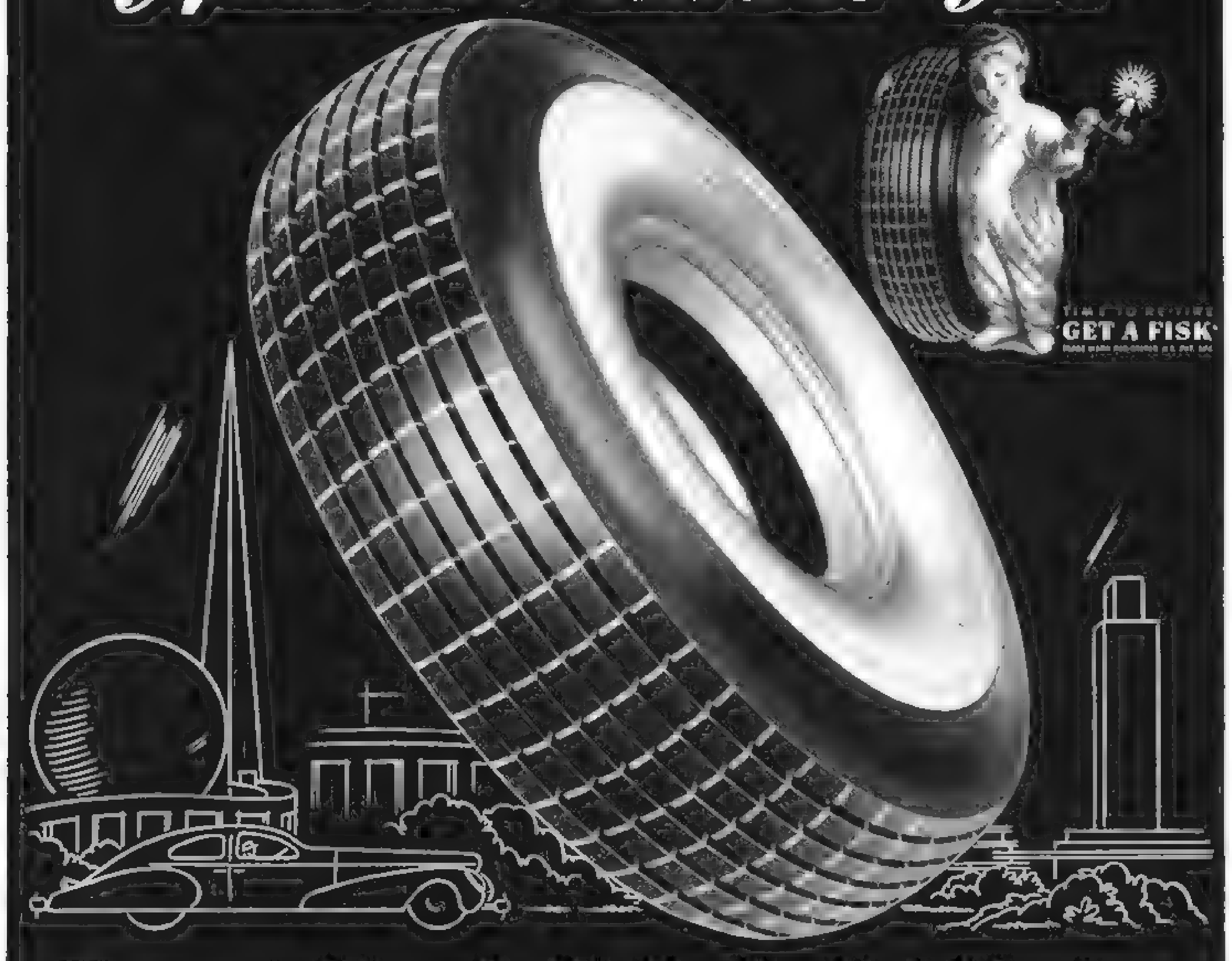

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The World's Fare to You

Continued from pages 90-180

the famous roast duck and the dumplings boiled in salt water. Along with the beer will be some choice Bohemian wines and native liqueurs.

For some reason unknown to the writer, there have not been many Swiss restaurants in our experience. The answer, we suppose, is that most of the things they produce have been such easy articles of commerce that they have been adopted by all nations. But in the Swiss restaurants the delightful light Swiss wines will be served with the things that have been so long identified with the country. The many famous cheeses will be available, to be downed with Swiss beer following a dinner of game, which the Swiss chefs excel in preparing.

Switzerland is prepared for two kinds of visitors. For the nostalgic-minded who associate the country with yodelers, cuckoo clocks and the little timbered chalets, there will be a popular priced restaurant, under magnificent maple trees. Here you will find everything common to the Swiss village, including two outdoor bowling alleys. The girls and men who serve you will wear the costumes native to their canton and the music will be of the festive kind that goes so well with this pleasant way of dining. And for those who might be interested in the architectural progress of the country, Switzerland has provided a modern restaurant along the lines of the new *décor*.

Belgium will also follow the strictly modern trend. The Belgian restaurant faces on the lagoon and seats three hundred persons. The terrace will feature strictly native dishes. Endive, known to us mainly as an ingredient of salad, will be served in many delicious ways. Then there will be the famous Belgian hare prepared from provincial recipes. Sole from the coast and hams from the south will be on the menus as well as Belgian chicken soup, *water-zooi*, carbonnade à la flamand. Belgium, being a neighbor of France, has always depended upon her for her wines and liquors. In fact some of the Brussels cellars are famous the world over and are tapped now and then by connoisseurs seeking rarities.

Norway will be somewhat like her neighbor in the matter of food. The restaurant will feature the native smörgåsbord, with emphasis on the varieties of small fish and cheese soufflés. They will also serve one of the specialties of the northern regions, smoked reindeer cooked in native fashion. The potable question for Norway is about the same as its neighbor and similar wines and straight liquors, such as *caloric*, are in order with the heavy fare.

Denmark has contributed one great drink to the list of liqueurs—cherry brandy. It is used as a cocktail along with aquavit. In the Danish restaurant there will be a snack bar serving these potables along with the famous export beer, much favored by beer experts. Danish pastries that are Danish, and not the sad buns we so often come across, will be available at the snack bar.

One thing the visitor to the Fair will enjoy that he could not find in the great city across the river, is a Dutch restaurant. Or at least the writer has never been able to unearth one on the island of Manhattan. Heineken's Zuider Zee will be everything that we have seen in postcards and story books—a real Dutch tavern. Here the pilgrim can pay homage to the birth of one of the world's greatest comforters—gin. For it was a Dutch chemist who compounded the liquor for Dutch sailors to take on their long sea voyages in the Sixteenth Century. The cherry brandy is also famous and the Advocaat, a drink made of brandy and egg. Holland beer will be served, a fitting accompaniment to the substantial food of the Hollanders. During the meals a circus will give a performance in the courtyard, much in the manner of the strolling players who stopped overnight at a tavern and earned their keep by performing.

If you like fish, the Zuider Zee will be your dish. Here you may find *aalsoep* (eel soup), *gebakken bokking*, the epicurean *kalfoesters*, or the great hunter's dish *jachtschotel*. With this you will not be able to get away without at least one variant of cabbage, *roodekool* or *gevulde kool*. For a sweet we recommend *flensjes* or *jan in den zak*.

One of the first restaurants your correspondent will head for will be the Hungarian, managed by Charles Gundel. Perhaps Mr. Gundel will not recognize us but we remember him from the halcyon days of the Hotel St. Gellert in Budapest and the Zoölogical Gardens. We hope his chefs have not neglected to bring over all those dishes that make a foreigner feel so warm and expansive in the beautiful city on the Danube. We remember with reverence the salami, the goose livers and the little smoked sausages. The sausages were so good you were not ashamed to eat them between acts at the theatre. And the coffee, which seemed to be half chocolate, that you sipped at the terrace tables the while you watched the most beautiful girls in the world walk by your table.

We are assured that Mr. Gundel has brought over the recipes for Tokany à la Gundel and Transvalian Flecken. We're sure he will also serve you the *gedampfte ente mit rothkohl, rehblatt im apfelwein gedampft* or the more familiar *backhandel nach suddeutcher art.* Our nostalgia overcomes us before we can list more.

As for wines, especially if you choose one of the famous roast pork dishes, you will want one of the Hungarian reds. These are de-

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lightful wines, with a delicate bouquet that you roll around your tongue. And of course there is the Tokay, the sole proud possession of Hungary. In the old days, the Imperial Tokay, the first of the juice, was saved for the Emperor and the Russian Imperial house. Tsarina Catherine, until the year 1840, always kept a detachment of Cossacks at Tokay to guard the wines for the Russian household. Another monarch (non-union) has done a great deal to publicize one of the drinks to be served at the Hungarian restaurant. The Duke of Windsor is partial to Barack, an apricot brandy of rare excellence.

The Hungarian restaurant will not be modern but will follow the *décor* of a native hunting lodge. And of course it could not operate without a gypsy orchestra, so one of the best is being brought from the Hungarian capital.

The Rumanian restaurant will be housed in a building that is the replica of a Rumanian house of the nobility, a three-story edifice with a terrace, with stone balconies recalling the architecture of the monasteries of that country. The main restaurant will be in the garden of the house. The decorations will be those of the boyar homes, the wealthiest class. The furniture will be of native origin, wrought iron and hammered bronze ornamentation will be used throughout. One feature, not native but included as a gesture to the country which is playing host, will be air-conditioned rooms and a synchronization system which will allow the gypsy music to be heard in all parts of the pavilion.

If you have ever eaten in New York you have come across the smiling Theodore Titze, once of the Ritz, late of the famous Theodore's and known all over the world wherever good food is served. Under Theodore will be the best chefs and pastry cooks from the Capsa, the exclusive restaurant in Bucharest. With air transportation what it is, Rumanian delicacies will be shipped from Rumania to Paris and transshipped to New York. Thus you may enjoy the famous black caviar shortly after it has been taken from the inland sea. Other sea delicacies on the menu will be the cega, nisetru, salau and pastrav, known to those who have visited Rumania.

As you stand at one of the terminals in Vienna and watch the trains pull out to Bucharest and Stamboul, you realize that you are watching the link between the West and East. You are on the borderline of two civilizations. Rumania is that strange hinge of countries joining the two. The soft gypsy music with its haunting strains will help you bridge the gap between the centuries. And Theodore may be of some help too, having served so long in places where there is no nationality. Try for a change the oriental food, the wine leaves filled with chopped meats and succulent herbs—*sarmalute de foi de vita*—or the more plebeian *mamaliga.* With this fare you will be wise to stick to the native wines and no experience is complete without a drink of *tuica,* the native brandy from plums. The last authentic we had was in the Rumanian embassy, and from the Queen Mother's own cellar. Perhaps we are a softy for association but we hope not; it is one of the special drinks of the gods.

The Turkish restaurant promises to be the stronghold of what is known as Byzantine cooking, a form of food preparation that has remained steadfast through the centuries and never succumbed to the influence of other countries. Limited somewhat as to the matter of ingredients, the cooks managed to work out a great variety of things from their chief sources—sheep, rice and fruits. The best chefs from the town of Bolu, where the traditions of the old empire have been maintained, have come over to prepare the menus for the great American palate. You start the meal of course with the native tipple known as "lion's milk." After two of these you will know the reason for the name. As a matter of history it was from this arrack that the first distilled liquors arrived.

The Turkish chefs have a way of cooking rice that is unlike any other way in the world. Sometimes they soak it overnight in white wine, sometimes in water. But each grain comes out as a snowy flake, making rice a delicacy instead of a necessity. As a rule Persian rice is used. This is the base of most of their repasts. With this you can have the entrées that have the Grecian or Balkan influence, chopped meats and vegetables in leaves, or the dessert way of cooking lamb with prunes and apricots, tomatoes and spices. At the end of this Turkish meal you will do well to try the Turkish coffee, of which there are three grades, sweet, very sweet and super-sweet. The rose leaf pastries, often sweetened with delicate essence of aromatic oils, should be tried with the coffee.

Our southern neighbors bring food that has become familiar to most of us. As a rule all of their things are hot from spices and peppers. Cuba, of course, will feature its rum, there being several excellent varieties on the island. With that will go the various ways of cooking chicken and the bountiful assortment of native fruits. Mexico will feature the articles known to most of us, the tamales, frijoles, enchiladas, the turkey molay and baked pig. Before a Mexican meal try the tequilla, a potent drink made from one of the native plants. It is in the class with aquavit and vodka and should be drunk without contemplation. Experts first put a touch of salt on the tongue, rub the lips with lemon and then toss down the drink.

From Chile come some very excellent wines which will be featured at the native booths. Brazil will offer of course its greatest commodity, coffee. But with it will go some of the native brandy which has a bouquet all of its

Continued on page 184

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The World's Fare to You

Continued from pages 90-180-183

own. Special attention will be paid to the tropical fruits and vegetables, many of which are unknown to North Americans.

In all of these foreign restaurants and snack bars you may realize a life-long ambition to sample some of the potables that you have heard about in song and story. All of the great champagnes will be represented, the Bordeaux, the Burgundies, and the Cognacs in the French Pavilion. From the British Isles will come the Irish and Scotch whiskies that you favor as well as the famous ales and stouts. Each country will have on hand the wine of the country, or the spirit, as the case may be—Vermouths from Italy and France, and Sherries from Spain. All you have to do, as customer, is to whet your palate and then name your brand.

As the idea back of the World of Tomorrow is service to man, the general rather than the particular is stressed. Thus the leading American distillers have combined to show the American drinker just how his favorite drink is distilled. There will be no conflicting claims or individual emphasis from any one manufacturer: The whole process of making a drink from grain to potable will be on view. In this way, the distillers feel, the layman can gain, in the simplest way, an understanding of the care and experience that goes into his daily favorite beverage.

It will be possible to learn a great deal about the manufacture of whiskey, as well as the association of the distilling industry with the economic and political history of the United States, in the Distilled Spirits Building, but it will not be possible to obtain a sample. Not only will there not be a drop of any kind of alcoholic beverage in the building, but there will be no advertisements of any brands nor sales promotion by name of the companies.

The theme of the distillers' building will be a gigantic revolving spiral depicting the contributions of Repeal to American industries other than distilling . . . lumber, coal, glass, paper, building construction, ship, rail and truck transportation, and agriculture. All figures on the spiral will be animated.

A diagrammatic distillery, utilizing symbolic figures and neon tubes, will be set against a photo mural background telling a layman's story of the processes of distillation from the grain elevator to the bottling house. The contribution of the distilling industry through State and Federal taxes to old-age pensions, schools, roads and hospitals in various states where such revenues are earmarked, may be ascertained by visitors to the building from every state by merely pressing a button to have the figures lighted on displays.

If you are still hungry, there are still some seventy or eighty places that will supply you with food. Numerous snack bars that furnish everything from a roast beef sandwich to milk and oatmeal cookies. There will be ninety "batteries" combining three food stands, each stand specializing in a special food. Then there will be a super-super Child's, which must have been conceived by a Hollywood director. The restaurant will seat one thousand patrons at once. There will be a section devoted to Old New York and this will include Tom Sharkey's bar and restaurant, the Atlantic Gardens and numerous other places reminiscent of the Gay Nineties. One that will be dear to the hearts of any and all newspaper men dry behind the ears will be that of Hitchcock. This will be a replica of the old Park Row joint where for so many years corned beef and beans kept the scribes writing pieces about the Pharisees. Several barmen were hired during the winter months to grow handlebar mustaches to fit in with the atmosphere of the gas-lit era as recreated for the World of Tomorrow.

Rheingold Inn in Sun Valley will duplicate on Flushing Meadows another Sun Valley, containing most of the features of its famous Idaho namesake. There will be a toboggan, a ski jump and an artificial ice pond which will be operating even under the hottest sun. Around a great oval rink, where all sorts of fancy skaters will perform, the visitor will sit on the terraces of Alpine cottages, drinking their beer and eating appropriate food. There will be at least twelve ice shows daily and the restaurants surrounding the ice rink will seat seven thousand persons at once.

The Ballantine Three Ring Inn has been built to accommodate twenty thousand visitors daily. It will be under the direction of Robert and Max Eitel who made such a success of the restaurant at the Chicago Century of Progress. They will be assisted in their work by a new type of kitchen, following out the three ring motif, there being three distinct kitchens, one for each type of food. A good supply of beverage is assured by a vault in the cellar, forty-five by fourteen feet.

A feature of the Ballantine Inn is a cornerstone containing $5,000 which, at the close of the Fair, is to be given to some charity. The charity is to be chosen by ballot, every visitor to the Inn being entitled to a vote.

Schaefer Center will be run by the Knott Hotels, under the supervision of Donald C. Swenson, a graduate of our own Cornell Hotel School who later took a course in the Ritz of Paris.

Schaefer Center will be circular in shape and built to accommodate four hundred diners on terraces with twelve hundred more inside. In fair weather the glass walls can be moved, making practically the whole restaurant an

"Adam—
if you know what
I know—you'll fall
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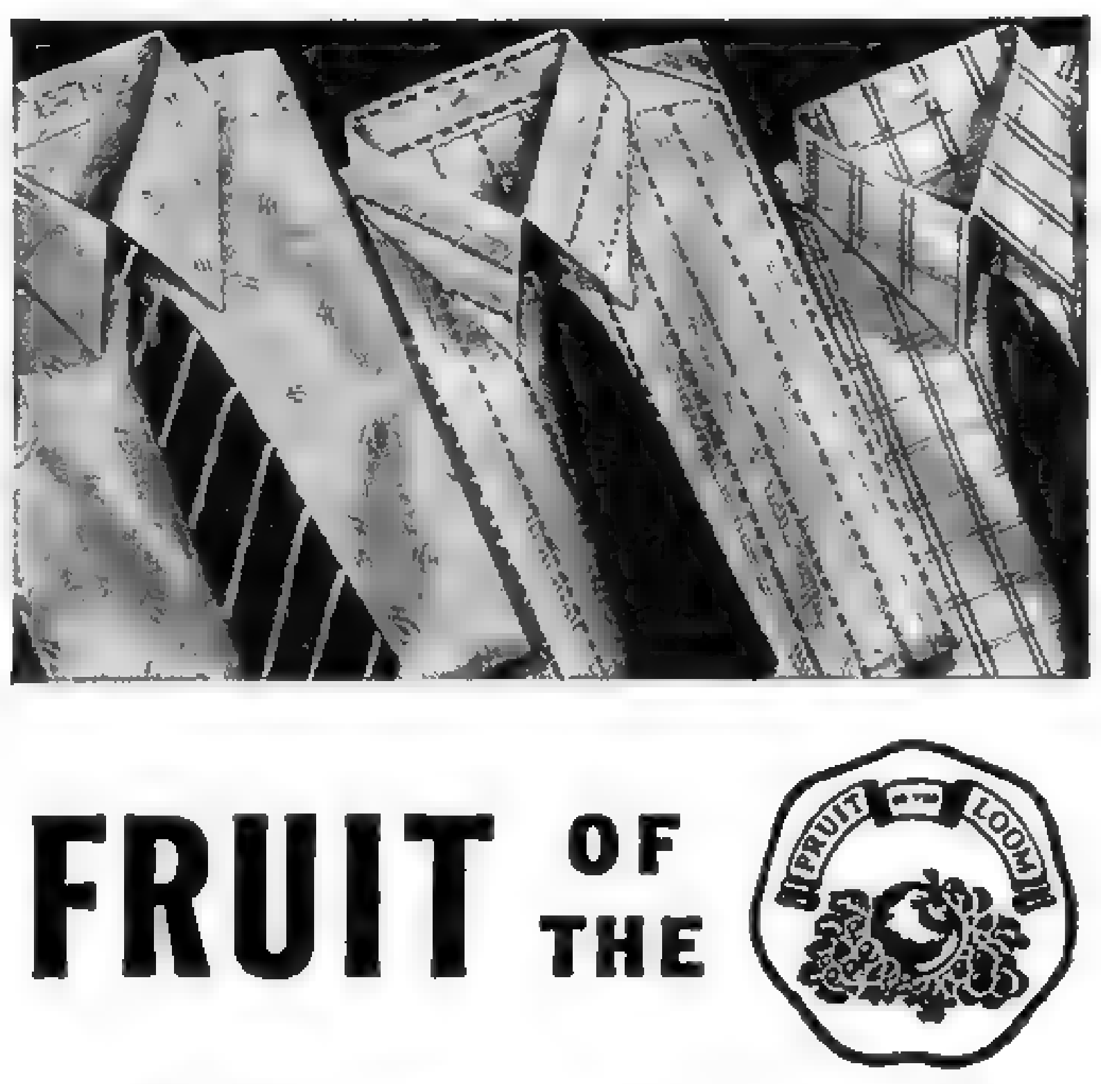

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outside dining spot. The bar, one hundred and twenty feet long, will be in the open, but protected by a lofty ceiling. The entire refrigerating and piping system for the beer to be served is to be enclosed in glass in full view of thirsty visitors.

A feature of the Center will be a large mural circling the walls depicting the whole history of brewing from the time of the Phoenicians.

The above listing is as complete as time and circumstances permit, some who hoped to be represented at the Fair making their decisions at the last moment. But the visitor can be assured that there will be ample opportunities for him to name his brand and see the label, not only of his favorite potables but of many new and exciting beverages he has never before encountered. For the palate of the World of Tomorrow is to be enticed with the glories of the golden past. ⵌ

Revolution in Rowing

Continued from page 87

Ithaca a few years ago to race Cornell. They did not need to run the risk of smashing their shell by carrying it along, for their hosts had provided a boat for them. Coach Bill Haines looked it over with care and agreed that it was just right for his crew. Pat Manning, Tech's rigger, was about to change the slides and outriggers to fit the M. I. T. men, when he stopped as if he had run into a wall.

"There's the boat we ought to race in," he exclaimed, pointing at a dust-covered old shell on the highest rack in the Cornell boathouse.

"Why, that was an old has-been way back in Pa Courtney's day!" half a dozen voices protested. "You can't row her. She'll pull apart under you."

"That's the boat for us," Pat insisted. "This is a handsome shell you're offering us, but there isn't the equal of that old one in this house."

Pat was so insistent that he convinced Bill Haines and the crew, and the dusty shell was brought down amid a lot of snickering. She seemed quite sound. Pat changed the slides and outriggers to fit the M. I. T. men, and when the shell was laid upside down on the trestles he wiped off the grime and polished her skin with oil and finely powdered pumice stone till she shone like the coat of a sleek chestnut filly.

The M. I. T. boys had no qualms about the boat, since it satisfied Bill Haines. They had not won any race that season, and this was only one more of a long series. But ten or a dozen strokes after the start a Cornell man broke his oar, and the referee called the crews back. The M. I. T. lads noticed that in the brief time they were under way they had gained several yards. That put a new aspect on the contest. When Cornell shipped a new oar and the race was started again, M. I. T. went on and won handily—their first intercollegiate victory.

"How could you tell that this was the boat for us?" the boys asked Pat Manning when they carried her up and put her in her nest.

"Sure, I knew it the minute I looked at her," said Pat. "Her lines were right, and I could see that she was just your fit."

And Pat was doubly right. The Cornell crew that visited Cambridge the following year to race Harvard, Penn and M. I. T., brought the same old boat with them for luck. But she was not their fit, for although M. I. T. came third, they again led Cornell over the line, thus proving that one crew's boat may be another crew's headache.

Seattle has been the capital of the rowing world since the crews of the University of Washington made a clean sweep of all three events in the Intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie in 1936, then went to Berlin and won the championship of the world at the Olympics, and swept the Hudson again last year. Seattle is quite as famous for its Pocock racing shells as for its Boeing airplanes. All the crews at Poughkeepsie last year raced in Pocock shells, and so did most of the others in America.

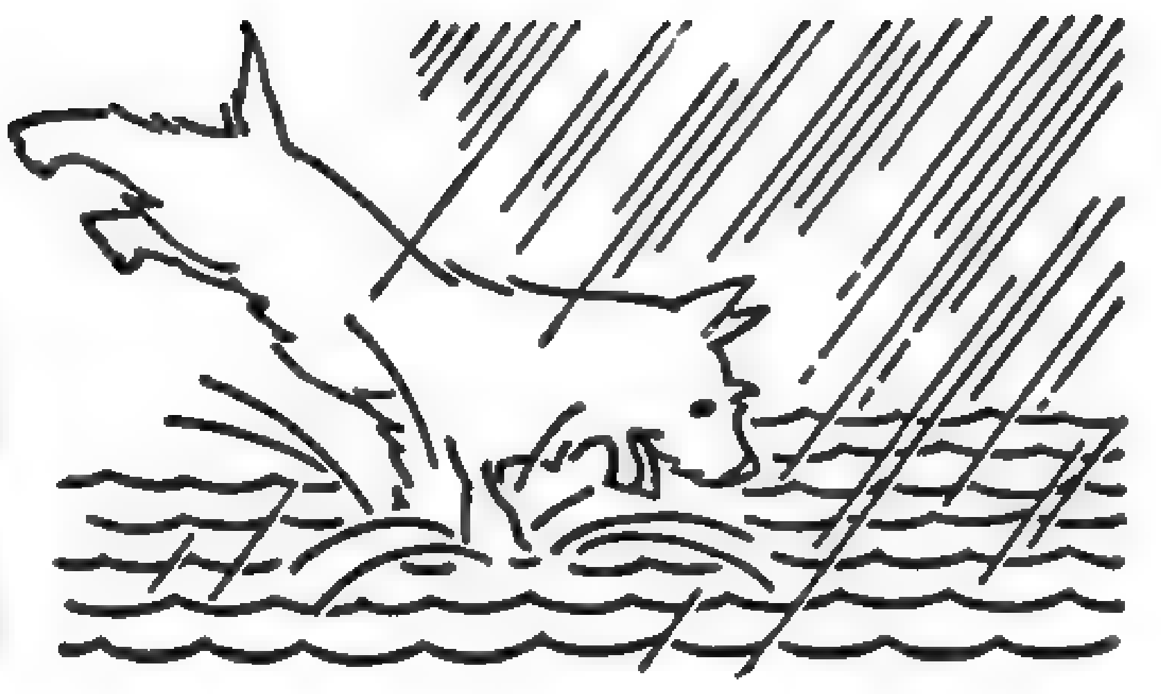
Pocock does not depend on tank tests for his theories of design. He carries in his mind the outlines of what a perfect shell should be. As a schoolboy in Middlesex, England, he helped his father and grandfather build racing shells for Eton and Oxford. At seventeen he won the *Sportsman's* £100 prize for single sculling, and used the money to take him and his older brother, Dick, to Vancouver, B. C. They worked as lumbermen until Hiram Conibear, the first famous coach of the University of Washington crews, invited them to Seattle, where they set up a modest shop back of the University boathouse. William E. Boeing was so impressed by the strength and fineness of their work that he engaged George to run his airplane factory, but after seven years of success George returned to his beloved boat shop. Dick went to Yale with Ed Leader, in 1922, and has built Yale's boats ever since.

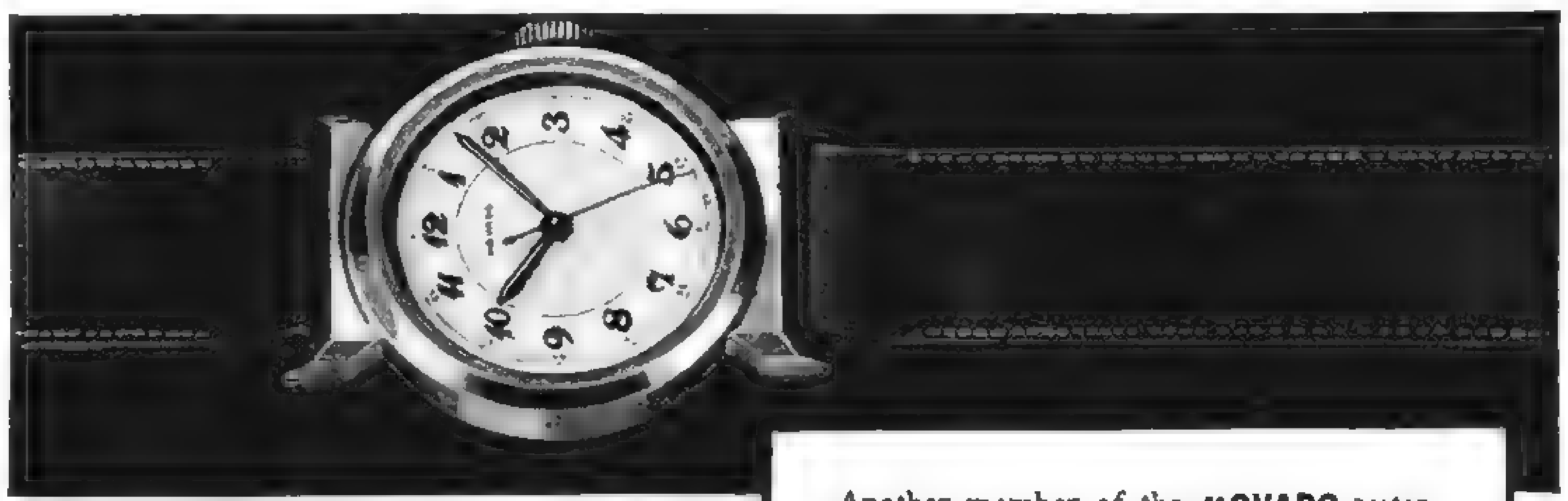
The program in the Seattle shop is very like what goes on wherever racing boats are built. The first part of an eight to take shape is a row of upright posts, upon which the keel, upside down, is solidly mortised. Next the gunwale is laid down and connected up with the keel by ribs, giving the structure an appearance not unlike the skeleton of a snake. Now the skeleton is turned right side up, and the frames are put in place. All these parts are made of Alaska cedar, a white wood that combines lightness, strength and a rigidity like that of steel.

The frames support the sides of the boat against all pressures. The whole interior is so intricately

Continued on page 186

A ducking can't hurt us





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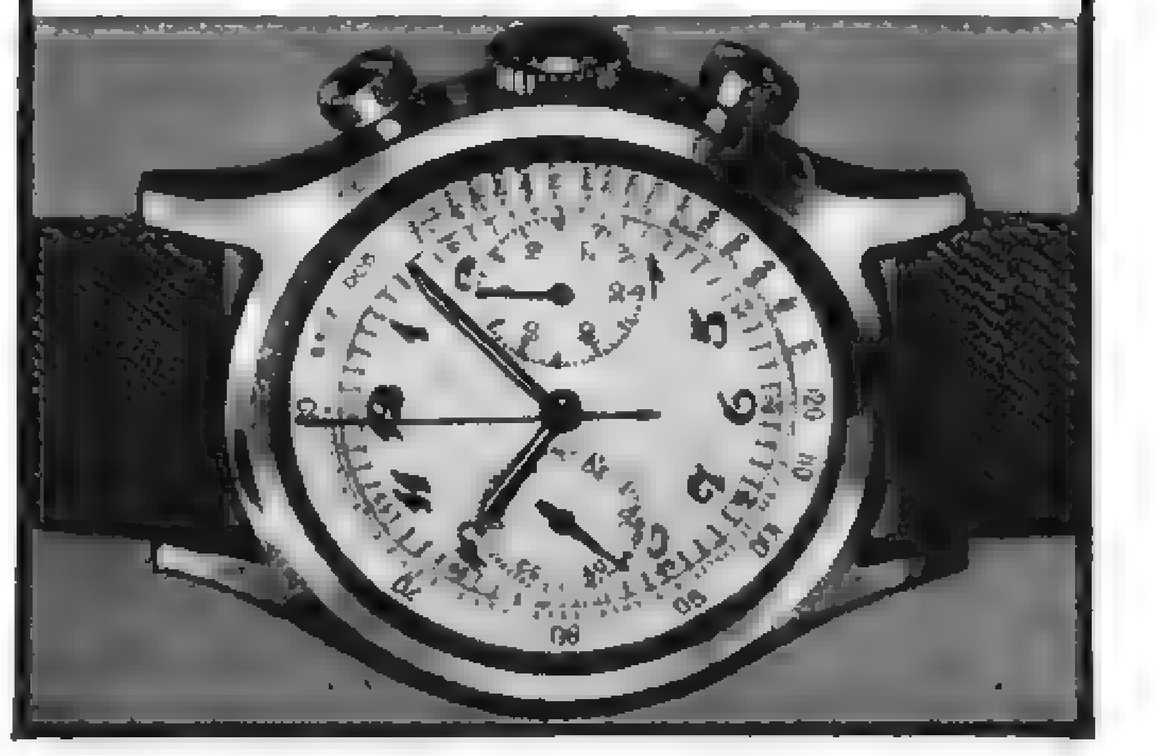

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Revolution in Rowing

Continued from pages 87-185

joined together that the labyrinth of little timbers makes you think of a nest of jackstraws, yet each strut and stringer has its special work to do in resisting strains. The last item in knitting the boat into a rigid body is a set of metal braces running diagonally from side to side and riveted into the gunwales at the ends. Pocock uses tubular steel for these, as well as for the outriggers.

Again turned upside down, the boat is ready to have her skin put on. This is made of Western Red Cedar, *Thuya plicata*, a tough, golden-brown wood lighter than the Red Spanish Cedar and, as its scientific name implies, consisting of fibers woven together. Four strips of this are used to cover each side of the boat. They are five thirty-seconds of an inch thick, sliced out of the solid tree and free of knots or any other flaw. The overlapping edges are chamfered down with such delicate accuracy that when they are joined together the eye can hardly find any trace of the lines. The strips are steamed before being applied under pressure to the framework, to which they are fastened with glue and a few small brads, to insure firm union without adding too much weight, for every atom counts in a boat quite as much as in an airplane or on the back of a racehorse. The joints are pressed together with all the scrupulous care of an operation in plastic surgery, and when the job is finished, the boat looks like a fine casting of gleaming bronze. The little copper brads are sunk out of sight, and the skin is smooth as new satin.

Now come the outriggers. These are made of metal, shaped like an inverted V and bolted fast to the gunwale opposite each man's seat. They afford long leverage for the oars. They used to be made with two legs on each side, but the modern models have but one leg each, supported by a brace fore and aft. A vertical lock post at the outer end of the 'rigger supports the pivot on which the well oiled swivel rowlock swings free in a long arc. The oar rests in its U-shaped supporter, latched in at the top. With its leather wrapping well greased, the oar can be feathered or turned for the catch as deftly as you handle a pen.

Until Mike Davis of Portland, Maine, invented this lock, in the early 1870's, the racing rowlock was an oblong metal frame into which the oar was thrust butt end first and kept in place with a spiral ridge, or button. If in the excitement of a spurt a man grew careless, he would jam his oar fast by fouling the button, which put him out of the hunt. Though the English promptly took to the sliding seat, invented in the '70's by an American, they have shied away from the swivel rowlock for sixty years, saying that the rattle of the oars in the old oblong box enabled them to keep better time. It is rumored that the Oxford varsity crew have been converted to the swivel lock by Mr. Kingsbury, a Rhodes Scholar from Yale. Yet it may not be true. The English are not creatures of impulse. As to the sliding seat, no one is quite sure whether it was invented by John C. Babcock, one of the founders of the New York Athletic Club, or George Johnson of the Atalanta Boat Club.

The metal tracks along which the oarsmen's seats slide on little wheels are securely fixed on the uprights of the frame. The exact height of the seats above the keel is difficult to decide, and coaches and builders will argue about it until they settle in Davy Jones's locker. The problem is whether to keep the center of gravity low by dropping the seats far down, or to give the oarsmen more knee room and longer leverage by seating them high. Since the racing shell wears her keel inside, rests on a smooth, round bottom, and is kept erect by her crew and their outspread oars, it is hard to keep her exactly balanced. If the men are seated high, they are apt to finish the stroke in their laps, which "skies" the oars, while if they sit low, they finish up too near the chin, which cramps their style and does not let them apply their full power. George Pocock has an uncanny knack of placing men exactly right in the boat, and some Washington men say they owe their success more to him than to any other one man.

Last of all in equipping the shell is the placing of the stretchers—the wooden sockets against which the men set their feet when they embark. These are curved to fit the soles and heels and are provided with leather uppers that lace fast like shoes. The stretchers can be fixed forward or aft to accommodate the varying lengths of legs. They withstand tremendous thrusts when the men put on the leg drive at the finish of the stroke. Then the shoes come into play. Each man starts himself aft on the inclined slide by pulling against the shoes with the upper parts of his feet and the topmost muscles of his legs. You can identify the legs of a rowing man by the wads of muscle this work puts on his shins. In coming forward on the slide the men try to creep up so gently that the boat shall not feel it. This prevents "checking" between strokes, and it is the most difficult thing oarsmen do.

While it is true that the shell wears her keel on the inside, there is a little fin or false keel of metal under the coxswain's seat. Its function is to keep the tail of the boat from wobbling sidewise. It is only two feet long, and it does not help to preserve the boat's balance; simply steadies her, like the feather on an arrow or the ventral fin on a fish.

Looking at the newly designed Massachusetts Tech shells alongside the Pocock fleet that will race at Poughkeepsie, the ordinary observer would say that they are alike. Set the boats on racks side by side, and they still seem to be of identical size and shape, though essentially they differ as much as race horses differ from trotters.

Before laying down the M. I. T. keel, in the shop of the Cambridge Boat Works, naval architect Robert C. Allyn drafted a design based on tests that established the most efficient lines. In these tests, small models of racing shells were towed through tanks with uniform power to determine which form offered least resistance to the water. While the figures recording the experiments cannot be quoted here, the result may be stated—the form of hull that goes through the water with least friction resembles in a general way the form of a raindrop falling through the air.

Besides the advantage Mr. Allyn believes he has in this scientific model, the Cambridge Boat people have made a radical departure in the construction of their outriggers and braces. Pocock tried outriggers of duraluminum on his shells five years ago, but went back to steel tubing. Otto E. Wolff of Cambridge Boat experimented with various alloys of aluminum, in combination with copper, silicon, magnesium and chromium, until he found a light, stiff metal that keeps its shape and rigidity under all working conditions and resists salt water erosion. He has not published the formula for it, since he is still experimenting, but the builders have rigged the M. I. T. boats with it, and thus far have won most of their races. The reason is not hard to discover:

A Massachusetts Tech shell, aluminum rigged, weighs 225 to 240 pounds.

Other modern shells, rigged with steel, weigh 280 to 290 pounds.

As the rowing game consists of the most economical application of man power plus the elimination of everything that hinders speed, it can be imagined how much faster a crew can row a boat fifty pounds lighter than the boats of their competitors.

Coach Cedric Valentine will not start a Tech crew in the Poughkeepsie regatta this year, so the new boats will not undergo the supreme test of the four-mile race; but they will meet all the best crews in the East in the American Henley and in many mile and three-quarter events. Decisive victories, even at the shorter distances, will prove the excellence of the new model and rig. Their performance will be watched with keenest interest not only by all the rowing colleges and schools from coast to coast but by the seventy clubs and ten thousand rowing men who are members of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, besides some forty or fifty clubs, with four thousand members, not in the Association. These clubs have at least 1500 boats used in training and racing, and the schools and colleges have 1000 more. Valued as low as $1000 each, this fleet cost $2,500,000. Add to this the value of boathouses and equipment, and we have a total investment of $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 in the sport of rowing.

There is a possibility that racing shells may be built of the new aluminum alloy, though it is certain that aluminum alone will not stand the wear and tear of rowing. Walter Hoover of Detroit, who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley—the amateur championship of the world—a few years ago, had a single scull shell made of aluminum, which he tried out at Philadelphia. It did not survive hard usage. The new alloys have not yet been tried in hulls.

Oars have been improved in recent years, though not to the same degree as the shells. They are still twelve feet long, with gently curved blades thirty inches long and six to seven inches wide. They used to be made of solid spruce, but now they are tubular, made of strips of spruce molded and fastened together with casein glue, under pressure. They weigh eight pounds and cost eighteen dollars apiece, a little more than the old type. They are one pound lighter than the solid oar, and they insure crews against the danger of knots or flaws hidden in the thickest part of the loom, where the most strain comes. The faulty oars used to break when they were most needed. If the break came within the first twelve strokes of a short race or the first half-minute of a long one, the referee called all boats back for a fresh start; but beyond that starting margin each boat had to abide by its own accidents.

The most famous broken oar cracked up in New Haven harbor some years ago. The Atalanta Boat Club of New York had a very fast eight. They beat the New York Athletic Club eight and the Columbia varsity, the fastest boats on the Harlem, and they made a match at two miles with the Yale varsity eight. A crowded excursion steamer followed the race, and thousands of spectators watched from the shore. The Atalanta captain—not a racing man, but a great enthusiast—told the world that his boys had come down to New Haven to teach the Yale boys how to row.

And that is what they did for the first quarter-mile or so. Then Phil Allen gradually slid the stroke up to thirty-four a minute, and the Yale boat relentlessly cut down Atalanta's lead and gained a foot at every stroke, in spite of the long, slashing thirty-eight that Atalanta was ripping through the water.

At the mile Yale was leading by a length of open water and seemed not to be rowing very hard, yet at that point the oar of stroke Allen broke off clean at the rowlock. Phil saw the outer length of his oar float off, pulled the loom out of

Continued at top of page 188

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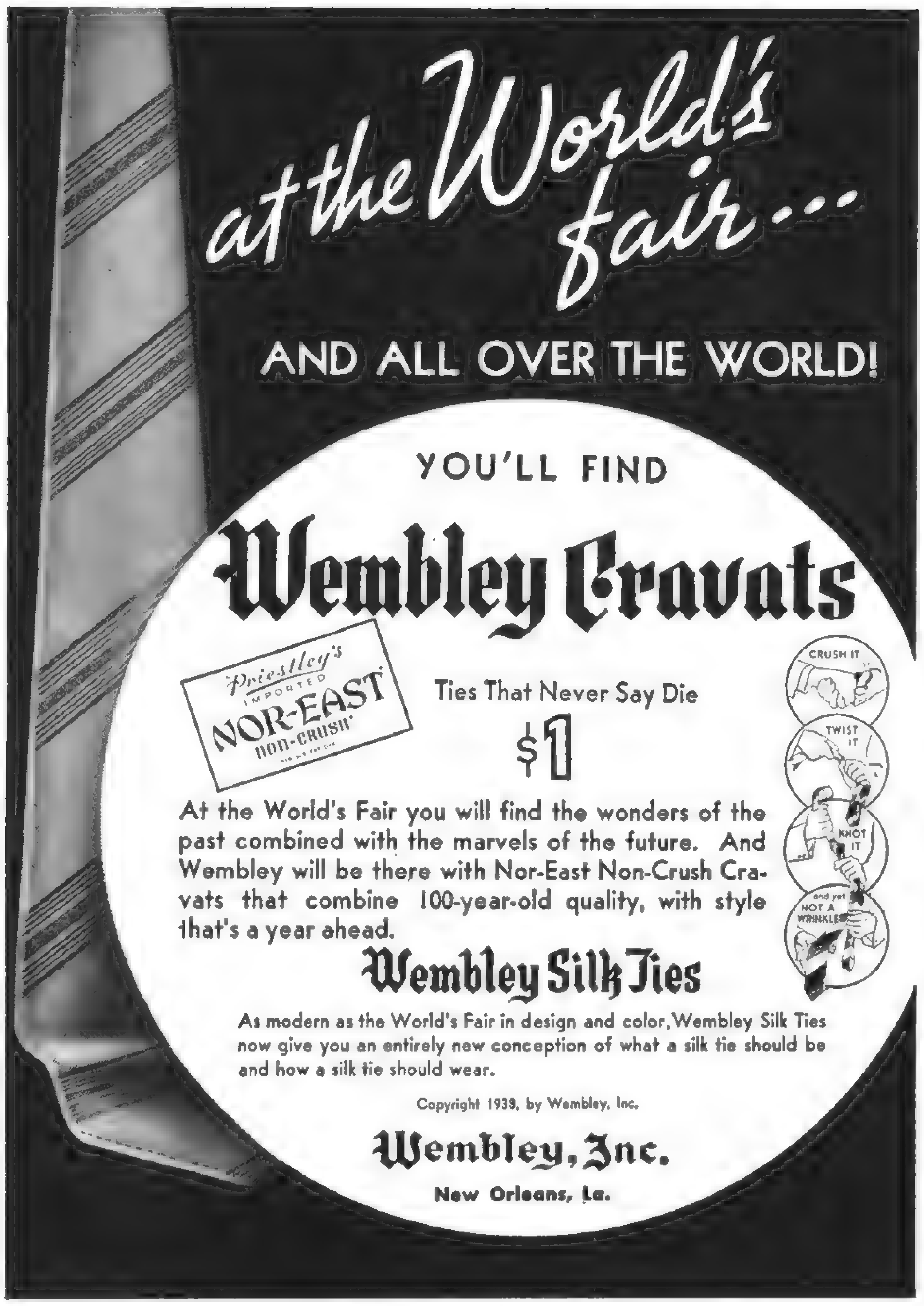

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Revolution in Rowing

Continued from pages 87-185-186

the lock, tossed it far out of the way, and pushed his seat back to the end of the slide. He stood up, crouching, on the slender framework of the boat and took a careful dive that did not interfere with the timing of the crew and carried him far.

Before S. B. Ives at Number Seven could get his men together after the shock of the broken oar and stroke diving overboard, Atalanta had passed the Yale boat and taken a lead of two lengths. With Ives setting the pace, coxy called on the starboard four to ease off power so that they would not pull her round against the three port oars remaining. Luckily there were no more flawed oars in the boat, for the seven men had to dig in as they never dug before and never had to dig again.

Ives set such a nice stroke that the unbalanced seven picked up the two lengths Atalanta had gained and led them over the finish line by a good length—one of the prettiest bits of generalship and teamwork that I ever saw on the water. Yale was unbeaten, but the crash of Phil Allen's oar was heard all over the country. The same thing might happen to any crew, and they might not be so lucky.

Donoghue of Newburgh-on-Hudson, who made most of the racing oars in those days, found that by gouging deep grooves down both sides of the shaft of the oar, he could discover flaws that did not appear on the surface. Also, he saved a few ounces of weight without diminishing the strength of the oar—on the same principle as the I-beam used in building skyscrapers. Grooved oars were safer than solid ones, but there was still a margin of danger in the heart of the oar.

This was finally eliminated when several geniuses hit upon the idea of making tubular oars of laminated spruce. Ted Shea of Springfield, Massachusetts, was one of the first if not the very first to make the hollow oars. He sold his business to the Montague Oar and Paddle Corporation, of Foxboro, who make the Ted Shea oar and are the largest manufacturers of racing oars in this country. The layers are less than a quarter of an inch thick, and if the least sign of a knot is found, that strip is thrown out.

George Pocock makes his tubular oars of Engelmann spruce, a West Coast growth, backed with ironwood. The lighter oar is easier to handle on the recover, and it can be whipped out of the water with a sharper release. But its greatest virtue is that you can rely on it to pull through the hardest race without any liability of crashing at a crucial moment. ⱡⱡ

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 89

Harold Clurman's direction, which appropriately sought to stage the play for what it was. The reviewers lamented in particular, as being devoid of the strength of realism, the scene toward the end in which the old men in a small boat murder a racketeer with rather gentle clouts from a gaspipe. It was, they said, ridiculous; you can't kill a man, certainly not a Brooklyn mugg, in any such pianissimo and fanciful manner. The reviewers evidently overlooked not only the point that the play was deliberately cast in the mould of semi-fantasy but that its very title emphasized the word gentle. Such criticism of it as they made, accordingly, would demand the realism of steel as opposed to papier-mâché spears in *Königskinder*, a wolf especially imported from Siberia for *Little Red Riding Hood*, and Al Capone as the lead in Dunsany's *The Queen's Enemies*.

You're welcome, Marcus.

5.

The critical impression made by all the characters in all the plays written by Dodie Smith, the English spinster, is that the one thing they most need and never have had is a good [Ed. note: Come, come, now, Mr. Nathan, *please!* Who do you think you are? D. H. Lawrence?]

6.

In an article attesting to his delight in being allied with the new Playwrights' Company, Maxwell Anderson delivered himself as follows: "In the past, when a playwright has survived a production, and finds himself, the morning after, in the corner of some hotel room, bleeding from many wounds and wondering why a critic is never able to think of anything more subtle than assassination to indicate displeasure, he has usually put the theatre behind him as far as possible. He likes nobody in it at such a moment, including himself, and he'd rather not write another play, thank you, lest it might be produced. Well, I've just had a play produced, and I'm cut to ribbons, but for the first time I don't care."

With all due respect to Mr. Anderson—and when I say all due respect, I mean it — I still nominate him a great big liar. Though his play (*Knickerbocker Holiday*), despite its having been critically cut to ribbons, turned out to be more or less financially successful, he naturally thought, when he wrote his article, that it would be a certain failure. His very pride, his very justified pride, in the Playwrights' Company and in the men associated in it with him—not to mention the company's life-need of public endorsement and commercial success—would have restrained him from not caring whether he failed. That would be not only natural and human but decent, and we'd all be the same were we in Mr. Anderson's place.

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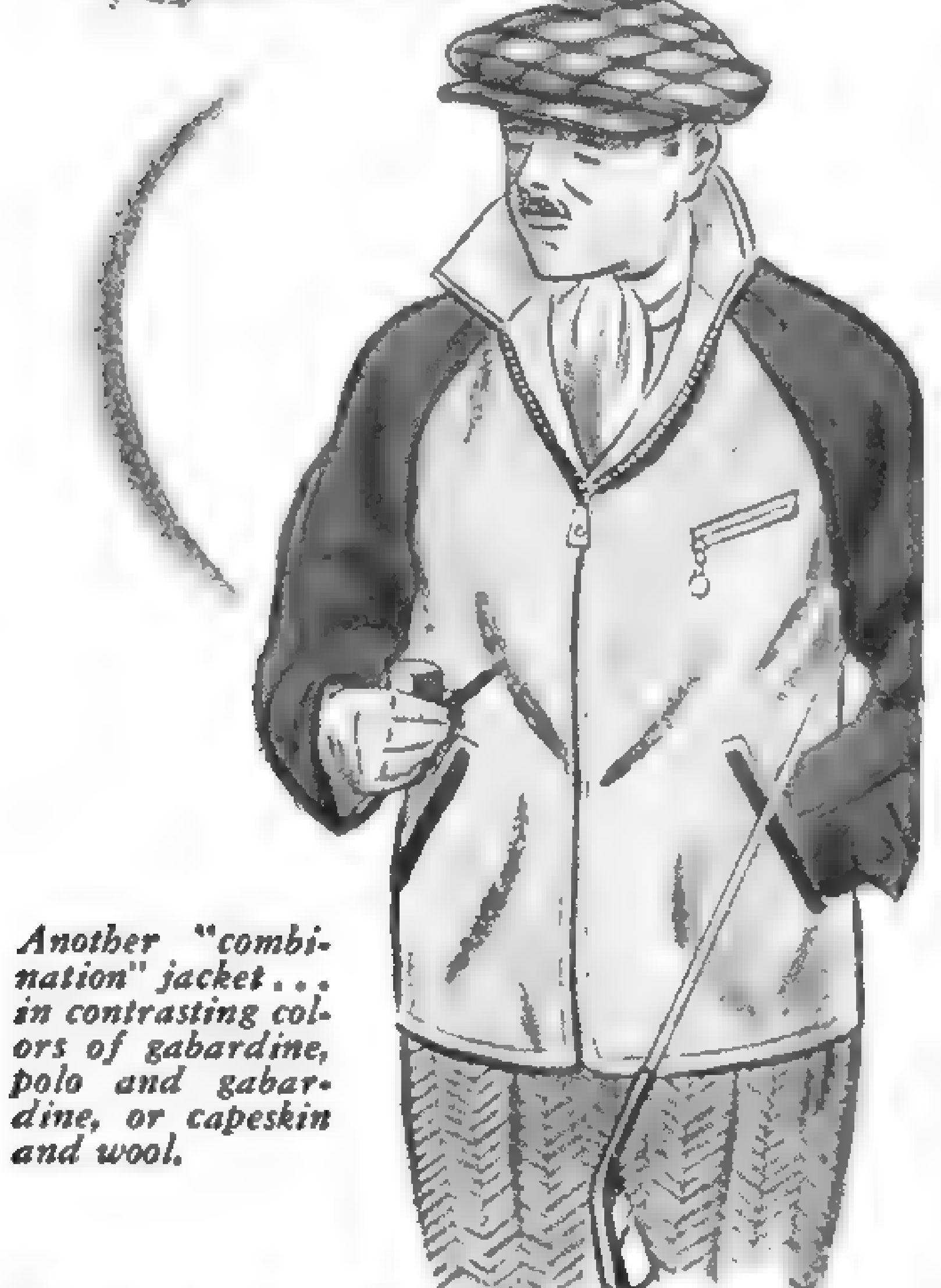

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Interest in the Playwrights' enterprise, even aside from the immediate personal equation, would inevitably make him care. Therefore, if I am wrong and if Mr. Anderson isn't a great big liar, he is something a lot worse—a very selfish fellow.

7.

Noel Coward's *Set to Music* is a tired revue independently turned into a lively one by Beatrice Lillie. Some girl, that Lillie! to employ our British cousins' lingo. But as for Noel, he seems to have been undone by the very sophistication for which he was so long and so miscellaneously venerated. His contribution to such a review as this consists largely of recollections and chronicles of his world-weariness, fashionable ennui and general disillusion. His sophistication, in short, has synchronously achieved its apogee, saturation point and pratt-fall, and he apparently has nothing any longer left to sell us but his own vast personal boredom. And personal boredom has been a pretty dubious theatrical commodity since Oscar Wilde's relieving wit was buried in the sod.

8.

George S. Kaufman's and Moss Hart's two hundred thousand dollars' worth of chronological flag waving at the big theatre in Rockefeller Center, called *The American Way* and involving two hundred and fifty people (including a few actors and a brass band), has been manufactured for the purpose of making a little money out of instilling patriotism in us. This, under present circumstances, may strike some of us like setting up business to sell us our own undershirts, but we'll skip that and pass on to a scrutiny of the specific cantharides with which the authors seek to heat us into a passionate admiration and yen for our country. I herewith list some of them:

1. The old song called *Goodbye, Girls, I'm Through.*
2. The Hollywood movie actor, Fredric March.
3. A large photograph of William Jennings Bryan.
4. An even larger one of Herbert Hoover.
5. College graduates driven to work for the WPA.
6. The bank collapse and panic.
7. Charles A. Lindbergh, who has been decorated by the Nazis.
8. Johann Strauss' *Blue Danube* waltz.
9. Forty child actors, thirty-five of them talking.
10. A man indignantly kicked out of a saloon for declaring whom he was going to vote for for President.
11. A testimonial to Mary Miles Minter.
12. Eight women in old-time bloomer bathing suits.
13. Several references to banana splits.
14. The spectacle of eager but jobless youth.
15. A mandolin player.
16. The song, *I Picked a Lemon in the Garden of Love.*
17. The woman who won't dance any more with a lubber because she says she wants to be able to walk in the future.
18. A scene in which half a hundred young American radicals fall upon and kill a poor old German.
19. The song, *Barney Google.*
20. A girl in a red, white and blue dress.
21. A funeral, with a coffin carried around the stage.
22. A radio crooner.
23. A run on a bank which subsequently fails and ruins a hard-working community.
24. A boy and girl who can't get married because the boy can't find work.
25. A large picnic without even a glass of beer.
26. The emergence in the nation of Fascist predilections and racial antagonisms.
27. A cautious suppression of any reference to the Spanish-American War.
28. The song, *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.*
29. An idiotic small-town mayor.
30. The introduction of double-feature movies.
31. The brass band.

There is, of course, also the inevitable parade of the boys in khaki returned from the World War, and it is significant that, serving as the big finale to the first of the two acts, it arouses the evening's highest enthusiasm in an audience which doesn't stop to reflect that it celebrates by all odds the most fruitless and deplorable mistake ever made by our national government.

In a word, *The American Way*, however noble its intention, seems to me not only cheap hokum playwriting but, worse, juvenile jingoism. And it also, while we are on the subject, seems to me that all those reviewers who have hailed it as a great American patriotic document should, after consulting their pastors, begin to scratch their critical ears and reflect a little. It is these same critics who are loudest in their sardonic derogation of the open-and-shut propaganda drama in Germany and Russia. It is, they say, an insult to dramatic art. Yet it is these same critics, too, who yazoo for almost any American patriotic ballyhoo that comes along. They may not always endorse the plays themselves, but the chauvinistic propaganda nevertheless wins their hearty approval. If they move to save their faces in contradiction, show them such plays of the present season alone as *Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Knickerbocker Holiday, American Landscape, Everywhere I Roam* (bad in every other respect though they admitted it was), *Big Blow*, and this *The American Way.* If they still insist that propaganda doesn't fetch them, ask them how they responded to Victor Moore's kicking the Nazi ambassador in the belly, in *Leave It To Me!;* to the movie ridicule of Hitler and Mussolini in *Hellzapoppin;* to the spoken ditto of Hitler, Mussolini,

Continued on page 190

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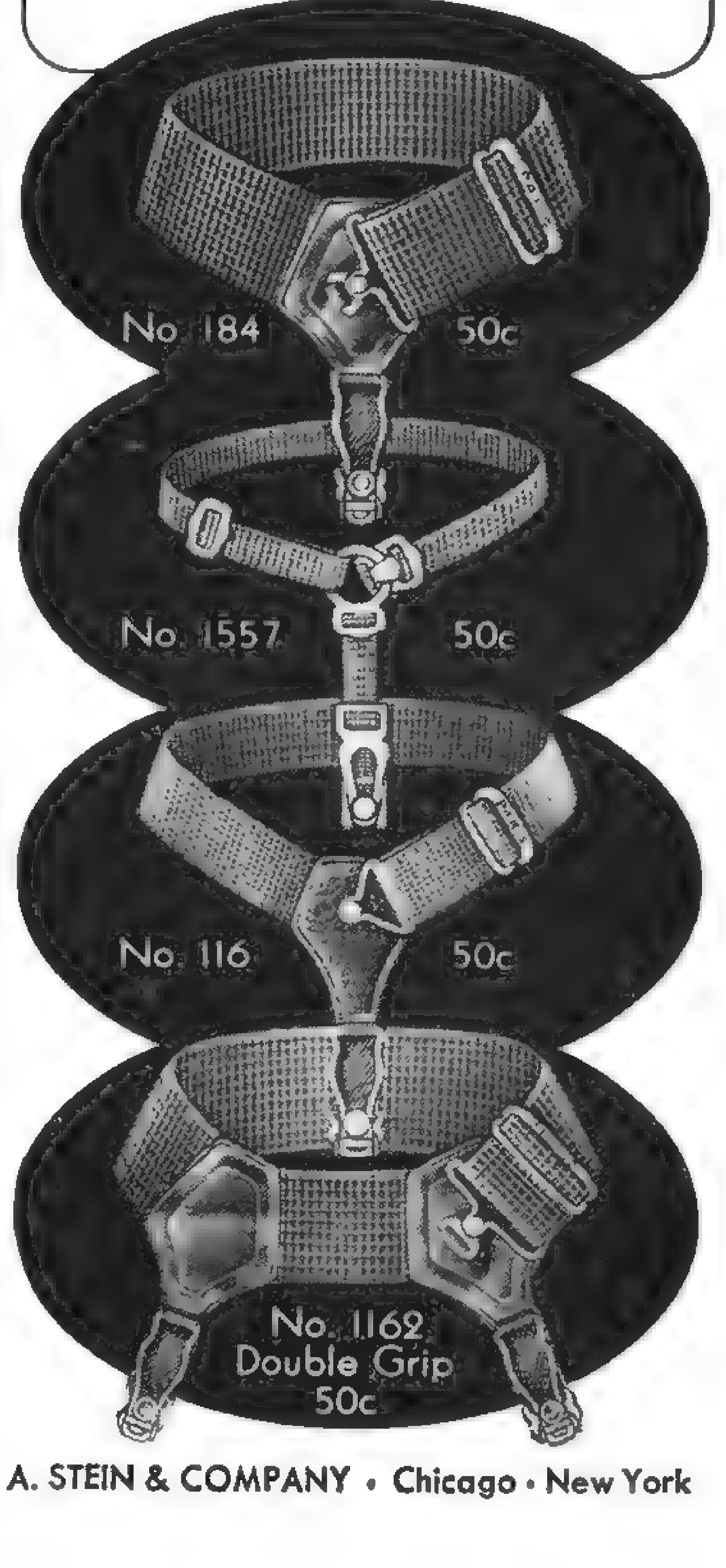

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 89-189

Stalin and Hirohito in *Sing Out the News;* to the anti-dictator philosophy of *Danton's Death;* to the scene in the tripe called *Waltz in Goosestep* wherein Hitler is almost shot (the only thing in the junk that stimulated them); to the heroic anti-Nazi sentiments of *Lorelei;* and to the anti-authoritarian doctrine of *The White Steed.*

Let him who is without propaganda henceforth cast the first critical stone.

9.

I offer, without further comment, the season's prize for something or other to the following notice of Mr. March's performance in *The American Way* composed by my handsome colleague, Mr. John Mason Brown, of the *New York Post:*

> "All the town, if indeed not the whole nation, is bound to become Mr. March's obedient servant because of the fine and gentle humanity, the skill and the controlled pathos, with which he acts the ageing Martin Gunther."

Contributions toward the prize—I suggest a diamond belt—may be mailed to me either in care of the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., 381 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C., or the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

10.

The reading of meanings into plays which were never there in the first place, and which got its head-start the day after Ibsen was first translated into English, is currently reaching its high-water mark. Even the authors of plays themselves have gone into the business. The latest is Clare Boothe, comely confector of the somewhat less comely, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye,* the farce-comedy about a Dixie dumbbell who comes to a Connecticut house-party, almost gets raped by a movie magnate, and gets pretty sore about it. Not satisfied with the great commercial success of her artwork, Miss Boothe herself joins the ranks of those theme detectives, including many of the professional critics, who can't enjoy a play unless they can figure out that it means something which will make it less enjoyable.

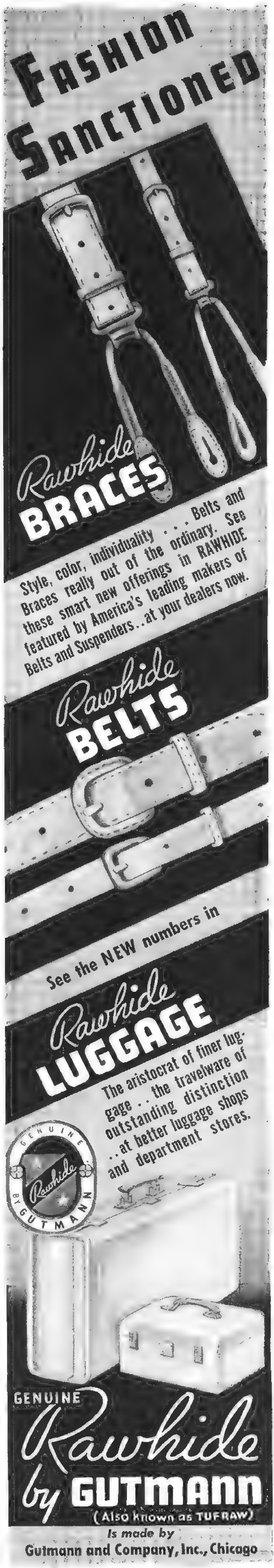
Writes Miss Boothe, who is otherwise lovely to contemplate: "The play was meant to be a political allegory about Fascism in America . . . a fable about the first coming of Fascism out of Dixie . . . the character of Cindy Lou is in satiric terms an American version of a Brown Shirt street-brawler from Munich . . . Southernism is a particular and highly matured form of Fascism with which America has lived more or less peacefully for seventy-five years."

If Miss Boothe is not writing with her tongue in her cheek (which would be a pity, as the fair contour of that beautiful cheek should not be treated lightly and distorted), I herewith personally commission her, at an honorarium of forty thousand dollars, to write an equally plausible and equally affecting piece proving that her last season's comedy, *The Women,* was really a profound argument against Communism, that *Three Men on a Horse* is actually propaganda for the Oxford Movement, and that Billy Rose, though no one may suspect it, including himself, is really Bishop Manning.

11.

Whatever its other imperfections, the present season has hardly disappointed the connoisseur of the belly-laugh. It has provided him with scores of opportunities for gala let-goes. Of them all, however, I nominate as champs the following ten:

1. The introductory newsreel at *Hellzapoppin* showing Hitler endorsing the show in Yiddish and Mussolini touting it in coon dialect.
2. The small Negro boy in the same show who for twenty minutes sits mute and wonder-eyed while someone idiotically keeps pouring water into a pan at his feet.
3. The scene in the Russian steam bath in *The Gentle People* wherein the anarchist, stripped, periodically interrupts the quiet conversation of the Jew and the Greek, also stripped, with his anarchistic and disgusted grunts.
4. The line in *The Primrose Path* in which her daughter sarcastically observes to gin-soaked, ribald Helen Westley, "Pa wasn't so hot" and the retort, "No. But I didn't marry him, did I?"
5. The already mentioned scene in *Leave It To Me!* in which Victor Moore, as an American ambassador to Russia desperately eager to get back to Topeka, Kansas, is advised that the sure way to accomplish his end is to kick the German ambassador in the stomach, does it, and thereupon finds that everybody views him as a hero.
6. The curtain rising, after a long preamble, on the fashionable charity pageant in *Set to Music* and disclosing only Beatrice Lillie's elaborately bedizened behind.
7. The entrance, in the same revue, of Lillie into a delicate Fragonard boudoir on a white horse.
8. Lillie, in the same show, as a tony Russian spy passing secret messages all around a frontier railway station.
9. The ironic injunction of old Canon Lavelle to the male snooper to go back home to his wife, in *The White Steed.* (It would look too saucy in print, I fear.)
10. The conclusion of *The Boys from Syracuse,* a music-show version of *The Comedy of Errors,* when the one and only retained line of the Bard's is spoken and Jimmy Savo pokes his head out of a door and whispers confidentially, "Shakespeare." ⧺



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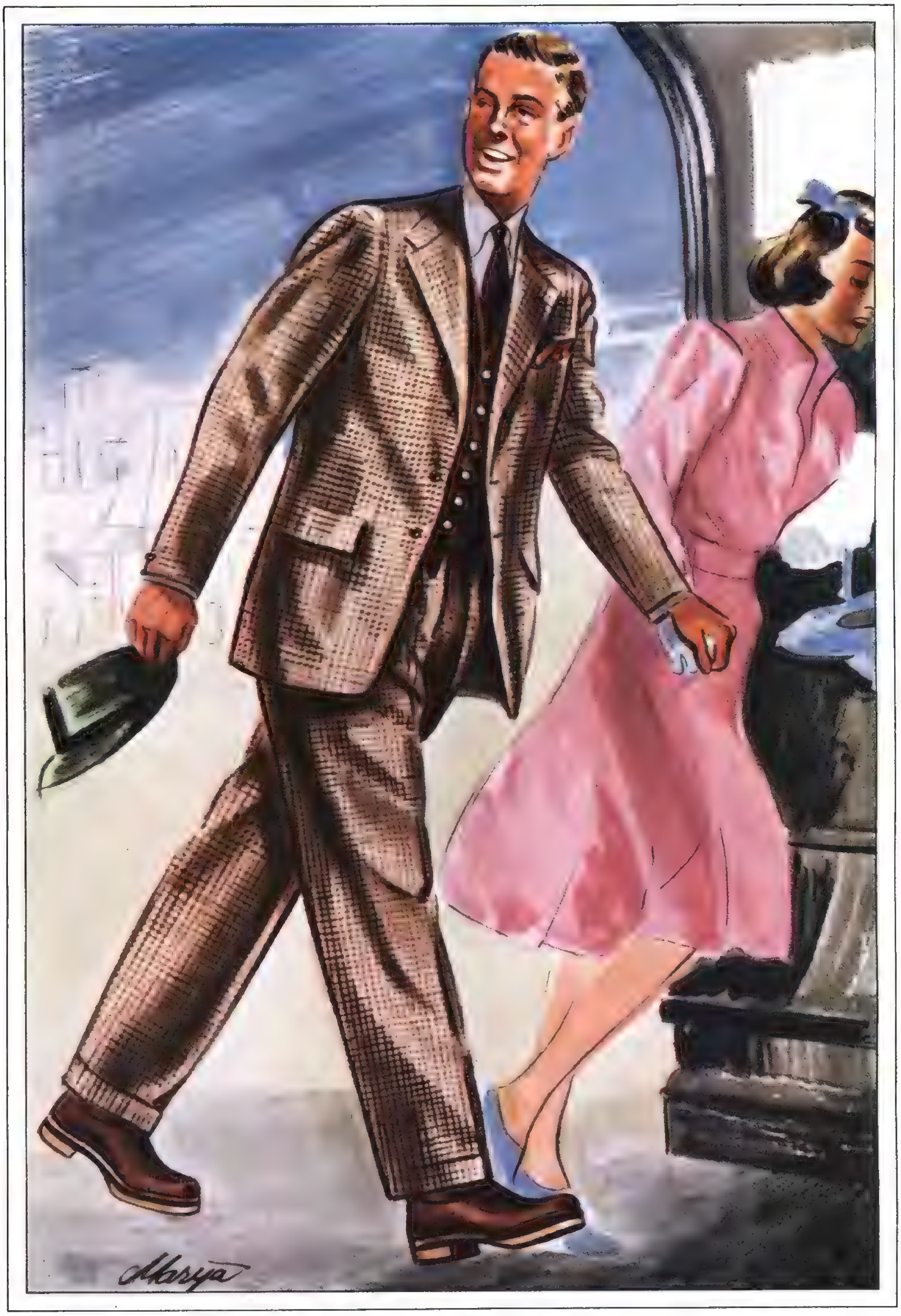

NO CAMPUS IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE

If this were a charade, which fortunately it is not, this touching campus scene obviously spells out *Hold that Co-ed.* But since we are not here to play games but to pass judgment on things fashionable, the subject of this discussion will be What the Particularly Well-Dressed Undergraduate Is Wearing. What he is wearing, for one thing, is a brown and white hound's-tooth check Shetland suit in a three-button single breasted model. This suit is especially practical for university wear, since the coat makes an ideal sport jacket when combined with flannel or gabardine trousers. The velvet varsity vest with brass buttons is an Oxford idea that has crossed the ocean, and the same thing is true of the plain color velvet tie. Other accessories are the button-down collar shirt, moss green semi-sports hat, and the typically campus shoes in the Swiss peasant manner, laced at the side, and with crepe soles and heels.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MANY A MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME HAS

World's Fair Feet

EVER go to a World's Fair? Ever walk miles and miles, your eyes so entranced you forgot your feet—until they yelled at you with one great big ache? And you stood in line for a chance to sit down! Then you've had World's Fair Feet. The worst of it is, you can have 'em right at home. A long day at work and you may suffer just as much — and *just as needlessly*.

The best preventive for World's Fair Feet is the right kind of shoes . . . shoes that give arches needed support, that provide a patented, scientific bearing surface for the bones which carry your weight. And especially shoes that are properly fitted — that *can* be properly fitted — to your own individual foot size and shape.

Wright Arch Preservers are life preservers for foot sufferers. More than that — they are the best possible shoes for the protection of the health and comfort of normal feet. Their streamlined smartness makes them first choice for style. Fine leathers in the hands of old time New England craftsmen become *precision-made* footwear you'll be mighty proud to wear.

All-in-all, we think Wright Arch Preserver Shoes are in truth the shoes of tomorrow, but don't wait 'til tomorrow to buy them. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.

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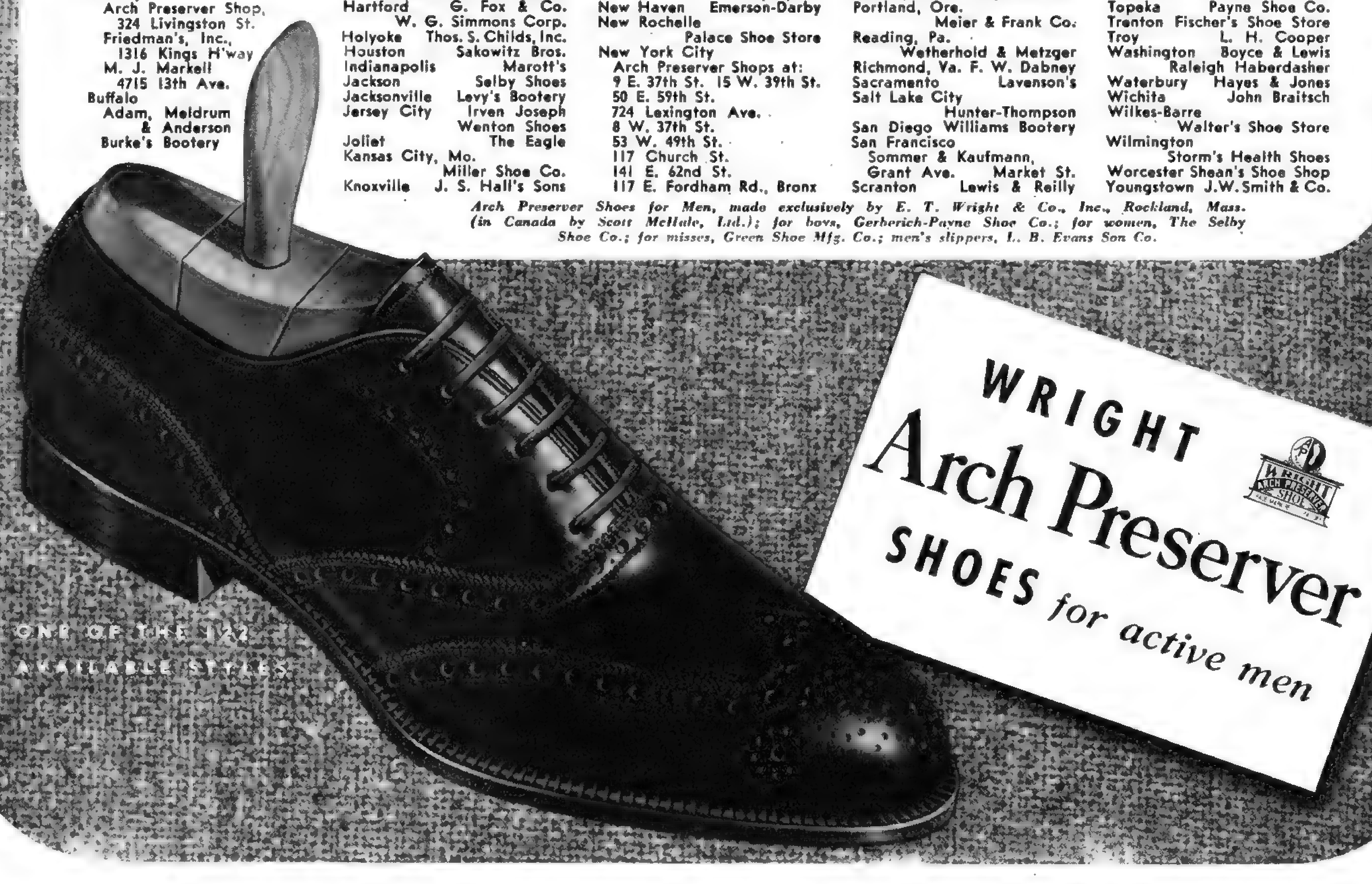

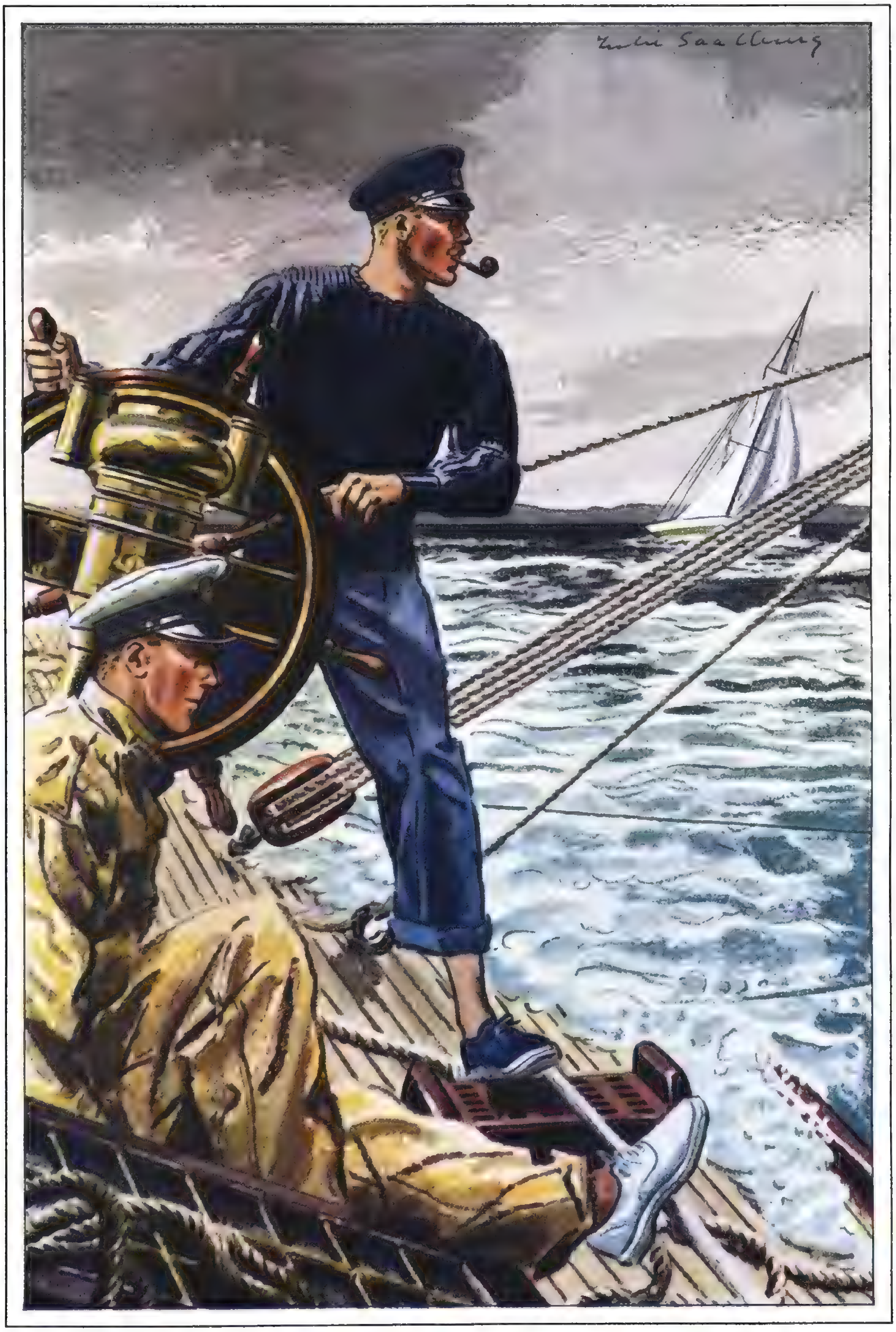

THE WHEEL'S KICK AND THE SALT SPRAY

STRICTLY speaking, this is not one of the fashion pages, for fashion has very little to do with what you wear for sailing. Practicality is the dominating factor, and in that name we carry on. The chief elements in the outfit of the man at the helm are the blue denim dungarees and the heavy knitted long sleeve pullover with crew neck. He wears a small shape blue felt yachting cap and the shoes are of blue canvas with rubber sponge-like soles that receive the hearty endorsement of sailing men. The man in the foreground is wearing an "over-all" rainsuit in a waterproofed fabric. This consists of nothing more complicated than a jacket worn over regulation type overalls of the same fabric. The yachting cap and rubber-soled shoes complete the outfit, except that under the rainsuit a pair of flannel trousers and wool sports shirt would be worn. The *tout ensemble* is obviously quite weatherproof.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N Y)

TO WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS
TO NEW YORK
WHO WANT TO GET
ABOUT THE PLACE
QUICKLY, CALMLY, COMFORTABLY

Take our stream-lined tip and drive it — that beautiful car of yours, we mean — to the nearest garage once it has brought you to New York. It may be a trigger-starter on the open road and the nearest thing to lightning between the state lines — but it's just another traffic-snarler and fender-denter on the clogged byways and highways of Manhattan — and you with it. With that princely vehicle of yours safely stowed in the garage, you'll go to the Fair and cross-town and uptown and downtown and anywhere your fancy leads you, the *easy way*, the *quick way*, the *safe way* and the *pleasant way* — indeed, the way that most of the "best" people of New York get around and about. That means on New York's great systems of subways, street cars, and busses which are unsurpassed for speed, convenience and comfort by those of any other city in the world. Save time. Save your temper. Save your nerves. After all, it's a vacation. So enjoy yourself.

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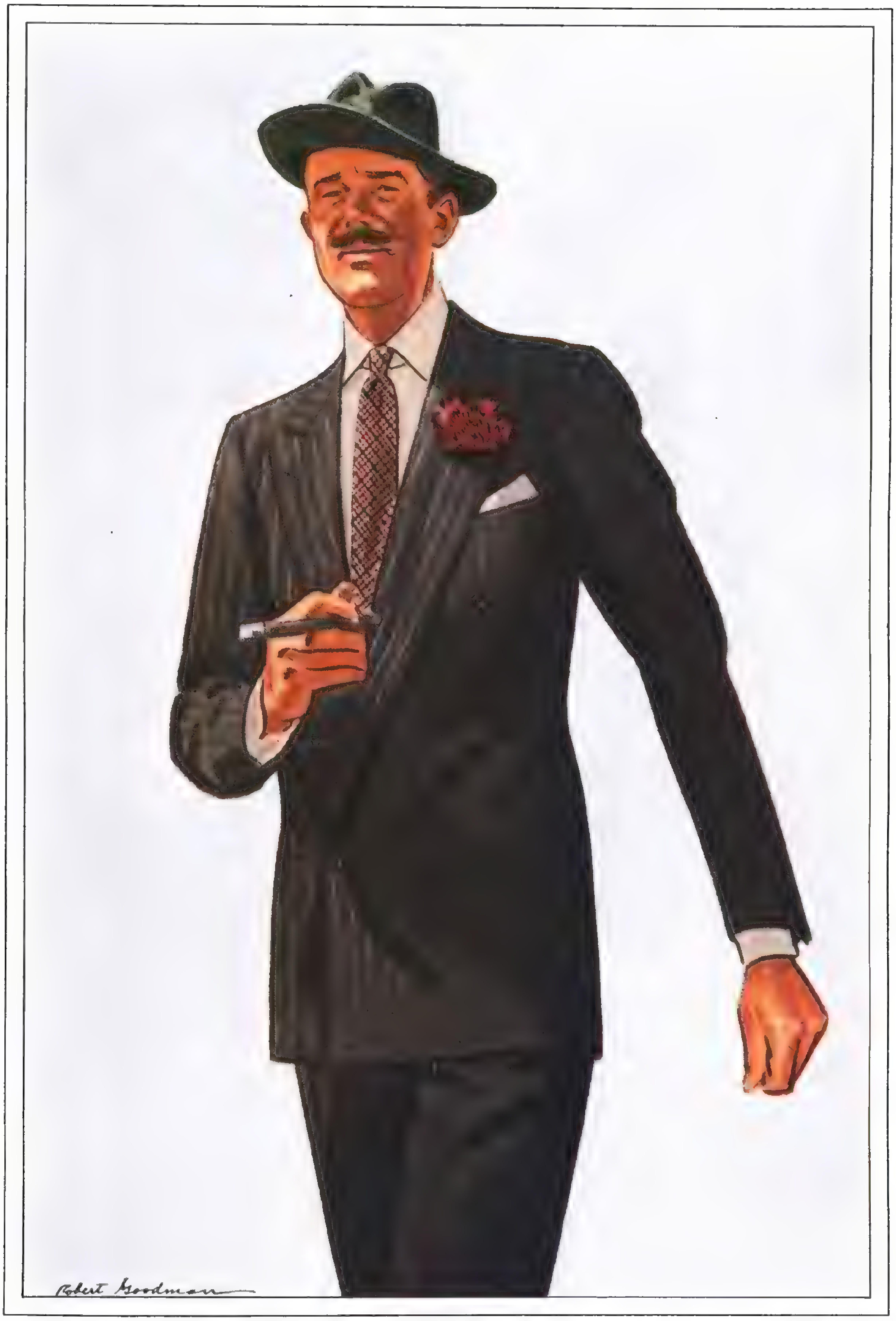
THERE'S A "World's Fair-ful" of people — seventy millions every 48 hours throughout America, seeing Collier Transportation Advertising. That's ten millions more than New York World's Fair expects in 6 months.



ADD COMPATIBLE COLORS: SLATE BROWN

You needn't be as snobbish about it as our young man, but if you're dressed like this you'll be dressed very well indeed for spring, 1939. The keynote of this outfit, correct for town, travel and general semi-sports wear, is the slate brown flannel suit. You may be one of those who protests that he can't wear brown, but this phobia doesn't apply to *slate* brown—a blend of brown and grey that, by the simple subtraction of all red and yellow tones, becomes flattering to any complexion. The suit is in the double breasted model with long roll lapel, piped pockets and side vents, worn without a vest. (And here we go on record as predicting that in the not too distant future you will awake to find yourself in an era of two-piece suits, the vest having been eliminated without making anybody especially sorry.) Accessories include the sand colored shirt in a halftone shade, bar shape tie and rakish Cavalier hat.

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This Man Is Worth Eighty Million Dollars

Alone, he's only one man. But with more than a million neighbors from south, east, north and west, he represents Minnesota's $80,000,000 vacation industry.

Sweet weeks amid 10,000 gleaming lakes, unbeatable fishing and swimming, 30,000 cool miles of streams. . . . Here's why Minnesota summer "immigration" flourishes.

Coming to play and rest, these returners-to-nature spend freely for railroad, bus and airline tickets, for gas and tires, for food, lodging, clothes, drugs.

Minnesota's third biggest industry, the vacation pilgrimage means humming summer business all over the state.

Here's a prize summer market for smart advertisers. Best route to reach it is The Minneapolis Star, tops in city, city home delivered and total circulation* among Minneapolis dailies. The Star is preferred by visitors and their hosts alike because, as Newspaper Research Expert Dr. George Gallup says, The Star is "a decade ahead of almost every other American newspaper in intensifying reader interest."

***150,056 total: 81,326 city total; 66,917 city home delivered. Publisher's Statement to ABC 6 months ending September 30, 1938.**

Retail advertising gains in The Minneapolis Star for the past six months exceed a half million lines!

The Minneapolis Star

the Northwest's
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Take the northern route to or from one of the great Fairs and enjoy a few days in Minneapolis. Buy your northern route tickets on one of these railroads:

Burlington, Great Northern, Great Western, Milwaukee, Northern Pacific, Northwestern, Rock Island, or the Soo Line.

WILD AND RUGGED? *Is that what you enjoy most? Come to Minnesota!*

SUNNY BEACHES? *Minnesota's 10,000 lakes give them to you. Come to Minnesota!*

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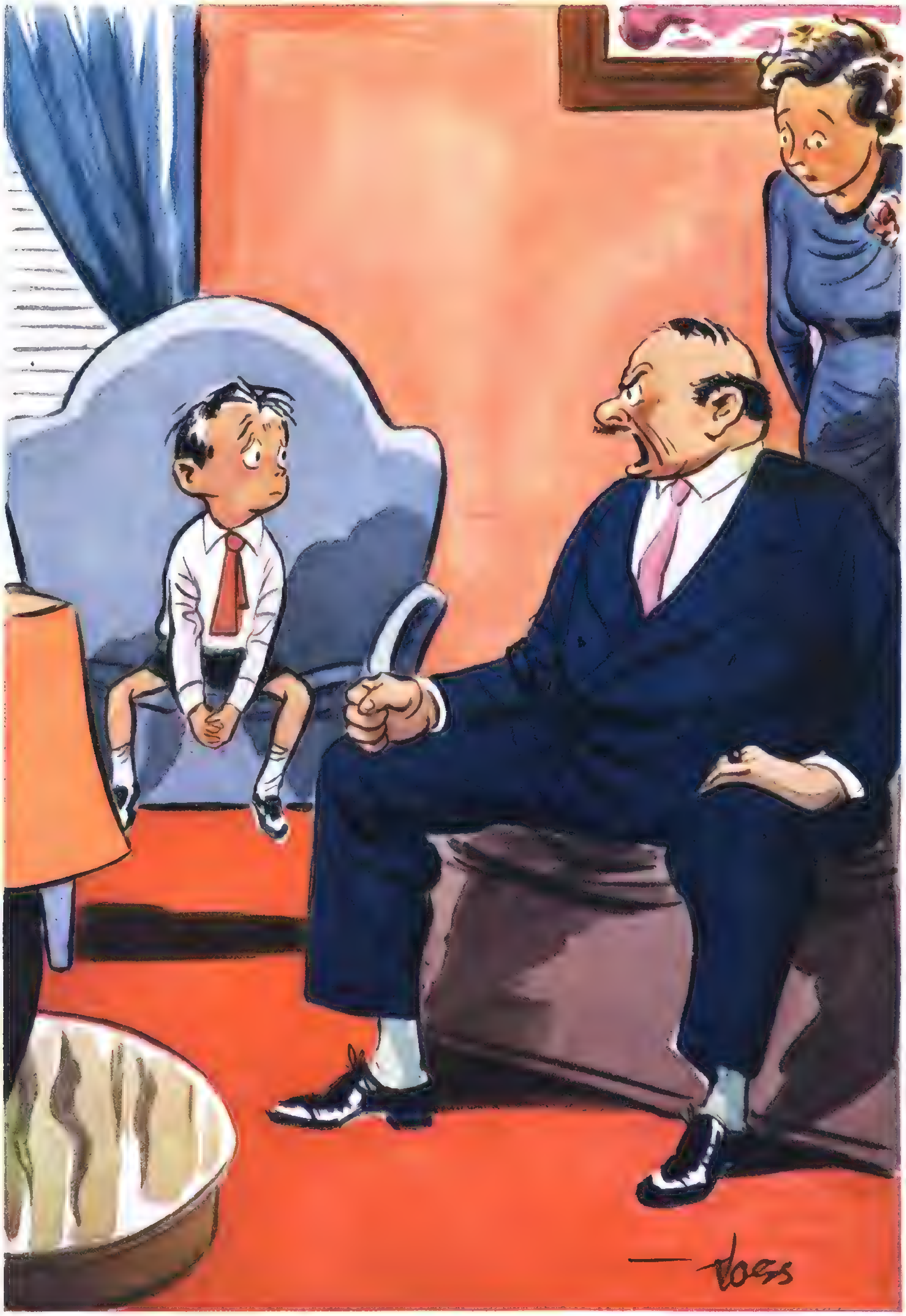

"Mother tells me you won't eat anything. Now, out with it. Who's the girl?"

So the Canals Didn't Run Red

Continued from page 43

it. They would be cut off and useless. It would be only the most formal kind of resistance.

"Once on Flushing, a foreign army could pour into Belgium and we could do nothing to prevent it." His finger pointed out the Belgian frontier only a few miles away.

"Would the Dutch resist?" I asked.

"Her Majesty's government is sure on that score. It would. But what use would the resistance be? Look at the geography of Flushing."

"Then what is to prevent a landing at Flushing?" I asked.

His hand pointed to the German territory south of Holland. "If an army were ready here, one that could march into Holland at the moment of a landing in Flushing, the landing might not be made. If the invaders were to face only the resistance of a few Dutch soldiers, that might not stop them. But if they knew they would have to face an invading German army, that would be another matter."

"And you found the British were actually considering a landing at Flushing?" I asked.

Herr von Blankenberg did not answer directly. His face darkened. He lowered his voice.

"Churchill," he almost growled, "is a gentleman but sometimes forgets it. Lloyd George is a cad and never forgets it." Then he said to me:

"You have good connections with the Germans, I am told." I agreed.

"It is a terrible position. Terrible for Holland!"

And with these words the interview came to an end.

I went into the street feeling that a tremendous responsibility had been laid upon me. Herr von Blankenberg had not said it in so many words, but unless my mind was failing me, he wanted only one thing at that moment, a German army on the southern frontier of Holland. And he had somehow entrusted the fulfillment of that desire to me.

I walked slowly to my friend's home, thinking what I should do. The obvious thing was to go to the German minister in The Hague and repeat the conversation. He was Herr von Rosen, a scholarly man with a pointed white beard, recently transferred from Persia. Later he was to become Foreign Secretary. I had met him, and he would believe me. But I did not want to go the German minister. I was a newspaper correspondent, not a diplomat. I did not want to take part in matters of high policy. And why should I? If Herr von Blankenberg wished the German general staff to place troops on the Dutch border, he did not need to use me, a young, ingenuous American correspondent. I could keep my hands out of politics, out of intrigue. I so argued with myself. But two pressures I could not escape. Much as I wished not to believe it, I *felt* that Herr von Blankenberg had as much as asked me to tell the story to the Germans. And I yearned to keep Holland neutral. If the British actually landed in Flushing, the Germans, even if now unprepared to do so, would surely march in, and that would be the end of the reign of sanity and health in my beloved Holland.

I saw my friend, and he urged me to go to von Rosen. I felt like a secret agent, a mortifying feeling, but I telephoned for an appointment, and His Excellency sent word he would see me at any time.

I repeated my story to the German minister as I have written it here. He looked very serious. When I had finished he asked me:

"Have I your permission to report this information to my government?"

It was a queer question. "Of course," I said.

"And may I say from whom it has come?"

"Why not?" I replied.

"Then may I say a final word," he went on, after thanking me. "A great newspaper correspondent is great for what he *does not write* as well as for what he writes. Take my word for it."

These diplomatic roundabouts! I was being told I had better not publish anything about the plight of Flushing. So I didn't.

A few days later, back in Berlin, I heard that there were troop movements on the Dutch frontier. Undersecretary Zimmermann, the next time I saw him, remarked cautiously that he appreciated some help I had been able to render Germany. I did not quarrel with him, but I felt like it. For I had not thought of helping Germany. I wanted Holland to remain neutral. But that was all I heard of the story for a long time.

Years later, in the German Reichstag, an inquiry of German policy during the war was being made, and for the first time I discovered that in 1916, at the time of this story, a whole German army corps had been withdrawn from the Western Front, and kept idle on the Dutch frontier. It had been done on the insistence of the Foreign Office, and was cited as an instance of unwarranted interference in army affairs by the civil arm of the government. Herr von Zimmermann was gravely criticized for creating serious weakness to the German forces in France.

But not till now have I ever written the story. I always meant to write it. I felt sure that one day I should encounter Herr von Blankenberg and he would sit down and tell me the whole story of what really had happened on his frantic trip to London. And I would tell him how I had fulfilled his desire to have a German army corps on the Dutch frontier. Sure enough I did meet Herr von Blankenberg one day at Geneva. He was there, this time, in an official capacity. As soon as I

Continued at top of page 200

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Rainbow — *Brightest style on the spring horizon . . . a "pepper-upper" for your new outfit. Colorful band, soft felt, pastel tones. "Right" for now!* $3.85
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THE WEAVEMASTER
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- ORANGE
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CULINARY COUNSEL FOR MEN

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50 cents in stamps brings you ESQUIRE'S authentic "culinary counsel for men"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

So the Canals Didn't Run Red

Continued from pages 43-199

found him I promised myself the completion of my "adventure," and all the details of how Holland had been saved from invasion.

I drew Herr von Blankenberg aside, and led him into a quiet corner of the League of Nations lobby. He sat down politely enough, but he did not seem cordial. I smiled as affably as I could.

"I've been waiting for this day, waiting for years," I began. "I want to have the sequel of our last conversation."

"I don't understand," murmured Herr von Blankenberg.

"You had just come back from London, during the war. You were alarmed about the safety of Flushing."

"I have never talked to you before in my life, so far as I know," said Herr von Blankenberg. "We have never had a conversation about Flushing. I don't know what you can be referring to."

He looked at me with a polite austerity, as though to dare me to go on. I admit I folded up, made a few casual remarks about current League affairs, and let him go.

So I never would have the real inside story. Herr von Blankenberg was not going to endanger Anglo-Dutch relations by remembering the hours of British temptation during the war. A great statesman is great, I mused, for what he does *not* remember as well as for what he does.

Looking back on the episode I can only guess what really happened. Maybe the British were not going to land without Dutch consent, and Queen Wilhelmina's government replied proudly that the Dutch would fight, which ended the matter. Maybe they toyed with the idea of landing without permission. Certainly Herr von Blankenberg suspected them of the intention. Maybe the arrival of a German army corps on the Dutch frontier decided the issue *before* the British temptation had reached the boiling point. I don't know. I probably shall never know.

Every minor person has his moments. I have mine when I visit Holland, and look out over its low and homely plains. "I can't be *quite* sure," I say to myself, "yet I may have been a cog in the instruments of destiny which kept this country from being ravaged by war." But I never am sure enough to be as glad as I might otherwise feel. ⧺

Everything in the Fifth

Continued from page 59

a victim, and was caught herself.

She was leaving France in a month. If he won tonight they would leave together. Hallemart would have exhibitions, matches, movies, for two years over there. He would leave his wife, Jeanne, alone here. She was already warned. And he didn't admit, even to himself, his inner secret intention of never returning to Europe.

Overhead, a hollow, confused growling arose. The crowd.

Hallemart looked at the time. Still seventeen minutes! It would be long, that wait.

A confused mob jammed itself against the vast sides of the stone circus. The crowd was besieging the Coliseum. Privileged people could scarcely open up a passageway. People indulged in an extraordinary trade of tickets, they wagered, they argued. Announcers yelled out the losers and coming matches, without anyone paying any attention. Hallemart was being quoted at three to one.

In the midst of the cries, the arguments, the comments, Jeanne Hallemart crept with difficulty, slowly advancing toward the circus. She had not said she was coming. Usually she never was present at her husband's fights. This time she had come by stealth.

She listened to all these people talking of Hallemart, discussing him, appreciating him, comparing him with his rival. She felt people had confidence in him. And she no longer knew whether she was happy or heartbroken. At heart she would have wished defeat for her husband. If a conqueror, she well knew she would lose him. Vanquished, humiliated, held close to her, attached again to her by defeat, perhaps she could reconquer him. Then she thought of the crushing, the suffering of her beaten husband. And she no longer knew what she wanted.

The circus was immense and circular, resembling a vast basin in which the crowd was boiling. In the center of the very high ceiling, supported by slender cast iron columns and drowned in a dusty vapor so dense that it was no longer visible, there hung, here and there, metal reflectors, from which spread out over the tumultuous swarm, large livid patches of light cut into zones of penumbra, where heaps of people tossed about. Exactly in the center, small, strangely shrunken in the middle of the enormous edifice was the squared ring, spread round with ropes, and bathed in an intense white light by arc lamps. Sitting up in the four corners were cameras, pointed like guns, which were menacing this block house draped in tri-color hangings. Half hidden behind a column, as if she feared that Hallemart would see her, Jeanne waited, her head empty, her ears buzzing from the monotonous and deafening grumbling that filled the place.

There was a sudden clamor. Everybody got up, howling and gesticulating. She no longer saw anything. She did not feel strong enough to get up as did the others. She stayed there, behind the column, so upset as to be almost fainting. And in a few seconds, when silence rendered the multitude mute and fixed, she dared to

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will be your pleasant discovery that $25 can buy truly fine fabrics, expert needlework, and authentic styling. The value is achieved by the renowned Clipper Craft Plan . . . whereby hundreds of famous stores place orders jointly—in advance of the season. The result: planned production, economies in huge purchases of luxurious fabrics . . . and all-around quality that usually commands many dollars more. Look for the dealer displaying the Clipper Wheel . . . or write TRIMOUNT CLOTHING CO. 18 Station St., Roxbury, Mass.

reopen her eyes, lean over a little, and look.

Yonder, in the little square, in the swelling light which cut the penumbra that bathed the amphitheatre, two silhouettes, one white, the other black, watched each other, circled, flung out a fist, drew back, and returned, with the caution of two cats watching each other. Around them came and went the referee, in flannel trousers and a Lacoste shirt. The fight had begun.

Hallemart, agile, revolved around his adversary, as though trying to discover his weak point. Kid Brown, small and heavier, firmly planted on his massive legs, his round torso dented by the muscles jutting out under the brown skin, contented himself with facing forward, parrying, escaping, almost without moving from his place. Stiff, her hands convulsed on the arms of her seat, Jeanne, silent and suspended like all the crowd, followed every move of the two men. This waiting prolonged itself during the first round. Then the gong rang, breaking the magic which had held back the shouts and whistles. And suddenly, the noise of conversations, discussions, arguments, while the two boxers rested, each one sitting in his corner, and watching the other with a furtive eye, or looking out at the crowd.

At the moment Jeanne recognized her rival, near the ring in the middle of the fashionable young men and women. In a décolleté evening gown, Paule Miserand, with a corsage of roses less fresh than she, was in triumph like a happy young queen. She must have been sure of victory. No pang, no uneasiness darkened her smile. From her place she waved a handkerchief of embroidered linen toward Hallemart, who was searching for her with his eyes.

Hatred, jealousy, sorrow, deluged the heart of Jeanne Hallemart with a sudden flood. She was suddenly and intensely aware, with a violence and precision she had never known up to now, of everything that this treason and abandonment meant to her, this Calvary that would begin after the fight. She understood better what she was going to lose—what this woman was going to take away from her—and how she had come to assist at the crashing of her own happiness. . . . And, looking at her husband getting up to enter upon the second round, she thought and wished with all her might:

"Let him lose! my God! let him lose!"

Already the two men were at it, fighting brutally hand to hand. Breaking away suddenly, they closed again. The referee ran up, waving his hands. Hallemart received a left to the liver, tottered. Everybody shouted. Already he resumed the offensive. And ten seconds later, a short right hook, heavy, hard, launched with all the force of the shoulder and body, reached the jaw of Kid Brown whose guard was low, and literally threw him to the mat in a heap.

Under a tempest of yells the referee counted out the seconds. Kid Brown got up at six, tired, reeling, his eyes haggard. He hesitated a second, head down like a buffalo mad with fury. One no longer saw anything but the two bodies pressed together, tied each to each, and hammering each other with terrible, short blows. Jeanne, stiff, biting her handkerchief, forgetting everything, saw nothing but this narrow rectangle where two men were fighting. And the crowd around her, panting, electrified, groaned hollowly at each blow, as if everybody suffered and struck with the two.

"Break! Break!" cried the referee, without succeeding in tearing them apart.

They were no longer masters of themselves. The gong didn't separate them. The referee made them give way, beating them apart by forcibly throwing himself between them.

During the interval, Sulton whispered his advice to Hallemart, who nodded his head.

The manager was right in counseling him to hurry, to profit by his advantage. The same violence marked the third round from its start. Kid Brown, thrown into the ropes, hammered Hallemart's sides, and he, with head lowered, guarded his chin with his open left hand, and sought to strike the Kid directly in the solar plexus with his right. The crowd yelled. The referee was able to bring the two adversaries back into the middle of the ring for an instant. But Hallemart again knocked about the Black, pursued him, blockaded him in a corner. Kid Brown, bent in two, his fists in front of his face, slunk away. Again they came back to the center. And again, the same right hook to the jaw threw Kid Brown to the floor.

He stayed there, panting.

"One, two, three, four . . . ." counted the referee, marking the numbers with a gesture.

Kid Brown stayed on the floor, clumsily moving his arms and legs like a drunken man. And the panting crowd, standing up, looked on from afar, with a cry saluting each effort, each movement of the little black silhouette, spread out on its back, rocking its head from side to side, and painfully moving its limbs like a big, stunned insect.

"Five, six, seven, eight . . . ." counted the referee.

And just at this point, the gong saved the Black.

In the middle of a deafening uproar, Jeanne Hallemart sat down again. Finished! It was finished! She wept. Around her, fever overexcited the crowd.

"Kid Brown's done for!"

"That right-handed blow, splendid!"

"He won't last two more rounds!"

"I told you so . . ."

"He'll be licked, and not on points. A knock-out!"

"It's over!"

"And before three rounds!"

"Provided that the Black doesn't give up too soon . . ."

Continued on page 202

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Everything in the Fifth

Continued from pages 59-201

"It's too short! We're being robbed . . ."

"Donkey! You're talking!"

Standing near the ring, she saw her rival, motioning, waving her hand, exulting, triumphing. She hated this woman, this robber of joy . . . to whom all happiness came . . . on whom fortune was again going to smile, sacrificing an unhappy woman. And she saw how much, up to the present, she had hoped in spite of all to keep her husband, to see him come back to her, conquered and humiliated, returned to wisdom and reason . . . It was finished now, all the acts had been played.

Hallemart certainly wanted to finish it. He attacked fiercely. Kid Brown, a little restored but frightened, shielded himself, drew back. It became a chase. Cat calls were heard. Twice a hook to the ear made the Negro stagger. People laughed, booed. Someone cried:

"Not so fast! Hallemart! Not so fast!"

Hallemart was becoming enervated. This pursuit winded him. He was able to block the Black in a corner, attack him face to face, let fly a direct blow from the right to the full jaw. The Negro tottered, remained upright. Then, with all his might, Hallemart launched another blow with his left. And suddenly he was heard to howl, he drew back, took his left hand in his right, grimaced with suffering. The whole amphitheatre stood up with a single cry.

Kid Brown, weary, was still standing by a miracle of energy, like a bull waiting for the blow of the hammer. He must have understood. He returned to Hallemart and took the offensive. And Hallemart, in his turn, drew back, ran away, and evaded him. Twice Kid Brown's right struck his left hand which was open to block, and a grin of pain was visible on Hallemart's face. He didn't dare use his arm any more. He parried with his right as well as he could, uncovering his face. And Kid Brown pounded his cheeks, his nose, his eyes, his mouth . . .

Between the rounds a bubbling rose in the crowd. They argued. A broken wrist? Sprained? What was going to happen? Abandon the fight? Kid Brown's victory? Bets were again taken up furiously. A brawl broke out behind Jeanne Hallemart. Lost, upset, bent forward, she watched the distorted face of her husband, reading there his suffering and despair. His arms crossed, panting, he shook his head at Sulton, who was feeling his forearm and speaking to him in a low voice. At the gong he went toward his adversary and tried two or three terrible right hooks, without success. The other saw his advantage, attacking him on the left, always the left, aiming at his face which Hallemart covered only with his right hand. In a minute Hallemart's face, swollen, puffy, cut open, bleeding, was opened up in large splinters of flesh. He parried clumsily, seeking a clinch, was rebuked by the referee. In the sixth round they began to whistle at him. He was enervated, uncovered, was sent to the mat for eight seconds, got up, blind, spitting blood, to fall in the ropes under a swing. He hung there like a rag. There was a concert of protestations, whistlings, booings. Hallemart raised his broken fist, showing it in vain to the pitiless mob. Unchained, it now wanted his defeat, his crushing. It applauded each blow that felled him, like a drunken woman whom the sight of blood finishes by glutting. It laughed when the Black's fist crushed his lip, cut his brow, tore from him a howl of rage and suffering. He wept! He sniffled from blood and from tears. Furtively, on the back of his glove he wiped his face, besmeared with tears, sweat and blood. And Jeanne wept with him, forgetting her spite, her own sorrow, her suffering as a wronged and abandoned wife, everything she had feared from this victory. She thought of it no more. She no longer saw anything but her husband, her poor Frédéric, her great, beloved boy, who was suffering, who was going to be beaten, and who would not raise himself above it. And to spare him this despair, she offered a sacrifice. She begged:

"Let him win! my God! Let him win! Let him go away with her, but let him win! Anything for him! Anything so he'll be happy. I'll accept everything. I'll renounce everything."

She well knew now that she could not build joy on the unhappiness of this man, and that miserable, abandoned, betrayed, she would be happy again, if he were happy.

He returned to renew the combat. He stood it two minutes more, beaten, pounded, and standing, offering himself to the blows, sustained by who knows what formidable obstinacy, not to fall, to stay upright, like a target offered to the Black's blows. He didn't even parry them any more. He was now only a benumbed thing, worn, with no other thought than to last, to hold himself erect. Sulton threw in the sponge. He didn't even see it. He still advanced on Brown. They had to intervene and stop him, lead him away like a sleepwalker, dull, stupid, looking at his broken left fist, while a giant clamor filled the vault of the circus in honor of Kid Brown.

Paule Miserand, standing, a little pale and biting her red lips, went out in the middle of her court, vexed and smiling. Jeanne lost sight of her in the crowd, and did not see her again. Already she no longer thought of her rival. She slipped through the crowd, found a taxi, and flew to the clinic to find her beaten husband, and since she hadn't been able to offer her happiness to him as a sacrifice, to console him, took half the cross for her. ⵌ

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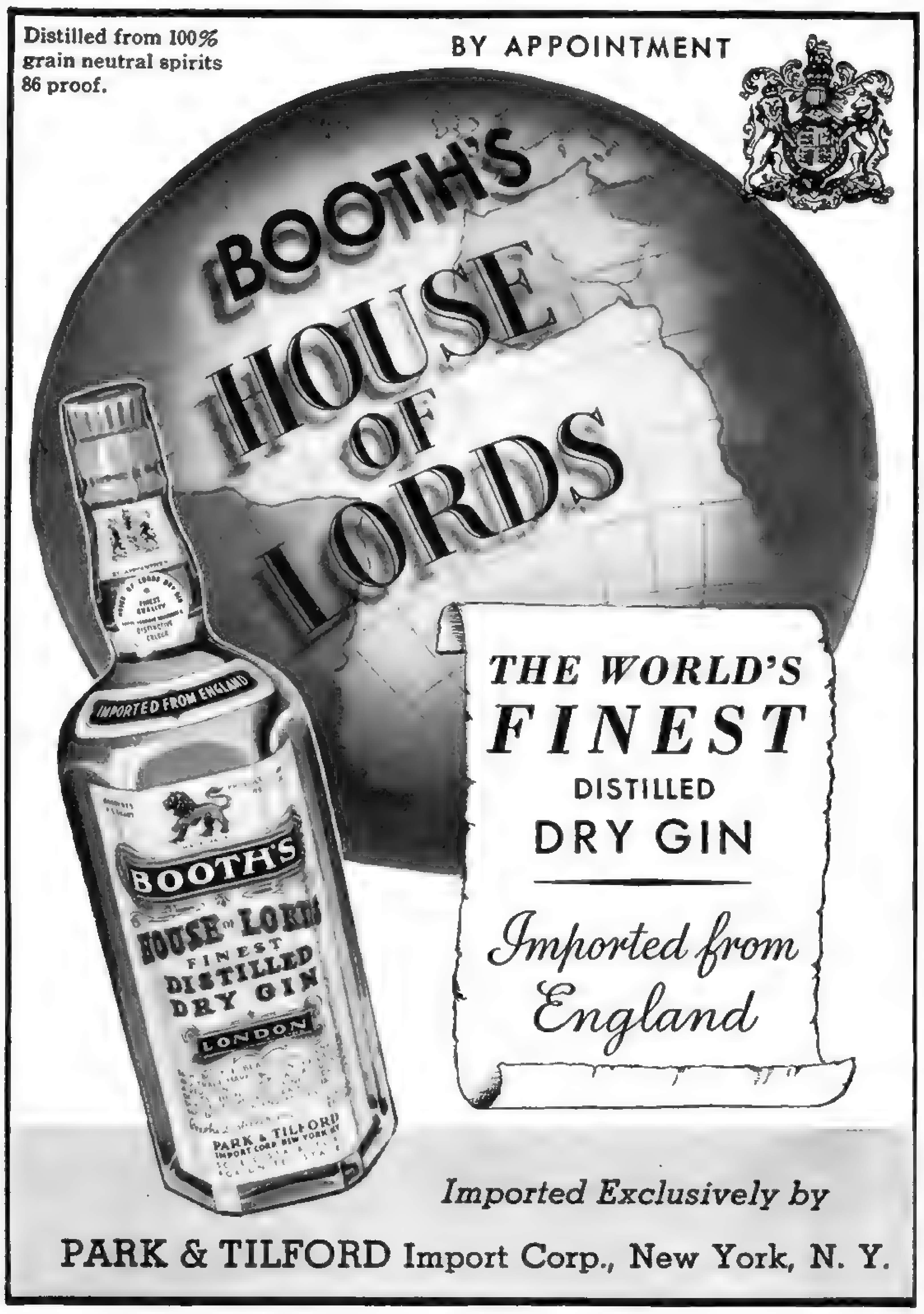

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ALL NEWSSTANDS

Humanity Triumphant

Continued from page 44

a bulletin every day informing the public on the state of the nation. And the banking interests are fighting us because one of the main principles of our plan is to do away with money."

"Oh. It does away with money?"

"Entirely. As a matter of fact, however, code messages are appearing in the newspapers every day, messages which sound perfectly innocent unless you possess the key symbols. Down in the corner of a newspaper it may read, 'Horses for Sale. Apply to Owner. Glendale Farms, Monday Afternoon at 3 p. m.' For all anyone knows this may be a code message."

"But who," I asked, "has the key to these code messages?"

"That is something we are not allowed to say. In fact, I couldn't tell you if I wanted to. Only the International Committeemen can divulge any of the secrets of the movement, and even they aren't known to each other. Naturally you can see the reason why such a movement like Humanity Triumphant must guard its secrets so jealously. If the gold and silver interests got wind of our plan of operations, they'd sabotage the whole movement."

"Just how are you going to do away with gold and silver?" I inquired.

"Each person," he explained, "will get credit for the amount of production he contributes to the general wealth. Each commodity will be represented by its exchange value in production. Therefore gold and silver will have no value except as base metals."

"Well—" I swallowed. "Well, under this plan, suppose I wanted to go to the corner and buy a pack of cigarettes. What would I give as money in order to pay for the cigarettes?"

"That would be all taken care of under the heading of barter according to the exchange value of each commodity. Actually, under this plan, you could buy four or five packs of cigarettes where today you can only buy one."

"I—see."

"The main reason why the general wealth will increase the credit created by production is that our engineers have perfected an entirely new source of motive power."

"A new source of motive power?"

"Tonic electricity."

"Tonic— What's tonic electricity?"

"We're unable to divulge the secret of tonic electricity because this is also locked up in a hidden vault. All I can tell you is that you tune it in like a radio. The air, as you know, is full of free electricity. Engineers affiliated with our movement have already invented a practical machine which sucks this free electricity out of the air. By tuning it in, it can be harnessed to any kind of motive power. Naturally, this will do away with public service utilities. In fact, the public service utilities are fighting us tooth and nail."

"Have a cigarette." I needed a moment's respite. "You've got an extraordinary thing there," I said, "if it does what you say it does."

"That's the very reason why we've got to be so careful about revealing too much to prospective members. In the meantime we're not just standing around doing nothing. Our motto is practical action. We have ways of accomplishing things."

"Ways?"

"Whenever we see the necessity for practical action we have certain ways of throwing monkey wrenches into the works. Haven't you often read in the papers about strikes or something, and then all of a sudden they're settled, and that's the last you ever hear of them?"

"Well, yes. I—"

"In such cases our organization brings pressure to bear."

"Pressure? Just what sort of pressure do you bring to bear?"

"That," he shook his head, "is one of the things we cannot speak about. Too dangerous. This power might be misused by the gold and silver interests. As soon as we enroll the required number of members the entire plan will be divulged."

"Are you connected, then, with the various peace organizations and labor movements?"

"If they're a good thing we're probably connected with them. Our theories have international ramifications. We are compelled to work in the dark, however, until the time is ripe."

"Who are the men at the head of the organization?"

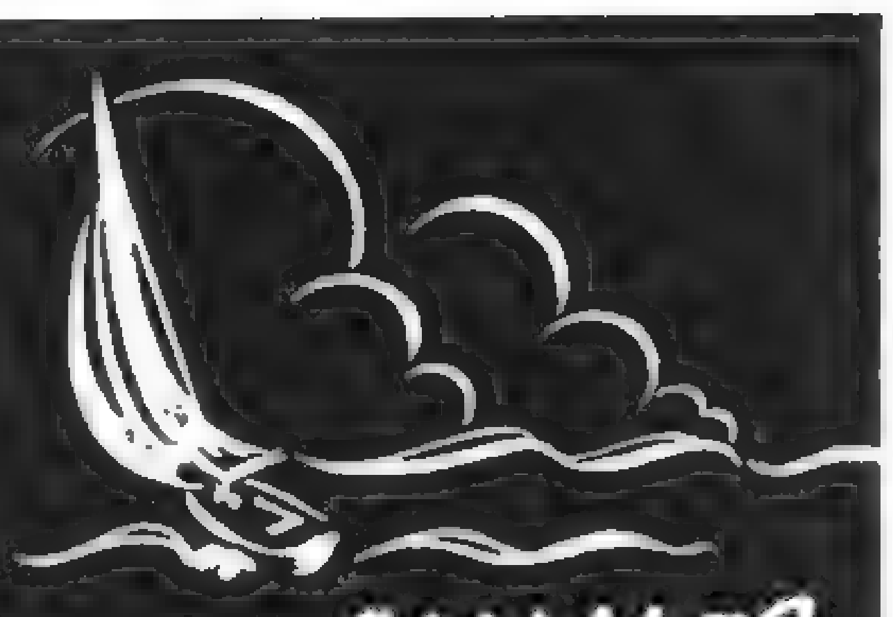
"Each officer holds his term for twelve months only, in order to safeguard against misuse of power. He then becomes an ex-officio member of the retired council, which has no authority except to advise. In this way we entirely eliminate graft and corruption. The organization is non-sectarian, non-profiting, and is automatically self-governing under an international constitution."

This was about all I could take. I fished about in my pocket and brought up two dollars. He carefully printed my name on a membership card, and with it he handed me the book. "It contains the wisdom of the ages, both ancient and modern," he said. "We cannot, as I have said, reveal the inner workings of our plan. But this precious little volume will create in the reader the frame of mind essential to the co-operation and fellowship of man. Read it and lend it to all your friends. And remember. The time is getting short. It may be tomorrow, it may be a year from now. As soon as we have two and one-half million members—"

"How many members are enrolled in Humanity Triumphant at the present time?" I inquired.

"That," he told me, "we are expressly forbidden to discuss. I could not divulge our numbers if

Continued at top of page 204



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Humanity Triumphant

Continued from pages 44-203

I wished to, as this is one of our most jealously guarded secrets. If we revealed our full strength before the proper time, there is no telling what effect it might have on international affairs."

"Oh."

"Well, good day, sir. Remember that it may be any day now."

I am, apparently, a full fledged member of Humanity Triumphant. It says so on my membership card. If and when the plan goes into effect, I want this record to testify that my part in it is wholly passive. I just don't seem to be able to say no to door-to-door canvassers. ⧺

A Job for Walter

Continued from page 65

fun to be called on to be hard-boiled, to give possible offense to perfectly reputable-looking people. On several occasions Walter yielded, against his better judgment, to persuasiveness, and one of these occasions proved fatal. The error only amounted to seventy-two dollars, but it cost him his job.

After that, Walter went into business for himself, thanks to some capital advanced by his father. The town needed a good newsstand-stationery store, and Walter saw an opportunity there. But somehow things failed to work out as they should have. Figuring possible profits and losses came hard for Walter, and all too often he figured incorrectly. It was hard for him to resist the arguments of wholesale salesmen, and it wasn't long before Walter's shelves were overstocked with all sorts of merchandise that nobody in the town would ever buy. Moreover, although he had planned to operate on a strictly cash basis, there were always people who expected him to trust them. Many of them were his personal friends, and it was difficult to turn them down. He did not like to appear selfish or distrustful in the eyes of others. Inside of a year, Walter's store went into bankruptcy.

In the meantime his brothers were beginning to forge ahead, slowly and with occasional setbacks and with more than occasional disputes and fights with those with whom they came into contact, but nevertheless ahead—at least in a worldly sense. Walter got several more jobs, but none of them lasted.

The years drifted by, and finally Henry was in a position to offer Walter a job with Firth Motors. But in spite of Henry's aid, nothing came of it. Walter started in the selling department, but his chronic disability as a salesman militated against his being of any great use to the company. Henry switched him to the purchasing department, but it was too hard for Walter to think in such gigantic figures of dollars and materials. The engineering end of it was, of course, out of the question because Walter was not equipped with a scientific turn of mind. Firth Motors found no niche for Walter Gordon.

Carl tried to help him too, but the theatre was hardly Walter's line. Carl had suggested that Walter might collaborate on a play or at least supply him with incidents from his life or the lives of others that might make dramatic material. But not being gifted with creative genius or imagination, what could Walter reasonably be expected to accomplish in that line? Carl at one time considered appointing Walter as his agent and manager, but he resisted the impulse. Walter obviously would not have fitted. Carl, like Henry, was helpless to find a legitimate position for Walter.

But Walter was not down and out. He didn't live only on the money that his brothers gave him. Don't get that idea. In the past few years it had been better. Walter had found work for which he was fitted. Not too steady work, but good pay while it lasted. Like tomorrow, for instance. Fifty dollars. A useful little sum. And it might lead to more. Very likely it would, because there had been talk of an extended campaign.

Yes, tomorrow evening Walter Gordon would be fifty dollars richer. And for comparatively little work—work that he was accustomed to now, work which he did with aplomb and for which he frequently received ardent praise. Work for the Norcroft Advertising Agency. Tomorrow he would pose in a beautifully paneled room, expensive carpets on the floor, fine pictures on the walls. He would be sitting at an enormous mahogany desk, its glistening surface clear of everything but a battery of telephones. The picture would appear in many of the great papers and magazines, an advertisement for a tremendously important bank.

"Why Bankers Sometimes Say No" would be the lead caption. In smaller print there would be an elaboration on the theme that while faith in the future of American business is essential, sound banking also depends on good judgment, discrimination and the ability to say "No." He, Walter Gordon, would be the president of the great bank, of course. It wasn't merely that Walter's bearing was distinguished, prosperous, even aristocratic. There was more to it than that. There was a forceful set to his chin, a look of immovable firmness in his steely-gray eyes. He was unmistakably a man of decision and power, a man accustomed to lead and to command. Yes, let nobody question that Walter Gordon richly deserved every cent he made. He was cut out for parts like these. He was a natural. ⧺

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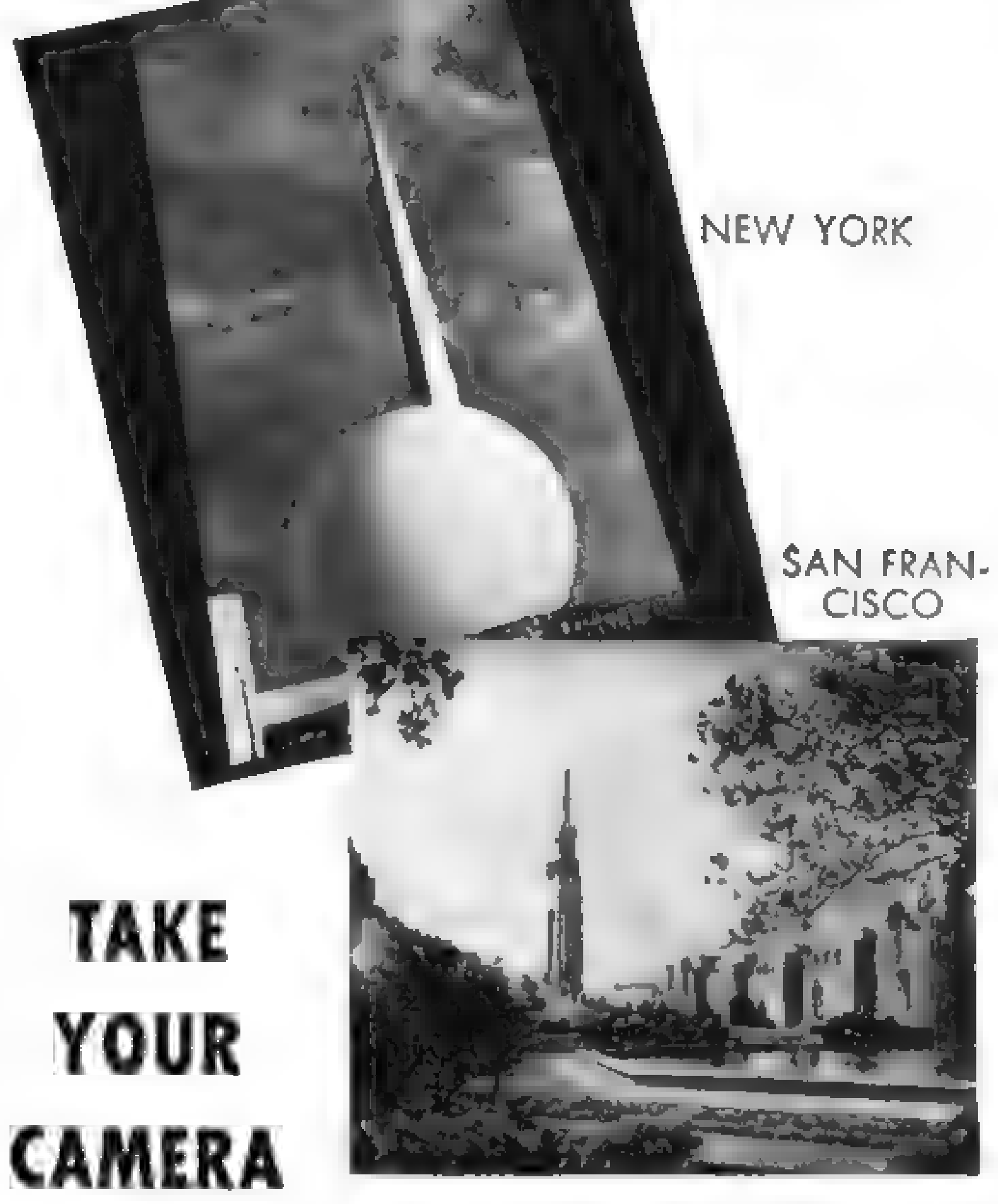

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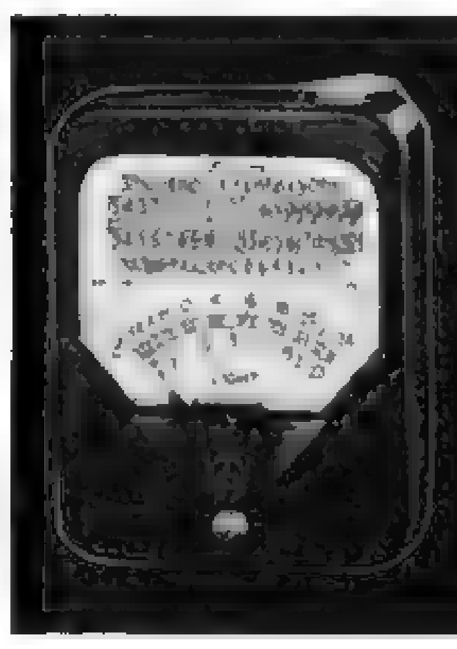

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Mile and a Quarter for Glory

Continued from page 49

never did any horse harm in a Kentucky Derby. And I am not going on the colt's ancestry. He himself has done things. His Pimlico Futurity was won in 1.45 1/5 for the mile and a sixteenth. The Pimlico track is not one of the fastest in the country, and the time, done easily, was sparkling. Furthermore, a factor to be considered for early May in Kentucky, Challedon can run equally well over mud or fast tracks.

The leading American two-year-old of 1938, now like the others eligible for the Derby, unquestionably was El Chico—if all are considered strictly as two-year-olds and on their performances in sprints without attempt to forecast what they will develop into at three years of age. El Chico, by John P. Grier out of La Chica, she by Sweep, won seven straight stakes at two and was never defeated, earning a total of $84,000 in purses. Among others he took the United States Hotel, Saratoga Sales, Hopeful and Junior Champion Stakes, at distances up to six and a half furlongs, but I am doubtful of his ability to handle best opposition over routes and prefer to string along with Challedon rather than with El Chico.

Another fine two-year-old colt of 1938 was Porter's Mite, by The Porter out of Minima, she by Friar Rock. This one, owned by W. E. Boeing, the airplane man, and trained by T. Horning, was a flash in sprints. At Tanforan, California, he set a track record of .53 1/5 for four and a half furlongs, and later, in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park in New York set a world's record of 1.14 2/5 for six and a half furlongs With El Chico out of the race he won the Belmont Futurity. That John P. Grier colt had beaten him previously in the Junior Champion Stakes at Aqueduct. In nine starts Porter's Mite was first five times and second three, earning in purses $66,940. I cannot take him for the Derby because he seems too blindingly fast in sprints to develop into a true route horse.

Col. Bradley's Derby horse this year will be Benefactor, by Blue Larkspur out of Patroness, she by the former Rancocas Stable performer Lucullite. In winning three of five starts at two in 1938 and running second once, Benefactor earned only $2280, but he ran a fine race in the Loch Raven purse at Pimlico, in which he pulled up lame and was retired for the winter. Bradley luck in the Derby is proverbial, but this would not seem to be the year.

Eight Thirty, by Pilate out of Dinner Time, she by High Time, is another colt possibly of Derby caliber. Of seven starts in sprints he was first three times, second twice and third once, earning in purses $19,375. He was only a nose off Porter's Mite in the Belmont Futurity at six and a half furlongs.

Johnstown, owned by William Woodward and trained by James (Sunny Jim) Fitzsimmons, was a late 1938 season development. He is by Jamestown out of La France, she by Sir Galahad III, won seven of twelve starts, ran third twice, and earned a total of $31,420. Among his victories were the Richard Johnston Stakes at Laurel, Maryland, and the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland, Kentucky, both over sprinting distances. The colt's sire was of questionable staying capacity, although he is bred for distances on his dam's side, and I do not care for his chances over routes, particularly in view of the fact that he has done some quitting himself in sprints.

Volitant, by Display out of Flighty Anna, she by Flight of Time, is another of the better two-year-old colts of 1938 and a probable Derby nominee.

As just stated, he is by Display, sire of Discovery, sensational handicap horse of a few years back. In the Junior Champion Stakes at Aqueduct last fall Volitant was second to El Chico, and ahead of Porter's Mite. His rider's claim of foul against the former was disallowed. Of six starts Volitant won four and was second twice, earning $12,960. Among his victories were the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Stakes at Laurel, Maryland, at a mile, and the Walden Handicap at Pimlico, Maryland, at a mile and a sixteenth. Off these races at distances longer than sprints I am inclined to take him as my second choice for the Derby of 1939.

Something of a line as between Challedon and Volitant is afforded by A. G. Vanderbilt's colt Impound, by Sun Beau, world's leading money-winner, out of Embargo Arts, she by Embargo. This one, in sixteen starts, took only a single race, running second five times and third three, earning $8,420. But he ran within a length and a half of Porter's Mite in the latter's world-record Champagne Stakes, and was beaten but a neck by Johnstown in the Richard Johnston Stakes at Laurel, Maryland. He was second in the Maryland Futurity, won by Challedon, second in the New England Futurity, won by Challedon, fourth in the Walden Handicap, won by Volitant, and fifth in the Pimlico Futurity, also won by Challedon. Challedon has beaten Impound more often and more badly than has Volitant, and has done so over routes, so that he seems to rate the call in comparison with the colt last named.

Other two-year-old colts of more than ordinary merit in 1938, now eligible for the Derby, are Ariel Toy, No Competition, Time Alone, Xalapa Clown, Beau James, Yale o' Nine and Third Degree. The last, in particular, would seem to have solid potentialities. He is by Questionnaire, the late James Butler's fine route-horse of seven or eight years ago, out of Panache, she by Broomstick, maternal

Continued on page 206

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Mile and a Quarter for Glory

Continued from pages 49-205

grandsire of the great Equipoise. Of fourteen starts Third Degree won four, ran second in four, and was third the same number of times, earning $12,605. He ran third behind Porter's Mite and Eight Thirty in the Belmont Futurity and was second to Challedon in the Pimlico Futurity. It is wholly within the bounds of reasonable prediction that he should acquit himself well in the Derby if he goes.

So much for the colts. As to the fillies, despite their five-pound allowance at the weights they are at a disadvantage as against colts, particularly in the spring and summer. Several of them were lively tricks in sprints in 1938 — Galley Slave, Grey Nurse, Hauca, Heather Time, Matterhorn, Red Eye, Smart Crack, Big Hurry (Bradley's), Cienca and Inscoelda, who last but not least, probably was best of this group; she was a fast-closing second after a slow start in the Selima Stakes in Maryland at a mile against fillies only, and beat colts in the Walden Stakes, also in Maryland. Volitant was second in that race, at a mile and a sixteenth. Incidentally Inscoelda's sire Insco was sire of Lawrin, last year's Derby winner.

But three-year-old fillies as a class, despite their five-pound allowance in the weights, are at a definite disadvantage as against colts. The point is proved to the hilt by the fact that since its beginning in 1875, the Kentucky Derby has been won by only a single filly—Harry Payne Whitney's Regret in 1915.

Every year nationally known handicappers issue their ratings in terms of pounds of the better two-year-olds. Some seekers for possible (I can't say probable) Derby winners may be interested in what others than the writer have thought of colts and fillies mentioned in this article. El Chico is tops with John B. Campbell, Frank J. Bryan and Joe McCarty. Under him there is some variance in the ratings by the three. McCarty and Campbell rate Volitant at 120 pounds, ten under El Chico; Bryan rates him at 119. Benefactor also is given 120 by Campbell and McCarty, 115 by Bryan. Third Degree rates 120 with McCarty, 118 with Campbell, and 116 with Bryan.

Racing Secretary McLennan of Hialeah Park and other tracks rates Volitant at 125 pounds in comparison with his leader El Chico, rated at 130. Inscoelda leads all the fillies with all the handicappers mentioned here. McCarty rates her at 118 pounds and Campbell and Bryan at 116. McLennan agrees with McCarty for 118 on this one.

All ratings of this sort for two-year-olds are intended as estimates of what they were good for as two-year-olds and in sprints, not of what they may develop into at three as performers over routes. And such ratings in terms of pounds, like the weights assigned in handicaps, attempt to draw between horses, distinctions too narrow and too close to have even presumptive validity. It is reasonable for a good handicapper to say that this horse should beat that one if there is a fair margin of performance in favor of the first, but it is mere nonsense and crystal-gazing to claim that shift of a trifle in weight, a mere pound or two, will enable the somewhat inferior nag to beat the other. "Weight brings them all together" is a maxim of the turf and is true in the sense that a substantially lighter package may enable a so-so horse to beat a better. But I would not advise any sedulous burner of the midnight oil over Derby candidates to mourn too bitterly because a well-known handicapper has rated some other colt as a pound or two or three better than one the particular race-doper likes.

When this screed in mid-April offers a fortune or bankruptcy to player-readers, the entrants for the Derby will be known and most of the horses will be training on the grounds in Kentucky. Daily sports pages will be beginning to fill with stories of workouts and exercise gallops by Derby candidates. Certainly the stories have some interest; that's why they're printed. But don't jump to the conclusion that some colt or filly which has galloped unopposed in the morning to 2.04 for the mile and a quarter distance is going to cake walk in the race itself. There's more to racing than time, and a horse which can work like a streak may collapse like a punctured balloon when looked in the eye in a race by something with just about as much speed and a lot more heart. A mile and a quarter is a long, long way, and the flashy workers may find it too long when something is going with them every inch of it. Horses are training for racing, not raced in training, particularly for such an effort as the Kentucky Derby, and those that have worked slowest may be better prepared for the contest that counts.

The striking thing about racing is not the occasional upsets of best horses; rather it is the fact that predictably best nags do win so often when meeting large fields and often forced to cover extra yards through running on the outside around turns before they hit the wire. The longer the distance the better the chance for a real good one to come in; he has more room to make up for any misfortune early in the race, as by being left, pocketed on the rail, or otherwise interfered with. The Derby mile and a quarter is no sprint, and if Challedon turns out to be a real route horse and if he gets a fair shake in the breaks of the race I believe he has a solid chance of coming through. Volitant and Third Degree for what's left. #

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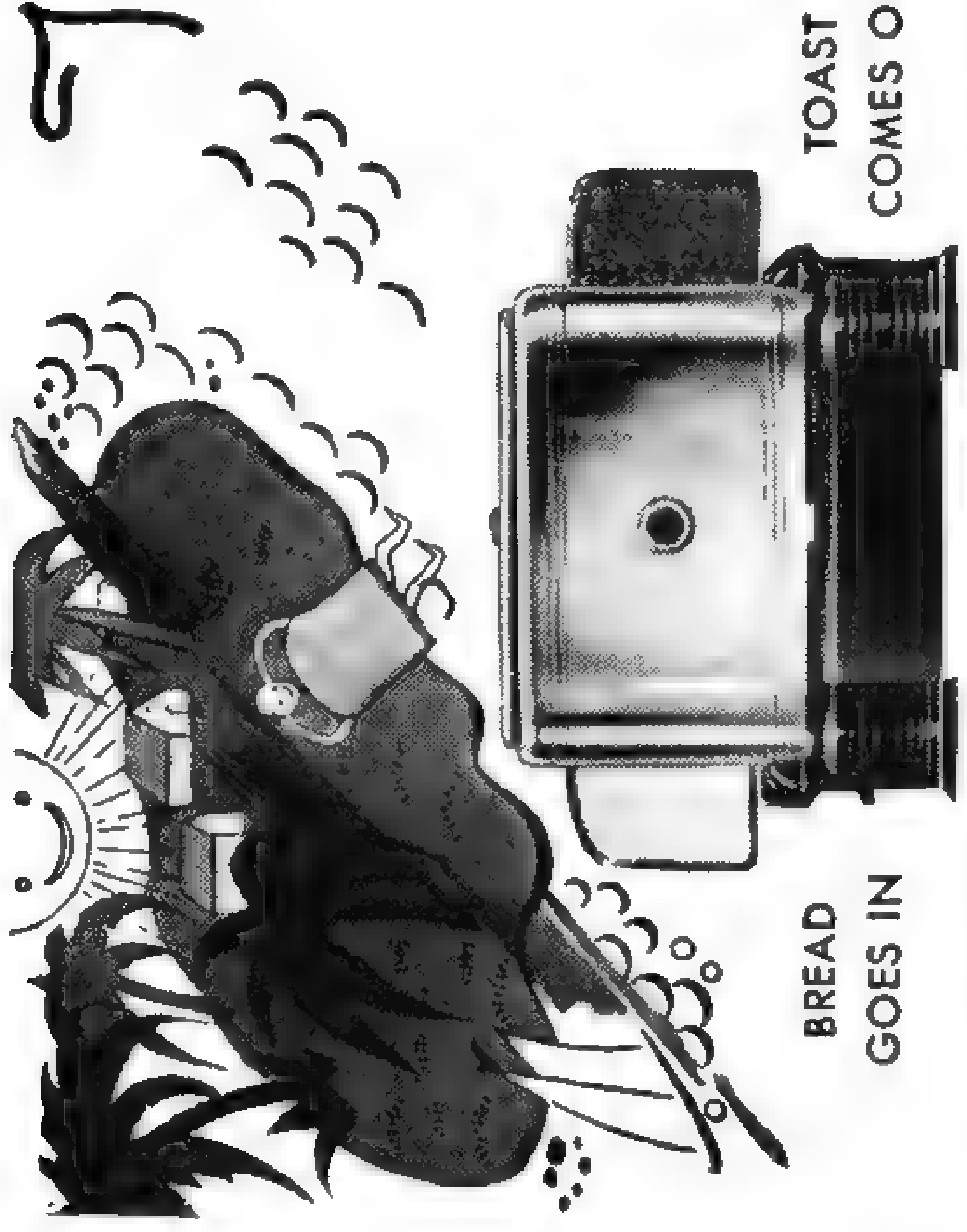

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An Easter in Spain

Continued from page 69

room to say that the report had been sent off, and seeing his officer examining the figure he asked, "Did the old monk recognize it?"

"Oh, I suppose he did. What of it? I said I would keep it until the lawful owner . . . Besides I gave a silver dollar for it. I told him this."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He had a very fortunate escape this morning and should be thankful he is alive. If he can find me another Mexican dollar in this town he may have it back."

There was a large nail in the center of the wall and he hung the cross from it. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law. Civil law," he added. And a twinkle in his eye seemed to say that military law did still better by this thing called possession.

That night in a small attic room of the inn, old Andrew knelt beside the bed and said his prayer before a blank wall. And in the home of the tinsmith, the wretched youth, Rubio, fell asleep with a twist on his lips that resembled a smile. Under the blankets his hot hand clutched the silver dollar.

But the Captain was disturbed in his sleep. He got up and went to the window. The sea was smooth and calm. The sky was clear and no plane could be heard in the whole vast heaven. He went back to bed but did not sleep, and lay awake thinking of his report and his good fortune. How long would it last? On the front he knew that no mercy was being given to the foreign soldiers in Spain. Whole companies of his countrymen had never come back. But here on the coast he was safe. How long could he make it last?

Suddenly he turned his head and glanced at the opposite wall. There was something very very strange. It seemed as though the ivory figure were throwing out a soft pale light and through the darkness glowed with a faint luminosity. He sat up in bed. The soft light that came from this place on the wall did not disappear.

At last he concluded that the faint rays of the moon coming into the window were caught and reflected by the polished ivory. "Yes," he said to himself, "that must be it and I can prove it." He got up and drew the portieres across the window. Then he went back to bed and looked up at the wall expecting to find it dark and blank. But no. It seemed as though it were still there. And yet there were long moments when he saw only the black of night.

In the morning the Captain said nothing to his men about what he had seen, but he sent for the old monk and when he saw him standing in the doorway he again called out sharply, "Come in. Sit down!" The old man obeyed.

"I want to ask you more. Perhaps I will send another report. There are several things I neglected to find out from you yesterday, for instance, you spoke of a book that Brother David had left you. What kind of a book was it?"

"It was a large Latin book with the text carefully done by hand on parchment. It had oak wood covers and brass corners and hinges."

"But what was the book, a Bible?"

"No. It was an old prayer book with large colored initials. And in the back extra pages were added, a whole quire, and done very carefully in letters that were like the main text. This part was done in Spanish by Brother David himself and it told simply of the good Green Cardinal."

"I never heard of a Green Cardinal."

"He was a cardinal without a name who arrived on this shore in a small fisher-boat. He wore no red and no royal velvet adorned his person. His cassock was brown and stained and torn. But he was called the Green Cardinal because whatever he touched became green and sprang to life. And he healed the sick and even the blind came to him. And Brother David records that once he saw with his own eyes the Cardinal stoop and pick up a rose that was in the dust of the road. The flower was brown and dried and ready to crumble away. And he held it in his hand and said, 'Let not the appearance of death betray the inner life. What once bloomed must bloom again. Life does not go to dust but dust turns to life.' And as he spoke the stem grew green and the flower full, moist and red. Then he gave it to a feverish child who was standing near by and the fever went away."

"All this was recorded in the book?" asked the Captain.

"All this and more. Brother David was himself cured of a most painful malady by the Green Cardinal, and that is why he followed him everywhere he went until the day when he left our shore and sailed away. Before he sailed away the women came down from the hills and brought him a great silk robe that they had woven of threads green and gold. He put it on and smiled and thanked them. Then he told them the story of the garment without a seam. And how the most precious threads in the world were indeed plain and simple. And he told them also how the four Roman soldiers had torn the clothes from His back and then in the moment of His agony they cast lots for the garments and divided them. And then each went away wearing something of the Saviour and they laughed and went back to the barracks and drank wine until they were drunk. And when they were drunk they began to quarrel amongst each other because the shirt that was without a seam was prized above the other things. And during the night two of these soldiers conspired against the other two and went and slayed them. And in the morning the two that

Continued on page 203

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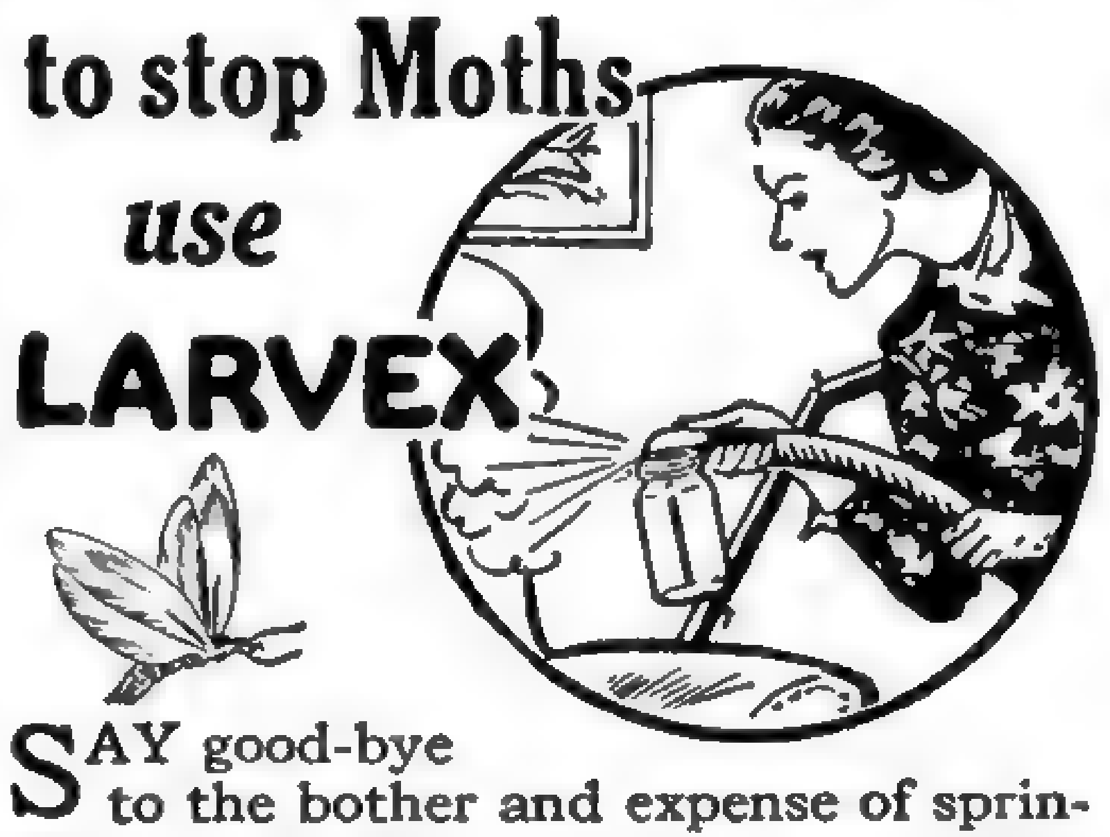

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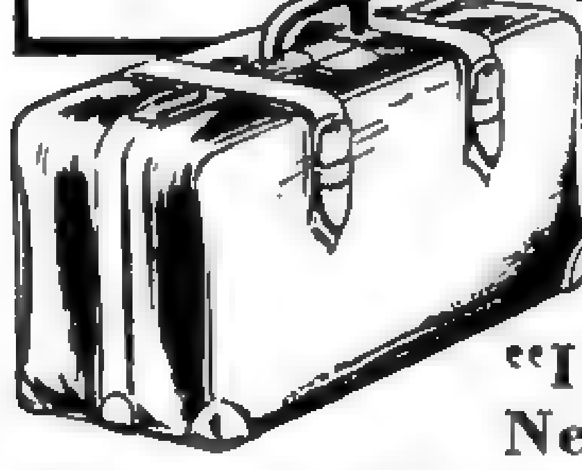

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An Easter in Spain

Continued from pages 69-207

had blood on their hands were arrested and tried and hanged. This legend of the four Roman soldiers the Cardinal told in the presence of Brother David and then later Brother David wrote it out with the other tales and records and words of the good Green Cardinal."

"And you say the Cardinal, when he left, gave Brother David the book and later he added these pages?"

"Yes, the blooming of the rose and the legend of the four Roman soldiers and all the other adventures of the good Green Cardinal were all added by Brother David."

As these words were spoken they heard a plane roaring in the sky. The Captain went to the window and looked out through his field glasses. "It's one of their bombers," he said, and looking at his watch added, "On schedule."

But the old monk had risen to his feet and was crying, "Spain is being crucified! And you, you, all of you are casting lots for the garments!"

Captain Gellespi quite approved of this emotional outburst for he considered that the words were hurled against the Communists.

"Very true, Father. The Communists are devils and they want the whole world to become a red hell."

He came back to his desk and said: "I wish I had seen that book. And you say that the good Cardinal gave Brother David the book before he left?"

"With his own hands."

"You said yesterday that he also gave him a crucifix."

The old man pointed to the wall.

"That one?"

"Yes."

"That was his?"

"For many years."

"And then it belonged to Brother David?"

"For almost half a century."

"And then?"

"Then it hung on the wall by my bed."

"Brother David left it to you?"

"He died in my arms and this was between us."

"And in all the years that you . . . In all the years . . . Did you ever hear of a crucifix that at night glowed through the darkness?"

"Yes. I have heard of one. But I never saw it myself."

"Where did you hear of it?"

The old monk pointed again to the wall.

"This very one," he said. "Brother David swore to me he had seen it glow through the dark. He was ill in bed and could not sleep. The fever, that two days later was to take him from us, was already upon him. The glowing surely meant death."

"It's all nonsense!" cried the Captain. "Old women's tales of bogy nonsense! Dead roses don't bloom; and all the other things are only visions of a sick brain. You and your Brother David, and you can throw the Cardinal in too, are just plain bigoted fools. Idiots!" he cried at the top of his voice. "Get out! Get out, I say."

The monk rose slowly and started to leave the room, but before the echo of these angry words died away there was a sharp knock on the door and in another instant one of the soldiers entered. His face was pale and his lips trembled. "Important telegram!" he called.

"You know it's important?"

"Yes, I know."

"You read it!"

"No. The telegraph operator told me."

"Then we are ordered to leave here?"

"Yes. Friday morning."

"To the front?"

"Yes, to join the 19th now being reorganized."

"The 19th has been shot to hell! What is left of them?"

The soldier did not reply but merely stood erect and held the telegram in his hand. The Captain took it and slowly began tearing open the envelope and as he did so he looked up and saw the snow-white head of the old monk pass out of the room and into the hallway.

That night Captain Gellespi looked very close to see if he could again find what he was certain he saw the night before. But he saw nothing, only the darkness. And this darkness held hidden the great unknown, apprehension, fear and the power of death. But anyway the wall was dark. Perhaps the ivory image was no longer there?

He got out of bed and struck a match. The ivory figure was still there. It was on the wall and when the match went out the wall was dark.

The next day the four soldiers from Rome were busily packing. In the town it was being whispered that there was bad luck about the whole business. And some blamed the youth, Rubio, who sold the ivory for a silver dollar. And Friday, especially this one, was considered a bad day to set out on a journey, any journey. During the week several widths of muslin had been stitched together and tacked over the broken window of the church. Laborers filled in the big hole made by the explosion.

In the very early hours of Friday morning the Captain, pale as a ghost, dressed hurriedly and taking a pocket flashlight, climbed two flights of stairs to the attic. He knocked on the old monk's door.

"Come," he whispered. "It is there again! Come, see for yourself." His hands were trembling.

The monk put on his cassock and in bare feet followed him down to his room. It was dark and through the window one could see only a very faint line that divided the sea from the sky.

"There," he said. "Do you see it now?"

"No."

"On this wall. See, it is glowing."

"I cannot see anything."

"In a minute your eyes will be-

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come accustomed to the darkness and then . . ."

"My eyes are old. I see nothing but the dark."

"It is plain as day. See how it glows."

The old man was silent.

"Do you see it now?"

"No."

"Take it! Take it away! I never want to see it again!" His voice was high and shrill.

The monk groped along the wall but could not find it. Finally the Captain lit his flashlight and the old man reached for the revealed crucifix.

He took it down from the wall, pressed it close to his breast and went slowly back to his room.

The Captain did not go back to bed but decided it was time to clear out. He woke the three soldiers and they all left before daybreak.

In the morning the innkeeper's wife found the old monk writing at the small table in his room. She entered quietly so as not to disturb him and placed a pitcher of water on the washstand. Then turning suddenly she saw the youth, Rubio, standing in the doorway. His face was dirty and he held something in his hand.

"You!" she exclaimed as though he were the devil himself.

The youth stood in the opening and glanced about with frightened eyes. Then he threw the silver dollar into the room and ran down the stairs.

"So it burns a hole in your pocket," she shouted after him.

But the old monk did not glance up from his table. He was writing out the words from the book that he knew by heart. The ivory figure was before him and his lips moved as he wrote the history of the good Green Cardinal and how he arrived on this shore of Spain in a simple fisher-boat. He wrote out once more the wonderful things that Brother David saw with his own eyes, the story of the rose and how dust turns to life and the legend of the four Roman soldiers who cast lots and divided His garments. ⌗

Hicks, Fin de Siècle Pirate

Continued from page 83

stove to draw off the blood.

It was his intention to sail the sloop up the North River and fire her, but a pea-soup fog had settled on the coast and he was a pitifully inept mariner. Abreast of Coney Island he ripped into a schooner, carrying away her bowsprit. Frantically stuffing into some shot-bags what cash and valuables he could find, he lowered a yawl and pulled for shore, a cowering and shabby parody of the thundering pirates who had once terrorized those waters. Such was the pass to which piracy had fallen in 1860!

The crippled schooner—she was the *John B. Mathew* of New York —was forced to put ashore without further investigation, but not before her master, Captain Nickerson, observed a shadowy figure slip over the side of the *E. A. Johnson.* He later reported this to the police.

The official inquiry was conducted by a pair of *opéra-bouffe* constables, Officers Nevins and Smith. From water-front habitués they gathered the history and personnel of the *E. A. Johnson* since her embarkation the preceding Thursday. The Watts boys and Captain Burr were given good characters. It was "William Johnson" who was thought to be the man in the yawl. This hypothesis was strengthened by the tragic testimony of Oliver Watts's betrothed, a Miss Catherine Dickerson. She matched a lock of light-brown found on the deck with one enclosed in a daguerreotype given her by Oliver.

The yawl was eventually recovered floating in the bay. It contained two oars, a right boot, a tiller and an old broom handle.

Without seeking to belittle the labors of Nevins and Smith, it must be admitted that most of the work was performed by public-spirited citizens. There was the saloonkeeper who reported that a man of "Johnson's" description had made himself conspicuous at Vanderbilt landing. No doubt by devouring staggering portions of "hot gin, oysters and eggs." A pair of Bowery derelicts, inhabiting No. 129 Cedar, contributed that a man calling himself "Johnson" had returned home the day before, boasted of picking up prize money by salvaging a sloop and departed with his family for Providence, Rhode Island.

Nevins and Smith immediately entrained for that city, tracing the fugitive to a cheap lodging house. He was in bed, feigning sleep, but perspiring copiously. "God, how he did sweat!" declared Officer Nevins in his report. A search of his clothes yielded one hundred twenty-one dollars in greenbacks, a silver watch, a knife, a pipe, all identified as Captain Burr's, and a daguerreotype which Catherine Dickerson had bestowed upon her sweetheart, Oliver Watts.

The entire family was arrested. On the way back to New York, they narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of a New London mob, but the officers got them safely to the Tombs by threatening to shoot the first man who touched them. At the Tombs, wife and child were released. To Hicks Nevins said: "You are charged with the murder of three men." The prisoner kept a sodden silence. So the charge was worded more elegantly. "You are charged with imbruing your hands with the blood of three of your fellow men for money." This brought an instant response. "I don't know anything about it."

The prison was considerably enlivened by the visit of Mrs. Hicks, who thrust her dismal infant through the bars of her husband's cell, shrieking: "Look at your offspring, you rascal, and think what you have brought on us. If I could

Continued on page 210

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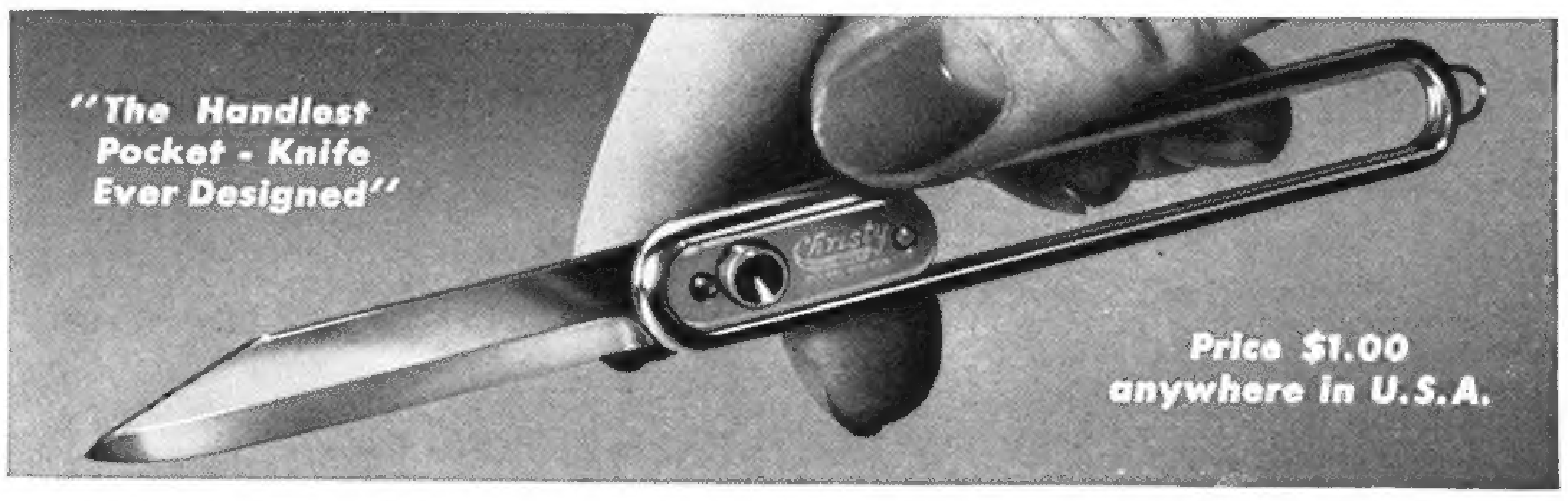
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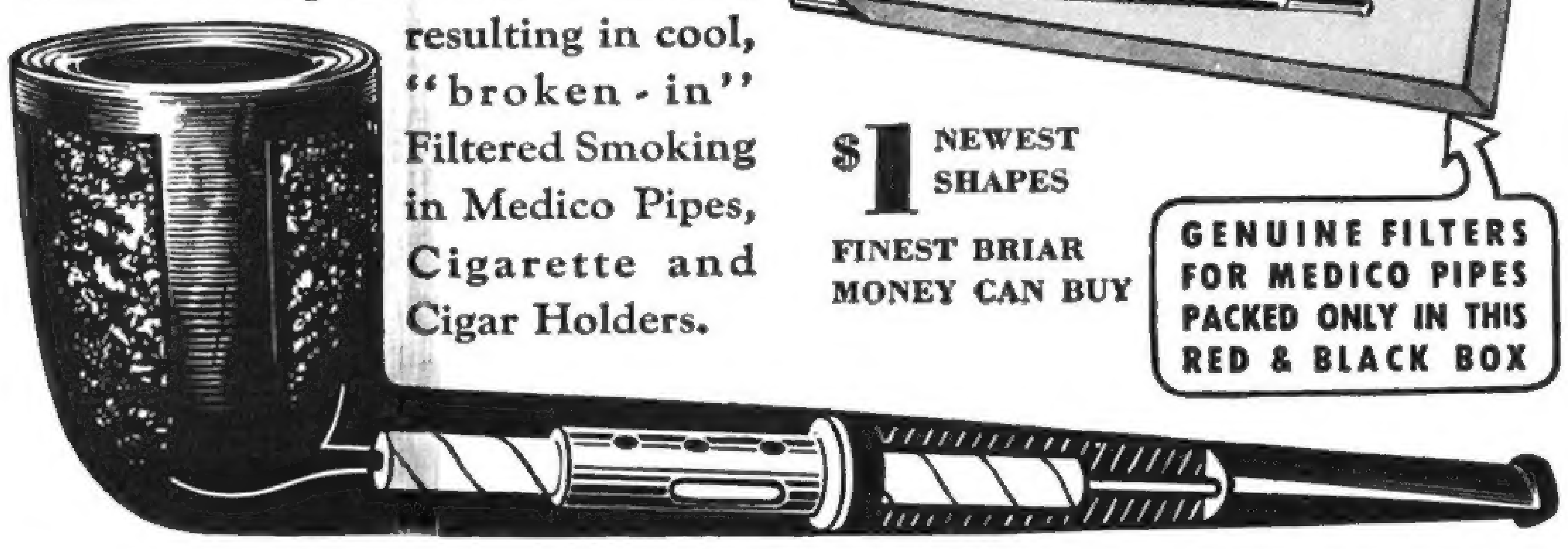


Hicks, Fin de Siècle Pirate

Continued from pages 83-209

reach you I'd tear your bloody heart out!"

"Why, my dear wife," rejoined the imperturbable Hicks, "I've done nothing. It will all be out in a day or two."

Had Hicks possessed the good sense to affiliate himself with one of the established gangs enjoying political patronage—the Five Pointers, the Dead Rabbits or the Plug Uglies—this optimism might have been warranted. Instead he had elected to operate alone and was therefore as good as hanged.

The indictments were for piracy and murder. By a congressional act of 1820, piracy was a capital crime. The trial lasted five days. More than one hundred witnesses spun a fine-mesh net whence there was no escape. The star witness was, of course, Catherine Dickerson, whose pretty ways and romantic plight, moved the jury to weeping unashamedly. The defense contended somewhat feebly that the objects found in Hicks's possession were given him by the doting captain and crew, but the District Attorney, ex-Judge Roosevelt, great-uncle of President Theodore Roosevelt, protested patriotically that "the time has not yet come when Yankee sailor boys give up the pictures of the girls they left behind them without a struggle." After that there was nothing to do but convict him. It took the jury seven minutes. Judge Smalley pronounced sentence and Hicks, obviously bored by the business, lumbered back to his cell.

As Hicks, the pirate and "convicted triple murderer," he now became an object of exploitation by everybody from dime museum "professors" to the mighty Rynders himself. There is a lesson in this for modern ballyhooligans. Phineas T. Barnum led the procession. He offered Hicks twenty-five dollars and two boxes of cigars in exchange for permission to take a plaster life mask. It was granted. Barnum also promised a new suit of clothes for the frock coat Hicks was wearing. The prisoner was at first delighted, but later complained that Barnum had diddled him, the new suit being inferior to the original. However, he harbored no grudge, for his final gesture before quitting his cell was to return the empty cigar boxes for exhibition in Barnum's museum.

Next in line to profit from Hicks's lamentable situation was the Fowler and Wells Phrenological Cabinet at 308 Broadway. "Prof." Fowler delivered a number of "readings" of Hicks's character, drawing huge crowds. These rather informal lectures were chiefly remarkable for the statement that "his love of fun is rather strong."

The *Tribune* in collaboration with Marshal Rynders offered a sum of money payable to Mrs. Hicks for a full confession. And so in the presence of officials and reporters Hicks paced his cell, his shackles rattling against the stone floor, and discoursed floridly upon his criminous career. He boasted authorship of one hundred murders, of piracy, mutiny and mayhem committed on fantastic trips between New York and the Wahoo Islands. The round number is a trifle suspicious.

"Often at midnight," he declaimed with obvious relish, "when all nature slept, and none were abroad save the wild beasts and we wilder men—the former not so much to be feared as we, nor yet so cruel, for while they only sought their natural prey, in obedience to a natural instinct we preyed upon our fellowmen in violation of every natural sentiment—I say, often at the dead hour of the night have I and my companions stealthily approached some house, previously selected for our purpose, and breaking in upon the fancied security of the inmates killed them as they slept. All fell beneath my murderous hand or were made shrieking victims of my unholy passion first, and then slaughtered like cattle."

And so on for forty lurid pages.

Following the confession, Marshal Rynders assumed charge of the hanging arrangements which were to redound to his greater political glory. The date set was Friday, July 13th.

Among the boats facing the gallows the most conspicuous was the *E. A. Johnson*, freshly painted and scoured, an enormous burgee fluttering from her mast. Hicks appeared wholly unaffected. He submitted docilely to the executioner, an odd creature known simply as "George" or Monsieur New York.

He was burly and red-faced, always impeccably dressed. Diamonds flashed in his white shirt front. With his black bag containing noose, pinions and black cap, he was an outstanding personality at any hanging. Such was his enthusiasm towards his calling that he had recently offered to pay his own expenses to Nevada if he could test a little invention of his own upon thirty Indians condemned to death. Unfortunately the Indians were reprieved.

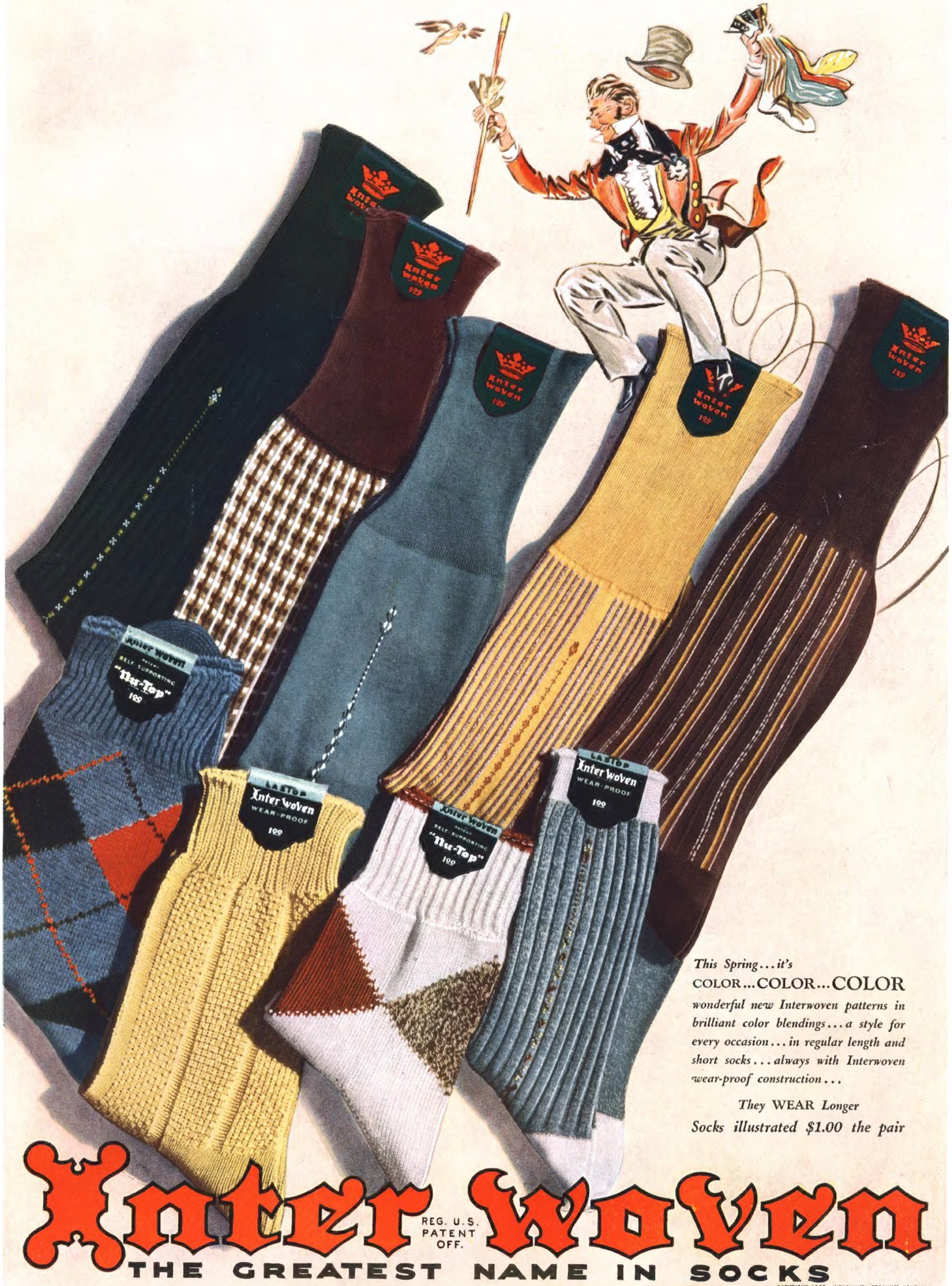
At 11:15 Marshal Rynders waved a handkerchief, the fatal signal. Monsieur New York elegantly severed the ropes with an ax of tempered steel. The success of his methods may be gauged by the fact that "for the first three minutes the culprit struggled severely, but after that he appeared to suffer little or no pain, and died a comparatively easy death."

But even in death Hicks was still a source of profit. Within two hours of his burial in Calvary Cemetery, "resurrectionists" disinterred his body and sold it to a medical college for a few dollars.

In appreciation of Marshal Rynders' management a meeting of passengers aboard the *Red Jacket* convened and "a resolution commendatory of Marshal Rynders, his deputies and aides was adopted by acclamation."

It had been a grand show. ⧺

SPRINGTIME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